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THE

METHODIST REVIEW

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JULY, 1907

ART. I.—THE NEW TESTAMENT METHOD OF LAW

I. SAINT PAUL represents the law of Moses as "of the letter," as "written with ink," as "written and engraven in stones." He thus notes an obvious feature of this ancient legislation. It was chiefly a system of *rules,* and not of *principles.* It was pre-eminently outward, dealing more with particular actions than with spiritual qualities and motives. It was copious, minute, exact. It hedged in the whole life of the Hebrew with injunction and restriction. It had, for example, regulations for house, dress, food, ablution, sanitation; for marriage, dower, divorce, adoption, inheritance, burial; for trade, agriculture, loans, usury, land-redemption, servitude, enfranchisement. It forbade many specified acts without affixing penalties, and to many crimes it denounced various and often severe punishments. And it had provisions, constitutional in their nature, for the distribution of jurisdiction both quasi-legislative and judicial.

In the field of religious ceremony the law became even more explicit and particular. One exclusive seat of national worship was to be selected. It were wearisome to recall the exact prescriptions given for the tabernacle and its furniture; for the qualification, consecration, duties and support of Levites and priests; for the sacrifices, expiatory and eucharistic, national and individual, which filled the year; for innumerable ritual observances; for gifts, tithes, fasts, and feasts; for holy days and for Sabbatic and

jubilee years. Suffice it to say that to a sharply defined civil and moral code was added a vast and complex ceremonial order.

But the Mosaic law, as it stands in the Pentateuch, was not destitute of spiritual elements. It obviously lacked some conceptions common to modern thought. There was in it no explicit recognition of God as an infinite and immanent Spirit, of the human soul as distinct from the body, of a future life of rewards and punishments. Though it enjoined some high qualities and many arduous duties, in only one passage (Deut. 30. 6) did it promise or even intimate any divine help in the inevitable struggle. But, on the other hand, the majesty and holiness of Jehovah, and his love shown in the deliverance from "the land of Egypt and the house of bondage," repeatedly enforce his claim to the unqualified obedience of Israel. A few times supreme love to Jehovah is enjoined; twice the Jew is commanded to love his neighbor as himself. And it is to be further noted that great truths concerning God and man and their mutual relations are implicit in all laws concerning justice, purity, and helpfulness, and in all the ritual, which allowed approach to the Holy One within the veil only with ablutions, propitiations, and priestly mediations. Probably the Hebrew of the Exodus but dimly perceived these mysteries. The hieroglyphs were not easily deciphered. It was reserved for the prophets of distant centuries to penetrate to the heart of the system, to surmise its predictive character, and to declare, in various forms, that righteousness is more than thousands of rams, or tens of thousands of rivers of oil. From form to reality, from shadow to substance, the training went slowly but surely on.

How far the "statutes and judgments" given by Moses were an inheritance from the patriarchal and tribal life of Israel, or how far the long sojourn in Egypt led to the adoption of some parts of its civil and ceremonial law, it is impossible to decide. To admit such contributions to the Mosaic law need not affect our estimate of its divine authority or of its wisdom. In his training of men toward a new era God does not discard existing facts and forces. He uses and ennobles them. And the new era for Israel had come. Enslaved tribes were to enter on an inde-

pendent national life. And together came from Jehovah, their Deliverer, a home, a government, a church, and a covenant. The new system was not ideally perfect: "the law made nothing perfect." If tried by the standards which thirty-five additional centuries of training have established, it is in many respects defective. Yet it fitted the age and the people to which it was given; in many particulars it was far in advance of other existing systems of law; and it held in it germs capable of an indefinite development. The acorn prophesied the oak, for which, however, many centuries must wait.

Meantime its stern morality and its insistence on Jehovah's right to rule was sure to awaken a sense of sin and a fear of judgment. "The law entered that the offense might abound." "It was added because of transgressions"; that is, to the end, and with the result, that men should know their distance from God, their incompetence for goodness, and their consequent need of redemption. It was thus a "ministry of condemnation," the "letter that killeth."

Even as Paul wrote these words, the system, decaying and waxing old, was ready to vanish away. The Holy City would soon fall; the priest and the sacrifice would cease, the chosen people would be dispersed among all nations. Another covenant had place. Henceforth men shall be taught to "serve in newness of spirit and not in the oldness of the letter."

II. In two vital qualities the new covenant transcended the old. 1. It was the clear revelation of the fact, vaguely apprehended before, of the intimate relation of the Divine Spirit to the human soul, of the illapse of God on man, of the incoming and abiding of a divine energy within all human faculties that they might be wrought into the image of God. It was the full disclosure of the life of God in the soul of man. The incarnation had visibly linked heaven and earth. Henceforth men shall know the Spirit of holiness, of truth, of peace, and of power as the Lord and Giver of life.

Ritual law gives place to inspiration. Not in dependence on observances of any kind are men to seek goodness and peace. That way lies defeat. Let them use the observances—but wisely,

as opportunities to open the soul Godward. For it is this opening of the soul and the answering inflow of the gracious Spirit that restores the broken and chaotic human nature to the likeness of God and establishes a blessed and perpetual fellowship between the heavenly Father and the earthly son.

2. It corresponds with this that, in the New Testament, the formal code and the precise regulation give place to emphasis on moral and spiritual qualities. Not particular ethical law, but a new nature determining all duty is its chief injunction. Witness the Beatitudes, and indeed, the whole Sermon on the Mount. The blessed ones are the poor in spirit, the mourner, the meek, they that hunger after righteousness, the pure in heart, the merciful. Anger is murder; the impure purpose is adultery. Even when particulars only are given they are often, *if taken literally,* so impracticable, so unreasonable, or so insignificant, that we are forced to interpret them only as indications of the spirit which the disciple is to cherish. Few will hold that we are to submit to all violence and robbery and invite the repetition of them, to give to everyone that asks, to pray only in the closet, to lay up no treasure on earth, to pass no judgment on others. Evidently the Great Teacher is seeking patient, loving, sincere, and just souls. The letter is comparatively nothing; the spirit is invaluable. The tables of stone are lost: the law is put into the mind and written on the heart.

This contrast calls for further illustration. Let us suppose that through the open soul and faith in Christ one has come to the renewal and the fellowship with God spoken of above. Inevitably he will ask: "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? What would he have me do? What are his commands?" To such questions the common and right answer would be: "Go to your Bible—there learn God's will." But the answer, though correct, needs supplement and interpretation.

The disciple goes to the Old Testament. What does he find? A progressive revelation of God, the eternal and the perfect One; the history of a movement, unhasting, unresting, toward the redemption of men by the anointed King of Righteousness; the record of the piety of pre-Christian ages in vivid narrative,

in profound drama, in glowing prophecy, and in songs which thrill the heart and inspire the hymns of later centuries—all these he finds. But when he asks for explicit law for his daily life, he is perplexed at finding that what appear to be moral and permanent commands are so intimately intermingled with, and often modified by, civil and ceremonial law, evidently transitory in its nature, that at length he hesitates at receiving any precept of the Old Testament as permanently obligatory unless it is obviously founded on fundamental and immutable morality, or has been reënacted by Christ or his apostles. With profound respect for the chosen people to whom "were committed the oracles of God," he is forced to say: I am not a Jew; I am a Christian.

From the Old Testament the disciple turns to the New. In addition to its central glory, God in Christ reconciling the world to himself, he finds every great spiritual quality—reverence, faith, humility, love, patience, courage, hope—enjoined constantly, and with the highest conceivable sanctions. He finds all these qualities exemplified in the unparalleled life of the Man of Nazareth. He finds that, as occasions arose either with Christ or his apostles, some particular duties are enjoined. He finds here and there in the volume extended discussion of spiritual law as applied to questions emerging in the early church, such as Paul's treatment of the use of meats offered in idol sacrifices, of the use of spiritual gifts, and of marriage—admirable illustrations of the temper in which questions of conscience are to be considered.

But he also finds that his New Testament is not a full and explicit directory for his daily life. Even for his church life he lacks such direction. His New Testament establishes the Christian society, indicates in general the purpose, spirit, and powers of the organization, names some officers and their duties as they existed in the primitive days. But he inquires in vain for a definite, authoritative and permanent constitution for this body, for the number of orders in its ministry, and the exact function of each, for the law by which men are inducted into these orders, for the partition of rights and duties between ministers and laymen, for the method of judicial administration in the church, and, indeed, for the vast detail of church work. Even

the church order which, with variations, had place in the early church is nowhere made obligatory. The Great Founder saw fit to intrust, with few limitations, the entire polity of the church to the wisdom of the successive generations of Christian men. So also did he deal with the simple rites which he instituted. He ordained baptism as an initiatory rite. Water, the symbol of purification, was to be used in the name of the Triune God. But how many items are left undetermined—such as the amount of water, the age and preparation of the candidate, the administrator, the locality, the accessory services. Or contrast the minute ceremonial of the Jewish Passover, the memorial of deliverance from Egyptian bondage, with the simplicity of the order for the Lord's Supper, the memorial of the world's redemption. For these and all other rites of the church the only rule is, "Let all things be done to edifying." So also the exact law of tithes is in the New Testament replaced by the larger law, "as God has prospered him"—an order which, if obeyed, would overflow the treasury of the church. Places exclusively holy vanish from the New Testament—"neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem." And in the presence of Paul's words to the Corinthians and the Galatians it is difficult to retain holy days. All places and all times become sacred to the Christian. "Not of the letter, but of the spirit" is the dominant note of the true church.

The secular life is even more lacking in explicit directions, and the conscientious man is thereby often sorely perplexed. He is in business, let us say. May he deal in articles which he thinks to be hurtful to the user? deal in articles adulterated, but not thereby injurious? deal in margins? buy at the lowest possible price, and sell at the highest whatever the exigency which compels others to trade with him? remain silent as to facts which, unknown to others, vitally affect values? receive more than his goods or his services are worth? exact all dues which the law allows? permit any exaggeration by his subordinates? avert iniquitous legislation by paying the money it was planned to extort?

Or, consider the accumulation and use of money. The Christian is to love his neighbor as himself. A needy and suffering world is about him. How much may he accumulate? how much

expend on house, furniture, equipage, dress, art, travel? how proportion his gifts between the church, the poor, and the general interests of society? how far excuse himself by gifts from personal efforts? when retire from successful business to a life of ease?

The Christian is also a citizen. He is a partner in government. May he remit the study of political problems to official men? vote for the least bad of two bad candidates, and for a partial good when the ideal good seems unattainable? neglect to vote at primary or election? refuse to bear arms, if duly summoned? avoid taxes and jury duty when the avoidance does not require falsehood or fraud? disobey unjust laws?

The subject of amusements is scarcely touched in the New Testament. Paul did not need even to name the horrible cruelties of the arena or the shameless immoralities of the Roman stage. They stood self-denounced. But does the spirit of Christianity enjoin total abstinence from amusements? If not, how far may one use time or money on innocent sports? When does indulgence become excessive? Are the theater, the opera, the card-table, the race course allowable? Is the dance, in any form and in any place, to be indulged? What limit should be placed on social entertainments, on humorous speech, on reading of fiction?

The family life presents difficult questions. In what actions shall the mutual love and honor of husband and wife declare itself? How far must unreasonable tempers and actions be endured? How vigorous shall be the rule over children, and at what age shall it be relaxed? What education is due to each child? How early and how far must the child contribute to family support? What is the just authority of the parent as to the choice of the lifework and the marriage of the child? How much is it wise that the child inherit?

In the presence of such questions, the New Testament evidently is not, and it was not intended to be, a particular directory for life. It is not a book of rules, but a book of principles. The New Covenant has this glory, that it furnishes the disciple with fundamental truths, with right aims, with pure, noble, and powerful affections, and thus fits him to decide all things in faith, jus-

tice, and charity. Out of the soul renewed in righteousness must come the law of the daily life.

III. The fitness of this New Testament method of law for the larger life of the race is obvious.

1. As a book, the New Testament thereby becomes portable and readable, brief and attractive. No book of particular laws, however bulky, could cover the world-wide, diverse, and fluctuating conditions of Christian life. The Moslem doctors, it is said, have delivered to the faithful 75,000 distinct precepts—an intolerable burden. Every question of duty stands by itself, having some factor or factors which differentiate it from all other questions, and therefore enforce an individual answer. The variations are innumerable. The nine digits can be arranged in more than 360,000 different orders. The statutes of a state may be contained in two or three volumes: but vast libraries are needed for the discussions and decisions of the judges who apply these laws and the principles which underlie them to the ever-changing conditions of our modern civilization. If the New Testament is to be of moderate compass, and inviting, it must avoid such details, wearisome and only occasionally applicable to current life. The glory of redemption through the Divine Son and all the possibilities which it opens to man for the present and the coming life, the love which comprehends the whole law, and the vivid depiction of these as they wrought in the new kingdom—these are its topics. Simple in style, easily translated—a book for the vest pocket yet inexhaustible in truth, in sympathy, and in spiritual provisions—it is fitted for all races, and for all stages of human life.

2. By this method of law the highest moral results are secured. The valuing of external acts above character was the Pharisaism which our Lord so sternly denounced. But the Pharisaic tendency belongs to all ages. Many Christians are disposed to say, "I fast twice in the week: I give tithes of all that I possess." But because the penitence of the publican was the beginning of a new nature, capable of all good, he went to his house approved. With God religious observances and gifts to the poor have no value except as they are duly related to faith, aspiration, and charity. It is character and not achievement which he seeks.

Accordingly, in the New Testament he subordinates the particular to the general, the precept to the principle, the deed to the motive. Above all eloquence, all knowledge, all miracle-working faith, all gifts, and even above the martyr's death, is charity. Without this we are nothing, and we are profited nothing.

And this is the method of all wise parents and teachers. To the young, the ignorant, the undeveloped they give particular and exact rules. "Do this," "Avoid that," "Do it in this way—not in that" are the customary orders. But with advancing years and enlarging capacities the style changes. Now the aim and reason of the law are set forth, the meaning of life is unfolded, the freedom and responsibility of the child and the pupil are recognized—and outward authority gives place to self-guidance. Undoubtedly the transition is perilous to its subject, and often inexpressibly disquieting to the parent. What possible wreck of life waits on this new liberty! Were it not better, if it were practicable, to withhold the liberty? But only by self-guidance is manhood attained, is success achieved. The venture must be made whatever the peril or fear, or the boy remains weak and worthless. Not otherwise does the heavenly Father deal with the advancing generations. He removes the limitations of the Judaic law that he may set men in the glorious liberty of the sons of God. They shall know truth, shall have the mind of Christ, shall judge and determine all things by their fitness for unfolding the spiritual nature. They will often err, for they are but men; they may make shipwreck of character. But the sincere seeker after truth and righteousness, even when in error of judgment, is, in the divine estimate, far better than he who happens to think and act rightly in an indifferent and mechanical way. The struggle in the midst of uncertainties develops the noblest character.

3. By this method of law Christianity is fitted to be a universal religion. Note, first, that the unfettered organization of the church and the variety admissible in its rites allow it place among men of every stage in civilization, of various habits of life wrought by monarchical, feudal, or free governments, and of different zones. Both authority and freedom have their place

in church history as in political; and rites and ceremonies are naturally modified by temperament, training, and climatic conditions.

Note, secondly, as an instance of the world-wide adaptation of Christianity, the abolition of slavery by its spirit in the absence of the letter. In the hot debate which preceded our Civil War, many excellent people, indignant at the evil system and its aggressions, were astonished to find that their New Testament was almost silent on the subject: that masters were recognized as Christians, that slaves were bidden to be obedient, and that Paul even sent back one of his converts, a fugitive slave, to his owner. And all this happened while the infamous Nero was on the throne, and when one half of the Roman world, sixty millions according to Gibbon, were slaves, their lives as well as their liberty at the absolute disposal of their masters. Yet neither the Great Teacher nor his chief apostle had any explicit rebuke for the despot or the slave-owner. Could a book of this character, some thought, give fit law to enlightened and benevolent men?

The critics simply mistook. They forgot that a change in outward conditions avails little for men unprepared for it, and that, in the then existing conditions of the Roman empire, to insist on rights rather than on character would precipitate a horrible anarchy and a poverty more disastrous than war, and would end in a more ruthless despotism. Instead of such issues came the slow, but certain, relief of society by the doctrine of Christ. He taught, and his disciples after him, the universal Fatherhood and love of God, the common redemption by Jesus Christ, the gift of the transforming spirit to all that ask, the one mercy seat and the one communion-table accessible to high and low, to master and slave alike, the all-comprehending law of love, the equal responsibility of all at the judgment seat, and for every believer an unspeakable peace on earth, and an immortal glory beyond. It was impossible that such teachings should not transform human minds and human society. Laws gradually became more just and lenient, masters recognized the common brotherhood, the church advised manumission, schools for all classes were multiplied, new charities were created, abuse of power slowly

abated, governments were reformed. At length, in the last century, legalized slavery, as abhorrent to the spirit of the gospel, ceased in all Christian lands. The ideals of Christianity are yet far from perfect realization, but the history of nineteen Christian centuries indicates the transforming power of New Testament principles in the absence of distinct enactments, and prophesies a future far beyond and above the present life of the race.

Thirdly. Let it be noted that, with this method of law, obligation expands with expanding opportunity. "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men" is Paul's word to the Galatians. But how narrow the possibilities of these early Christians! With no part in government, with scanty resources, having little knowledge of, or intercourse with, distant peoples, in literature restricted to the manuscript even where this was possible, under the ban of public opinion—how circumscribed their field of usefulness! To relieve the needy, the sick, the prisoner, the sorrowing at their door, to instruct the child and the neighbor, to reclaim the sinful, to edify saints by holy living and mutual exhortation—these were their chief opportunities. But vastly greater are the obligations of men of the twentieth century, who as citizens can aid the enactment and enforcement of just, humane, and uplifting laws, whose wealth is ample for every benevolent and Christian enterprise, to whom all nations are now neighbors and open for a world-evangelization, with whom experience and organization have multiplied power, in whose hands is the wonder-working press, multiplying the message of truth and peace for all men. Still, as did the Galatians, should they address themselves by personal effort to the ignorance, the sin, and the suffering immediately about them. But by the divine law they are now, and hereafter will increasingly be, responsible for good laws, good literature, good schools, good customs of business and labor, good amusements, and an effective gospel message to the whole world. The law of love puts all their faculties, their resources, and their relations at the command of the human brotherhood.

IV. Important practical conclusions issue from this discussion.

1. In the presence of ethical questions, the Christian must accustom himself to the silences of the New Testament. It declines to aid him by explicit rules. There are a thousand duties which it does not expressly enjoin, a thousand sins which it does not expressly forbid. The silence is not conclusive—it is neither here nor there. The Christian must disregard it, unless attending circumstances, as sometimes happens, give it meaning. He must find duty by the rule of general consequences, by the fitness of particular actions, or courses of action, to advance righteousness in the individual and in society. Not otherwise will he find the mind of the Master.

For illustration, let the question be concerning the theater. May the Christian attend, or ought he to avoid it? Here the New Testament is absolutely silent. And no sane man is likely to hold that the dramatic impersonation of character, whether historical, as of Julius Cæsar, or fictitious, as of Shylock, is in itself wrong. Recreation in some form is plainly admissible—it is truly re-creation. If some exalted souls do not seem to need it, their life cannot be a law for the majority of men. Even the question, "What would Jesus do?" is not decisive: for his was a life necessarily limited by transcendent relations and aims. But all these facts do not conclude the case. A broader view must be taken. There must be a study of the history and past influence of the theater, of the conditions under which it now exists and the tastes to which it now chiefly ministers, of its tendency toward or away from a nobler life and influence, of the character and reputation of actors taken as a body, of the contrast between the brilliancy and excitement of the play and the sober duties in which the true blessedness of life abides, of its relation to the watchfulness against sin and the hunger for righteousness on which the spiritual life depends, of its part in the growth of an excessive craving for absorbing pleasures, and of the Christian stewardship of time and money concerned in the case. Only by studies like these can right conclusions be reached. Not interest nor inclination may rule in this and other questions on which the New Testament is silent. Men who believe that the supreme aim of life is character, and the supreme law of life is Christly service of

others, will weigh all things by their relation to this aim and this law. There will often be painful hesitation, inward conflict, the need of self-abnegation; but all this they will accept as part of the discipline by which the Lord of souls prepares a purer and nobler race for his glory.

2. It follows, further, that only those of a trained moral and spiritual faculty are likely to reach right ethical conclusions. "He that is of the truth," said Jesus, "will hear my voice." Sincerity and uncalculating loyalty to right lead both to Christ and to the knowledge of his will. The careless and indifferent, the self-indulgent, the worldly and unaspiring, the unloving, will almost surely miss the way. The fumes of their selfish hearts will rise to obscure their vision. Unspiritual themselves, how can they discern and duly value spiritual qualities, tendencies, and necessities? They will call evil good, and good evil. On the other hand, let a man live in the vision of God, his Lord and his Judge; let him know something of the unspeakable value of righteousness for himself and his fellows, and of the imminence and deadly peril of sin; let him deeply feel that the human soul is made for God and cannot rest without him; let him know the brevity of life and its immeasurable issues; let there be wrought in him a divine compassion for his human brethren, even the mind of Christ Jesus, the servant and suffering Saviour of the race; let him partake of the peace that dwarfs all worldly good; let thus the inspirations of grace quicken and exalt all his spiritual faculties and tastes, and he is prepared thereby to think, to decide, and to act with his Lord. He has become sensitive to all spiritual qualities and forces. He has an almost instinctive discrimination of the good and the evil. His new life has positive appetencies and aversions. It has often happened that, by the transformations wrought by the Holy Spirit, evil habits, judgments, and tastes have been so purged out, have so sloughed away, that without conscious process of reasoning the man has come to new moral conclusions—and wonders at his former opinions. New senses have wakened in him; new affections have emerged; new joys make former delights insipid, or even hateful.

Without some participation in this new life no man may rely

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on his moral judgments. The eyes of his understanding are not opened. He lacks the balances of the sanctuary.

3. The relation of the New Testament law to the authority of the church requires a larger consideration than is here possible. The following propositions seem defensible:

(1) Every explicit law given in the New Testament, taken in its proper interpretation, should be enforced by the church.

(2) Some inferences from the larger ethical principles of the New Testament are so immediate and undeniable that the church is justified in requiring conformity to them by all its members. For example: gambling, the publication of indecent and pernicious literature, the bribing of voters and officials, and usury are such plain violations both of the law of love and the law of the land that one who persists in any of these offenses has no right to continued membership in the church, and should by due process be excluded from it.

(3) The moral quality of a third class of actions is not so easily determined. Christian men of unquestioned piety and wisdom differ concerning them, as do also the churches. The question is often one of degrees—of either total prohibition or moderate use. One church, for instance, forbids without limitation the wearing of gold or costly apparel, the laying up treasure on earth, the use of intoxicating beverages, the dance, games of chance, attendance on the theater or the circus. Are such prohibitions within the rightful authority of the church? It is obvious that a body of Christians in a divine fellowship for the promotion of righteousness may and should consider the probable influence of all questionable acts and customs on the spiritual life of men, and should unreservedly declare its judgment thereon. It is also obvious that the pastor should faithfully discuss before his people not only the New Testament principles which underlie all right moral conclusions, but also their just application to all important individual and social questions. He must speak without fear and without favor. But may the church go beyond this, and prohibit, under penalty of expulsion from its bosom, all the class of actions now under consideration? We doubt both the right and the expediency of such prohibition.

It is an assumption by the church of an authority over the individual judgment which the New Testament nowhere confers upon it. A part of the invaluable liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free is that in the vast domain of morals a multitude of questions are delivered to the determination of individual Christians. Neither Christ nor his apostles determined them, nor did they convey to any hierarchy or other sacred body the right to determine them. At one time, for instance, Christians differed sharply as to the use of meats clean or unclean or which had been offered to idols, and as to sacred days. Saint Paul had knowledge on those questions, and declared it. But he asserted no authority in the case. On the contrary he said, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. . . . Everyone of us shall give account of himself to God. Let us not therefore judge one another any more." This freedom still abides. It may be abused. If it lapses into indifference or self-will it will issue in ruin. But it is the indispensable condition of Christian manhood. The church may use freely, and even vehemently, argument, warning, and appeal; but it may not by authority invade the sacred region of personal conviction and self-determination.

If it attempt such invasion, it is likely to overpass reasonable bounds, to show itself provincial, and to provoke reaction. Witness the Methodist law of 1784, which under the head of superfluity in dress proscribed ruffles, rings, and high bonnets, and under which, within the memory of men now living, women who wore a bow of ribbon or an artificial flower were excluded from the love feast, and many men held it unchristian to wear buttons on the back of the coat. We are bravely past such pettiness—but what enormous claims does such legislation imply! If the church will regulate our reading, why not at once establish an Index Expurgatorius after the fashion of Rome? If it will regulate our songs, why not justify the church which expelled George H. Stuart, the noble president of the Christian Commission during the Civil War, because he sang with fellow Christians the hymns of Wesley, Watts, and Doddridge? If it denounces with penalties the dance in every kind and circumstance, why not take legal cognizance of all social entertainments, festivals, and fairs? Many believe that

a high-license system is better than the unrestrained sale of liquor. But if the church here asserts its authority, may it not with equal right control the vote of its members as to temperance legislation? We must conclude that the limitations of church authority pertain alike to doctrine, organization, and life. A few comprehensive facts, principles, and laws are given us in the New Testament: but, within these, freedom is the birth-right of each Christian.

To recognize this liberty is highly expedient. In vain, in the long run, will any church attempt to rule its members in matters on which the New Testament is silent. The age grows impatient of the *ex-cathedra* law. It emerges more and more from ecclesiastical sway into the broader life of developed personality. This fact, working with a deplorable self-indulgence, worldly-mindedness, and feeble faith, has brought many who were once strict in their views and habits to a most perilous, if not absolutely sinful abandonment of their former respect for church law. For instance, the fact cannot be disguised that excessive amusements and questionable amusements threaten the spiritual and eternal life of many. But this is in spite of law. The law may remain—but it will continue to be disregarded far and wide; contempt for all church law and order will be engendered by this disobedience; the conscience of many who find that they have given a pledge which they think ought not to have been exacted from them and which they are unwilling to fulfill will be weakened and defiled, or they will withdraw from the church; and some upright and spiritually-minded people who do not agree with the absolute and unconditional prohibitions of the law will withhold themselves from a communion otherwise their natural home. Something diviner than a church law of doubtful authority must be our reliance for a higher life.

E. G. Andrews

ART. II.—THE PROBLEM OF THE MODERN CITY

A SKYLINE of noble spires and glistening domes, great masses of granite rising floor upon floor, turrets topping the high places where the sky is clear and the fresh air free; below, the street filled with teams hauling merchandise and cars crowded with hurrying people, elevated trains rushing overhead and subway cars speeding underneath, toilers of all descriptions busy at their daily labor, offices where mental problems are grappled and factory and shop where the hand of man displays its cunning, numberless newspapers whose editors mold the popular mind, stately churches from whose pulpits the way of life is taught, music halls whose glare lures the unwary from his path, havens of refuge for those in despair and dens of vice which add to the hopelessness of life, air breathing of sin and crime and shame—the nations of the earth are here gathered together. Strange people jostle each other as they pass in the throng. Strangers bow at the shrines of many gods in humble adoration. The philosophies of all climes cry out. Silks and ermine rub against calico rags. The cry of newsboys beats its way into the brain, and little children playing in the street raise loud their shout to increase the din. Plenty feasts in palaces while starvation grapples with its weakening victims; accidents, fires, murders, and friendship's fine, uplifting hand and the various joys of honest living; over a million men, women and children; all the manners and customs that the world contains, ideals that reach from absolute immorality to the ideal of the Christ, all the subtle powers for evil in conflict with the powers for good, one man praising God while another curses his Creator. This is the modern city. With such a modern city there are problems for every thinking man. But whatever the problem that eventually confronts the individual thinker, everyone must deal with the same facts. The difference will be in the view-point. Our view-point is the kingdom of God among men, and our problem of the modern city is the extension of the kingdom of God among men amid the conditions which really exist: the removal of all obstacles to the growth and good of the kingdom and the promoting

of its interests under a democratic form of government. And since our problem is a religious problem, and because all dispositions and habits which tend to political prosperity, religion, and morality are indispensable supports, it is evident that the Christian Church should be the leader in whatever practical solution this problem may have. In order that the fundamental nature of the city problem may be seen in its relation to all other locality problems presented to thinkers in the realm from which the case here is viewed it is necessary to consider the part which the modern city plays in our civilization.

To quote: "We are rapidly coming to be a nation of cities. In the United States there are three cities with over a million inhabitants, six cities with over five hundred thousand, twelve cities with three hundred thousand, and thirty-two cities with over one hundred thousand; four hundred cities with population between fifty and fifteen thousand; three hundred and sixty with over ten thousand, and more than seven hundred cities of five thousand inhabitants." The redistribution of population which has made us so largely a nation of cities is quite liable to continue its present trend. The application of machinery to agriculture; the substitution of mechanical power for muscular and its application to manufactures, and the railroads, which make the transportation of food and men so easy—these factors of the new distribution of population are permanent. The danger lies in the fact that the intellectual and moral growth of cities may not be commensurate with the physical growth. The increasing population brings an increase of problems of government, and these problems make an ever-growing demand upon moral character. This makes the city the place where, if anywhere, moral character is to be developed. The vast size of so many of our cities does not prevent congestion. This congestion, aided by the new environment which it produces, is likewise a source and recipient of countless evils. The saloon, with its debasing influence, the white slave trade, the prostitute, child labor's terrible wrongs, gambling, with its fruitage of suicides and thefts, unjust and unchristian business methods, conditions of living which forever shut out high ideals, tenement houses which increase the sin of

immorality, segregation of the alien races, poverty, shamelessness of every sort—in the densely populated city all these forms of sin abound, and no man cares wherein his neighbor debauches himself or defies his God; and from such conditions a civilization will spring up foretelling the latter days of an American Rome. The underlying causes sufficiently strong to bring forth such results are largely conditions of sin, and the sin is in large part connected in some way with the struggle for existence and provision for the necessary wants of life. Immigration and the labor problem touch the question at this point, and in considering what each contributes it must be remembered that together they furnish conditions that are, in the end, obstacles to the growth of righteousness. A practically unlimited flow of alien people comes into our nation annually, and the larger part of them settle in our great cities. And what a polyglot population it gives us! To quote Josiah Strong: "Here is the seething multitude, more motley than the dwellers in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and, like them, 'out of every nation under heaven.' In each of our great cities there are at least fifty countries and provinces represented. In New York there are sixty-six languages spoken." If it were only the coming of these people, it might be well, but each newcomer brings with him race antipathies. He mingles not well here with those whom he hated on foreign shores. Inherited quarrels are fought out and spread before our heterogeneous population. Habits which conflict with our own habits and those of his alien neighbor are persisted in. No two of the races whose representatives knock at our doors have like interests, and the issues raised by religious animosities are innumerable. In addition to this, their birth rate is high. "The foreign born, together with their children, who create more moral problems than their parents, constitute much more than half of our city population." This, with the fact that the low average intelligence of the immigrant depresses the average intelligence of our whole country, brings us to a point where is seen the inevitable result of the immigrant foreignizing the city and thence the civilization of our land; lowering its intelligence, and placing our entire population in a position where it is less fit to fight against the inroads of sin.

Still do the streaming hordes sweep in
  Through open gates; on shores still wet
With crying blood of brother's wrongs,
  Where every evening sun doth set

Upon the discontent and need,
  Upon the homeless home; the strife
Bereft of ideals' strengthening arm—
  The empty, hopeless, sordid life.

The widening stream spreads on and out,
  Through village road, through city street,
Far o'er the undulating plains,
  Away where sky and mountains meet.

The settling sediment sinks down
  To form firm strata, else to mix
And be but part of what we are.
  Shall it be our own crucifix

On which our nation's life is nailed,
  Where hopes, ideals, all shall hang,
And droop, and die; and freedom's voice
  Grow hushed and still, our fathers sang?

Still do the streaming hordes sweep in
  Through open gates—a motley throng.
God give us strength to make them men
  And teach them brotherhood's own song!

In some degree, of necessity, the immigrant is included in the part of our problem which comes from the question of the relations of workingmen and their employers. That there is bitterness in the hearts of thousands of workingmen no one will deny. It is a bitterness toward the church, the employer, and often toward their fellows at the bench. Class spirit is not monopolized by the rich, for the poor man takes to himself a class distinction as against the man still poorer. This class spirit keeps the workingmen in a ferment of universal dissatisfaction and also of individual discontent with each other. But the great trouble is that the church has lost its hold on what she herself has universally called "the masses." "The masses," in turn—the toilers—have found their religious impulse in the labor union. The labor unions are to the workingman meetings having almost a religious value. He feels, and rightly, that "the social message from God to men, as outlined in the Bible, is in no sense a by-product; it is not incidental

to the main purpose of the gospel but an essential part of it." The problems of the workingman are so vital that their solution either broadens his vision unto life or else shuts his heart and eventually drives him into sin, and in solving them from the shrine of the labor union alone men lower the motive for the individual solution. Only about two per cent of the union men are united with the churches, and yet it is maintained that they are as a class religiously inclined. Two per cent under direct religious influence and all the rest drifting away from the standards held by the church! A practical Christianity applied here would mean the spiritual and temporal uplifting of these masses. Students of this phase of the situation find that the laborer would have Jesus but not his church; and this because the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow feels that the church no longer follows Christ. Else would it not bring to bear its influence upon the things called material? A materialist by necessity is the man who must fight not only unjust employers but the attitude of a Christian church as well. There is an increasing number of thinkers among workingmen, and they refuse the teaching of any single man or body unless that man or body practice as well as teach; and they find a failure to practice when the church retains as its men of authority and influence those who corrupt legislation and cause scandal in business. The socialistic tendency among the workers is due largely to this alienation. A better approximation of equalization of income from labor is demanded. Only one half of the net created wealth is distributed among the creators of it; and add to this the horrible fact that annually half a million laborers die unnecessary deaths because of the cupidity of the noncreators of wealth, who receive the other half of the net created wealth, and the cry grows intense for a change of conditions. If the representatives of the religion of Jesus Christ will not right things, the workingmen will do it themselves—and without the broader vision and the spirit of Christ. They have come to say with Burns:

> Then let us pray that come it may,
> As come it will for a' that,
> That sense and worth, a' o'er the earth,
> May bear the gree, and a' that;

For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, and a' that.

And while the workingman prays thus, having no Christian impulse to guide him, he continues to cherish in himself, and to foster in others, the spirit of dissatisfaction which airs its grievance too often by the practice of and assistance in open sin.

The two principal sources or causes of our problem may seem to cover too small a field. Let it be remembered, then, that upon the attitude and practices of these elements of our population thousands of others depend whose lives and influences they control. Many a bold-faced sin is done away almost entirely when these men and these women are given the impulse of righteousness within. And, likewise, sin and the means of committing sin are increased when this impulse is absent. It may be well to remember also that it is assumed here that the regular ministry of the church is to continue, protecting from the inroads of sin those born well and carefully reared, and strengthening those whose environments make a godly life more difficult to attain. But with this so-called regular work of the ministry of Christ the problem of the modern city still stands before us for solution. What is manifestly needed, in order that the whole social order may see the relations of man to man in a proper light, is a well-developed righteous social conscience. With such a social conscience our problem would already be on a fair road to solution. But righteousness of conscience comes not without a conception of God, for ultimately the righteous social conscience is based on the laws of God, and those laws are hardly to be understood without some conception of their Author. And, more than this, these laws will not blossom into a social conscience such as is needed without the Spirit of Jesus Christ. In our solution we need, therefore, (1) A well-developed righteous social conscience; (2) A conception of God; (3) A knowledge of God's laws; (4) The spirit of Jesus Christ. A well-developed righteous social conscience cannot come until a conception of God, a knowledge of God's laws and the spirit of Jesus Christ are preva-

lent. For the first need is social—the aim of our journey—while the second, third, and fourth—the means—are individual. It would appear, then, that our solution must be reached through the individual. Man by man the units of society must be brought into a right relation with things, men, and God. This must come in a change of character in the individual. It will be aided by a change of conditions round about the individual. "The church must correlate its forces; it must be an army not of assault but of occupation; it must advance not with appeal and denunciation alone, but with ideas, with the forces of regeneration for the individual and of reconstruction for society." True service and true allegiance to God are conditioned upon knowledge. And this knowledge and its resultant in changed character require first of all that men of all these varied languages, customs, ideals, modes of life, ambitions, social conditions, and religious conceptions should have an adequate opportunity to know Jesus Christ as a Saviour and to become his real disciples. A living, walking, breathing, giving, social Christ would quicken the laws mentioned until they become the foundation for that love which passeth understanding. It is often asserted that this is being done; that through the social settlement men are being led to see the fullness of life. And in a measure this is true. Men are taught a better conception of home and cleanliness; they are brought into close contact with clean, manly, intelligent men, and sweet, pure women, who in a degree transform their lives. But is there not in this a source of discontent? As the mind appreciates more and more the opportunities in life, does not it also chafe at the conditions which bar it from using these opportunities? A social settlement without the spirit of Christ does not answer. There must be a religious message as well as an intellectual message, and this religious message must be adapted to the material conditions now existent. These conditions have been looked into, and it is found, upon a careful survey of them and their causes, that we must, with Paul, be all things to all men—material, intellectual, moral, spiritual—if we would relieve the actual situation found. The kind of knowledge primarily needed is a knowledge of God and of his laws, their workings and power. To a degree the labor union

strives toward this knowledge, and in a great measure the fraternal organization has it; and spread out in a thousand ways are glimpses of this knowledge and results of its power. Never yet, however, did scattering shot win a battle. It needs constant hammering at the center of offense. That center of offense, the church agrees, is sin: sin in the lives of men, regardless of their conditions. Yet there are conditions before us, and these conditions render undeterminate the elevation at which our guns are set. If this be true, and the social settlement does not answer because church and settlement fail to work together; if this be true, and labor unions and fraternal lodges fail because of the half-message which they bear, why does not the "rescue mission" answer as the solution of our problem? Here men who have known sin almost unto the soul's death—now redeemed—lead other dark spirits into the light. Is not here the place where, through the individual, society is restored? Does not the spirit of Jesus Christ find its finest example in these holy places where debauched and shameless men and women meet their God? There is much to be said right here, but this is sufficient: restorative measures are never equal to preventive means, no matter from what standpoint viewed; and while the rescue work, with its noble men and women laboring hard for the glory of God, does that which saves many men and women for the kingdom, its labors are the gathering of chance wild flowers rather than a steady preparing and cultivating of the blossoms of the kingdom which last through life. The evangelistic efforts of our best ministers bring hundreds to the light of the proper relation of God and man, and man and man. But the rate of uplifting in this particular way is so small compared with the rate needed that the results are scarcely noticeable in the general survey after the day's battle.

True, all of these admirable ways of bringing to pass the results we are seeking use the individual method, which is felt to be essential here. And it is through these individuals with whom they work that the settlement, the institutional church, the labor union, and the fraternal order hope and expect to reform society. Their failure comes not in the purpose, but in the weakness of the power which they use. The evangelistic method of the rescue

mission and the more general evangelist come nearer to the results needed. Their use is of the individual, their aim social, and their means a conception of God and of his laws and love. But restorative measures cannot keep pace with the growth of sin. It is not possible to destroy the insects and halt the blight of the tree before a large part of its usefulness is forever destroyed. If restorative measures could equal sin in its rapid strides, we would not have the kingdom of God in its best phase, for while it would be his kingdom, of course, its members would all be cripples and the standard low; and in a low standard of the kingdom of God comes the temptation to secularize instead of to spiritualize the church, to think that social culture and education are the ways of salvation, to aim toward humanitarianism instead of heart regeneration. And perchance through all this the dynamic of the power of God's grace is lost sight of. So, while the great value is acknowledged which these several ways have of reaching the individual, and hence society, their inadequacy is felt also. Special cases may, and do, rise far beyond the limits here laid down. But where one finds a Stelzle, a Watchorn, or a Riis, and discovers an impulse toward their great achievement in the specific field from which they rose, he will also discover that somewhere God's great Person and laws entered into the problem. There must be a union of church and home wherein can be sunk the roots of the moral life. And this union cannot be brought about unless there can be a generation who make God a reality. This cannot be brought about through adult men and women. The only possible way is through the child. Jesus Christ, the interpreter of the kingdom of God to men, placed a little child before his disciples and said to them, "Of such is the kingdom of God." And, if so then, it must be so today. Here, then, is the place to do a preventive work, a sowing of seed. Of course the natural surroundings of the child are as bad as those of the adult, the roots of our plant will still be where the soil is not the best; but out of these untoward material surroundings will come spiritual and intellectual blossoms that will react upon the soil so as to change it.

The solution of our city problem here proposed is this: Teach one generation of children a conception of God, and of his laws,

and of the spirit of Christ. Continue to teach this great truth to succeeding generations. The second generation will have a religious background in the home, and church and home will have a union of aim—the extending of the kingdom. This, with a reconsecration of the church to Jesus Christ and the continuance of the auxiliary methods which have been discussed, will give to our cities a righteous social conscience which will in turn solve the problems of civics and economics which groan for a solution. The reasons for this view are based in part on the following: (1) The psychology of Jesus makes the child, with his reverence, his spontaneity, his innocence, and his capacity for growth, the type of the kingdom of God; (2) Quantitatively, the children of the city are its largest group; (3) Linguistically, the children of the city are more reachable. But, even so, it is claimed by some who see the keen denominational strife in our cities that it cannot be done. Dr. Wenner proposed that an afternoon a week be given to the public school children for attending church schools. The different denominations were to teach the children of their own adherents. The suggestion clearly shows that what is needed is a common ground for this work. With a suitable common ground, "the Word of God is the most living of all God's oracles, the most evangelical of all evangelists, the most trustworthy of all God's messengers. This seed, sown in the fertile soil of childhood, will bring forth a growth that will gradually eliminate the weed process, and will make possible the sacredness of the home, which God's providence seems to have ordained as the place where he is learned the best." The children will not go to church, few will attend Sunday school, but they will attend a nonsectarian Bible school. That which most nearly meets the ideal of our solution of this problem is the Vacation Bible School movement of New York city. This began in 1901, under Baptist auspices, and was so enlarged by 1905 that it was taken up by the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in New York city. It aims to reach the 608,253 boys and girls of New York who are between the ages of five and fourteen years by means of the English language, which the children learn in the public schools. Consecrated college men and college women of strong personality,

adaptability, and experience in Christian work of various kinds are the teachers. The schoolrooms are churches in different centers of the city, and the Holy Bible is the text-book. A general knowledge of the Bible is taught and the fundamental laws of moral life expounded. The great stories are learned by the children and the spiritual lamp within each young soul is filled with oil. It is unnecessary to go into the details of this work, as it can readily be seen what such teaching will mean in a few years. "The teacher conceives of the child's mind, not as a granary merely, to be stored with facts, but as seed for which the teacher and the school are to furnish the soil and sunshine and showers." That seed, the image of God, grows more clearly and more beautifully into sight when nourished on the pure word of God. With such a use of that word which God has declared shall not return to him void, and a nourishing through the spirit of Jesus Christ, a generation will arise in which, to quote Dr. Burr, "parenthood becomes a hallowed sacrament, the home the first and most beautiful church, and the hearthstone the hallowed altar at which the father of the family officiates in spiritual sacrifice; a holy priesthood, before which the investiture of clerical service pales in its splendor."

With the great modern city problem before us, and a knowledge in our mind of the awful conditions under which it must be solved, it is evident that the only way that sin can be subdued is through a righteous social conscience brought about as here stated. With such a righteous social conscience our problem is already nearly solved, for then "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together. . . . For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea." Man shall then come up unto his own, and a little child shall lead him.

Ralph Welles Keeler

ART. III.—WHAT OUR COUNTRY CHURCHES NEED[1]

I. BEFORE it can be said that our country churches need anything it must be shown that society needs the country churches. Some people think there is no place for country churches. They are said to be out of date. They have done their work. Like worn out carriages or dilapidated buildings, they are not worth the space they occupy. The sooner they are disposed of the better. Some expert students of social problems hold just this opinion. Edward Pearson Pressey says that the churches are hopeless and helpless. He thinks that if there is any place for the country church it must be greatly supplemented by an idealistic system of industrial and domestic education as represented by his New Clairvaux, or arts and crafts school at Montague, Massachusetts. This is a Utopian combination of home, factory, farm, an ideal town organization, and a school of trades and sciences. Rollin Lynde Hartt seems to believe that the usual form of the church may well be displaced by the country social settlement with religious features. Such a settlement would be a combination of farm, factory, hotel, coöperative store, library, and a bureau of social research and instruction. Something like his idea is embodied in the Church Settlement Association of New Hampshire, at Elmwood, near Concord. The theories of Pressey and Hartt certainly have great suggestive and educative value. But while Pressey's is as unpractical—even his experimental enterprise—as would be the effort to raise America's wheat crop in New England greenhouses, there are only two difficulties with Hartt's idea. In the first place, it absolutely cannot be realized, and, in the second place, we already have what is better. One might as well expect to plant and grow prosperous cities, like the forty best in the United States, in Sahara Desert as to make a success of extensive social settlements in decadent country towns which, for the most part, ought never to have been anything but

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[1] A discussion based upon a study of the country church problem made by the author under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, Department of Economics and Sociology to which acknowledgment is made for the use of data.

productive timber orchards. On the other hand, in towns that ought to live the usual agencies of church, school, grange, club, town library, and the various recreational and commercial or industrial organizations, all in normal interaction, are doing more to make rural society large, beautiful, and worthily human than could be possible for any scheme not of the people's own choosing. Social evolution, as a method of interpreting social facts, cannot do everything, but it ought to teach one that radical theories cannot cause the sun to rise at midnight. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, and many others believe that the rural institutional cathedral church ought to, and will in time, take the place of our country churches in their ordinary form. This would seem a consummation devoutly to be wished. Perhaps this will actually mark the program of the development of the largest and most potent stream of organized rural Christianity. In regard to the spiritual nature and work of the church it would have the advantage of keeping the emphasis in the right place. The personal factor would not be betrayed, for there would seem to be great practical wisdom in having a senior preacher for expert leadership and his assistant pastors and deaconesses for more direct personal service to the remotest country neighborhood and home.

Such suggestions and experiments are of great worth to rural religious work and life. They are a timely rebuke to some dead rural churches. But with the rapid increase in our communities of the Grange, the Young Men's Christian Association, the fraternal lodges and literary clubs, farmers' institutes, and village improvement societies, to say nothing of the work of improved schools and numerous town libraries and the influence of the rural telephone and trolley, free mail delivery, and the increased circulation of the daily press, I believe that the country church is less and less called upon to do organized social work. When rural society becomes well adjusted to the responsibilities of the new industrial type of life even modest country institutional churches will not be very common. The successful country church today is the one that knows how to be a consistent church, true to its Christian professions, realizing its essential moral mission to the whole of society, minding its own spiritual and ethical affairs first

of all, and then strong enough and sensible enough to coöperate, for the church is a social institution, with other social institutions that stand for any aspect whatever, however secular, of the kingdom of God among men. Whatever form or name it may take, the country church of the future will be more and more specialized as it becomes more and more alive to the spiritual and ethical enlightenment and leadership of the complete mass of rural society. But what a few students and writers say or reflect against the church is of slight importance. What should give us deeper concern is the attitude of the people as a whole. Too many people in most of our towns by their habits of not attending church are saying that the church is no good. They do not contribute of their means toward the support of the church. Their indifference deprives them of the weekly blessing of changing their clothes. They need moral quickening as much as though they lived in the wilds of Africa. In too many cases distance from the church or the low moral standards of church people in the common walks of life are no restraint to lives of open immorality and shame. It would be a relief if the lukewarmness of some might be awakened to even ribald opposition. One of the best helpers in church work I ever knew was an uncomfortable skeptic who would hail people on the street to curse and ridicule union revival services then in progress. Some people who grind their unhappy lives away for the almighty dollar, if their minds were not as small as their souls, might well be asked, "What would real estate be worth in Sodom ?" The graft of professional mendicants upon the charities of city rescue missions is not so exasperating as to have well-to-do country people, as is often the case, demand Christian burial for the members of their families at the expense of time, patient care, and sometimes travel to distant places on the part of faithful ministers, who would be harshly criticised if they did not show the general culture and special training worth valuable years in the schools and thousands of money, and yet these ungrateful, misplaced souls help the church or parson directly or indirectly by never a cent. But all this is a matter of cultivation, of civilization, in which the church should be the leader. She should not complain because there is something yet for her to do. If what

a few social workers say is a rebuke to dead churches, the inaction of multitudes of perverse minds should be a Macedonian cry to every church that knows the first principles of Christian living.

But what about the multitudes of ministers, and other once faithful and intelligent workers in the churches, who have become discouraged, losing faith in the churches? It is very easy for young men of scholarly inclinations, who must of necessity drink deeply at the fountains of history, science, philosophy, and theology in lives of strenuous devotion to books and theories, to allow knowledge to crowd experience from its proper place, devotion to the truth of theology to leave no room for the service of love, the religion of idealism to dethrone the happy fruition of the redemption of an infinite Christ. This is a suggestion of the way in which some students and preachers may have lost grip upon themselves, so that the trellis of thought stands cold and alone without the beauty of the living vine of joyous, throbbing reality. Forgetting the gospel of Paul and Luther, Chalmers and Wesley, Kingsley and Spurgeon, they have preached theories, or a philosophy that cannot regenerate, in the place of a gospel that interprets life as love, makes manhood complete, and society a paradise. It is no wonder that when preachers and people forsake personal Christian service, and have more concern for "salvation by statistics" than for regeneration through a personal Christ, they have the opportunity of reading and listening to poetic essays in congregations more and more wooden with empty benches. Is it any wonder that such men—and they are laymen as well as clergymen—lose faith in and leave the churches they have thus devitalized? Philosophy and science are not to be despised in the service of the church, but they must be crowned by the golden fruits of faith. But there is a more practical side to this matter. It comes to us as the supreme practical challenge of the church in this age. Whenever a preacher says, "I am tempted to leave the ministry, because I seem unable to do the work of a minister," it makes a person both angry and ambitious. He is angry that the theological seminaries do not teach sociology as well as theology, about men and the world as well as about God and heaven. But nothing is more strikingly true, and as pathetic as true, than

that our theological faculties cannot teach what nobody knows. And then one is fired with ambition to know the problem in a large, true way, as no one yet can really profess to have gained such knowledge. Theology cannot presume to teach us all that is essential to be known about the church, which is so largely a human organization. Sociology cannot formulate all of our knowledge concerning the church, the largest concerns of which are realized only in the skies. Social evolution is necessary as a method of study—though it is limited, for neither men nor churches can be measured by a knowledge of their environment. So each discouraged worker must follow his best light, and work and wait, with zeal and patience, through the dawning hours of the truer interpretation. If the need of the country churches is to be measured by the possibilities that lie in them, then that need is very great. More than one half of the total population of the United States will have their religious and moral instruction and leadership directly or indirectly from the country churches or they must remain destitute. Aside from this fact it must not be forgotten that the ethical quality of modern city life depends to a very large extent upon the quality of manhood and womanhood our country parishes are producing. It is true that both the cream and the scum of the country go to the city. Our country churches feed the city churches, and at the same time our rural weaklings and degenerates fill the city saloons, and replenish the slums, and greatly enhance the urban problem of the submerged tenth. I believe there is no other institution that actually has, in spite of its faults and misfortunes, so great a potentiality, and thus mission and responsibility, in maintaining the moral integrity of the American people as the country church.

II. In the next place it is useless to talk about what our country churches need to make them entirely efficient if it can be shown that they have no needs and are not deficient in results. If a person is in perfect health and is doing his full amount of work, he certainly needs no physician. There are many people and preachers who think that if church attendance remains constant and there are no losses in church membership, the churches are all right. Perhaps some will be so fair as to set their standard

at maintaining a constant relation between church membership and the population of the town. Viewed from this standpoint there are indeed many churches that are not failing in their hold upon the people. But the question is, Are they making positive gains? To be satisfied with being equal to the past is lazy nonsense in such a progressive age as ours. And then the church is not made responsible for a select part of society, but for the whole of it.

Let us look somewhat carefully at both sides of this question of the progress of the church. On the side of progress let us be encouraged that one presiding elder has recently said in regard to New England Methodism: "Let me state as a profound conviction that our times are not worse than former times." But should we not be profoundly stirred because they are not much better than former times? Indeed there are some indications of healthy increase. The Rev. W. F. English, Ph.D., of Connecticut, has recently said: "While naturally and inevitably some churches have lost in members and opportunity for service, the church membership in relation to population has gained, a more intensive spiritual culture has been promoted, and a new country church has been developed by the very stress of circumstances." After a somewhat extensive comparative study of figures and of expert opinions I am convinced that the social problem of the church today in New England is not so great as at any previous time in fifty years. In making this statement the statistics of church membership and attendance are considered as the chief measure of the problem. In spite of these encouraging things there is an immense danger of a too easy optimism. There are still as many tasks as rewards for the rural churches. Let those listen to the following remarks who think we are ready for a millennial jubilee. The Rev. C. E. Hayward says in Institutional Work for the Country Church: "But few country churches can be said to be in a flourishing condition; the majority are hardly holding their own, some are losing ground, all are struggling heroically for life, but the tide is against them; something must be done. In fact, some country churches have a constituency so heterogeneous that it becomes practically a mission field." The Rev. Henry Fairbanks, Ph.D., has said of rural conditions, after

a very extensive first-hand investigation: "The danger of relapse into barbarism in these districts is not due to immigration. Those now growing up in the mountain towns will go out to be leaders of men, and it is a fact of fearful import that the gospel is not reaching them. A majority of our people are never at church. Of those living two miles or more from church, only about one third attend church. In the rural districts of New England and New York, from which the strongest men in the cities and West are coming, more than half of the people are not only unreached but are absolutely unapproached by any direct Christian efforts." President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, said a few years since in an article entitled "Impending Paganism in New England": "New England today is confronted with the danger that the country village will be the first to lapse from vital Christianity; . . . that rusticity will again become synonymous with godlessness and superstition." In the summer of 1905 I found that in one New England state, in fifteen average rural towns, having a total of twenty-five churches, the average church attendance was only 13.7 per cent of the town population. Less than one seventh of the people were regularly at church! The average church attendance in four urban towns, one of them being the state capital, was 33 per cent of the total population. These figures certainly are not encouraging. I think we are ready to grant that the country needs the churches, they being the sole means, directly or indirectly, in the moral and religious quickening and cultivation of the people. Neither will we deny that the churches themselves need to be greatly reënforced before they will be able to perform their whole mission—that of spiritualizing rural society.

III. Now we are ready to ask the question, What do the country churches so need that, if this were supplied, they would be able to fulfill their complete mission? By this question we mean to inquire for the one primary need of the churches. The first answer that will usually be given to this question is that more money is the great need of the rural churches. The members of all churches need their societies to be free from debt, or else they need to pay larger salaries to better preachers. In Vermont five sevenths of the demand for church union and federation

arises from economic necessity. In one district in New England I found eighteen out of twenty average rural clergymen positively limited in their usefulness by inadequate financial support. The need of money is emphasized when faithful people cannot pay as much as they wish toward the church, and too often those who are abundantly able to give are without the inclination. But the financial need of country churches is not primary, however necessary. It is possible that churches with the most money may be the least helpful to society. Poor churches and people alike may be the richest in faith, good works, and noble characters. The mission of the church being what it is, and human nature being as it is, the usefulness of the church is sure not to increase in proportion to the increase of its money. Large endowments for country churches are not advisable. Francis Minton has said of the rural endowments of England: "Evidence appears to lead to the conclusion that endowments are a mistake. The endowment artificially keeps the institution alive, when, if left to the natural environment, it would die. Better that it should die in the natural course than to outlive its usefulness." It matters not how destitute and in distress our churches and ministers may be, money is at best only an incidental necessity and not a primary requirement. There is something else, which, if it is supplied, the money problem will be solved. A great many people believe that the primary need of country churches is an improved clergy. Some have said: "Give us an adequate clergy and our churches will be all right; otherwise not." I will agree with the "otherwise not," but we cannot put the full responsibility of successful churches upon the shoulders of the ministers, especially when 90 per cent of them do not have enough upon which to live. Someone has said that the great need of the churches is no ministers at all, at least until the churches can learn that some ministers are first men, then ministers. A Catholic woman once told her little girl, speaking of a certain pastor: "He is not a man, he's a minister." If a mistaken churchism had not been responsible for the remark, it would have been an insult. The hardest thing that the ministry as a class has to endure is that they are treated artificially, as though they were trying to do a work that is aside from normal

human needs. Bishop Hendrix is doubtless right in saying that "the honor of the temple has never survived the honor of the priest." The first responsibility of spiritual and social leadership in the church rests with the clergymen. But where are the ministers to come from? There is as yet no patent process for the manufacture of ministers to order and warranted to suit. Ministers grow, like other men, in the homes of the people. The church, after all, is the father of its clergy. It is doubtless true that the ministry is the chief channel through which the fundamental need of the country churches is to be supplied. "But we cannot have churches without people," someone is sure to say. This statement is not so trite as it may at first seem. There are several causes which are right, and even beneficial in their larger influence, even though their first effect is to rob the churches of their people. For instance, the centralization of industry has drawn the people from the smaller to the larger towns, and abandoned towns certainly cannot have full churches. The freedom in Protestantism of the private interpretation of revelation has led to the rise of the denominations, and where churches multiply faster than the people the process of division is inevitable. But in the main the trouble is not that there are not enough people for the churches in rural communities, for, as a rule, half of the rural people are even now outside of the churches. There is another side to this matter. Since it is the work of the church to give the religious character to all the members of rural society, and to spiritualize all social forces, it is possible for the social problem of the church to be very great even though all the people were regular church attendants. Quantity is not always the measure of quality. Although there can be no church without people, there is something which the church, as a nucleus of people, may have in order that to draw and hold and help will be the rule and not the exception. There are various specialized forms, of social, educational, and religious enterprise that are sometimes advocated as sufficient, each in itself, for the solution of all church problems. For instance, one specialist may stand for evangelism, as though this alone would bring all churches to Christian completeness without the use of other forms of enterprise. Another

may think that church federation is the one thing needful. The third believes in the so-called institutional activities as sufficient to unite earth and heaven. Each of these alone may have been seen to realize in some church the highest ends this side of heaven, but such could happen only when the other needs of the church were already provided. The specialist has his place so long as he does not become a monopolist; then life is too large for his cistern, and he becomes a relic.

After all, the one simple primary need of the church today is hardly a need on the part of the church at all. The church, though it has a mission, is no mendicant. The need is on the part of the people, especially those who are outside of the churches, that they wake up to a proper sense of values. If a half, or more, of the rural population are not themselves a part of the church, it is because they are like the woman who grumbles because the schools do not educate her children when she keeps them at work all of every day in her own back yard. It is the old fallacy of the blind man's complaining because the sun does not shine. The man who calls the church "a graft on society for the support of the ministry" is an impudent vagabond, too mean to eat the feast of his life when it is already set before him. He forgets that the church is the only voluntary institution which deals in the richest values of two worlds. He is too busy with the muck rake to enjoy the beautiful flowers that he expects will grow where he has planted no seed. But they are already fragrant in his neighbor's garden. He has not waked up to a proper sense of values. When one truly becomes alive to the correct sense of values he just then begins to appreciate what the church really is. "Values" is just the word we want. *The church is a fellowship of men in the use and enjoyment of religious and ethical values.* In this economic age we ought to be able to understand the church when it is thus defined. Economics treats of the adjustment of life to the wherewithal of life. The economics of the church treats of the wherewithal of the spiritual life in the terms of moral and religious values, the only eternal commodities that have a price. When we pay for the church with time and cash, if we appreciate what we are doing, we are only investing in one set of values in

the same way as, at the real estate market, the playhouse or the university, we invest in other sets of values. How hard and yet how easy is the task of appreciation! Now we can relate the things which seem to the things which are; things partial to the one whole. The church does not primarily need money, but the people need appreciation, or the proper sense of values. There need be no trouble because the minister lives at the expense of the people when it is seen that he is their servant. He creates their highest joys by interpreting the values that abide. The people will not be divorced from the church when they can realize that it is the mediator of the highest powers of character. The people need the church infinitely more than the church needs the people. Our willful sinning keeps us from the throne room of the King. This is as true negatively as positively. It as naturally faces the problem as the ideal. The great problem is that the church too often is not the church—a problem in reality. If there was an appreciation and appropriation of the values for which the true church stands the study of the genius loci of so-called churches would not so often reveal that they were mere social clubs, standing for anything and everything but spiritual excellence in the lives of men. The problem of leadership would be solved. Men would seek their guides from among their own number in the choice spirits that are tuned by nature, by training, and by grace to catch the music of the world of which the present is only an echo. Sectarian ambition, though not necessarily denominational organization, would soon give place to the true spirit of brotherhood in service. And that service would be so free, so helpful and whole-hearted that the machinery of the church would soon fade into the established habits of mankind in the arts of mutual love. The world is nearly as responsible for such an awakening as can be the militant church. The dissatisfied classes ought to learn by experience that they have followed the wrong god long enough.

George Frederick Wells.

Art. IV.—THE UNFINISHED DRAMA

Recently there appeared in one of our great dailies an able critique of a certain play that had been given in the city on the previous night. This writer is not a frequenter of theaters, first, because his dramatic interests and instincts are abundantly satisfied by the varied scenes of human life as they unroll themselves all around us, and, second, because to his mind the atmosphere of the playhouses is antagonistic to the highest aspirations of the human heart. There are people who claim that they are benefited intellectually and morally by seeing what they call good plays. As this is a matter of subjective sentiment and experience. it is best not to dispute their word; but one cannot well suppress the question how highminded men and women can find enough good plays in our day to make it worth while.

Let us take, for an example of what is considered the better class of performances, the one referred to in this article. It is Sudermann's Magda. Sudermann is looked upon as one of the greatest of the living romancists and dramatists of Germany. The leading figure of the tragedy is Magda, the daughter of a high-tempered Prussian ex-soldier with rigid moral principles and a very keen sense of honor. Magda, when still a young girl, runs away from her parents and is not seen again by them until twelve years later, when she comes to her native town to take part in the musical festival as a celebrated singer. Her identity becoming known, the pastor, who was at one time her lover, after first having prepared the way at home, goes to her for the purpose of bringing her back to her parents. But it soon appears that she is a much changed person. By her various experiences she has become hardened. "She despises the pastor. She is at once domineering, cynical, and worldly." However, the suppressed subconsciousness of her childhood memories finally awakens. and she comes home. "The old parents, more worldly-wise than the trustful pastor knew, soon become possessed of a haunting fear that all was not, or had not been, well with her. The name of a certain Dr. von Kellar is betrayed by the daughter. and he soon

comes to see her. He had known her in Berlin in the days following her flight from home, and in the course of the call, Magda, leading up to her climax in wonderful style, makes known that he is the father of her son." Magda's father now wrings the whole truth from her, and thus aroused to the highest indignation, tremblingly starts out to challenge the betrayer of his child to a duel. But, to his chagrin, he fails to find him. The pastor again steps in, and, with the view of protecting the honor of all concerned, proposes that von Kellar shall take the wronged young woman in marriage. The parents and daughter finally agree, but von Kellar, having his political career in mind, consents only under the condition that the existence of the son be kept secret. Upon this the overwhelming rage of Magda breaks out anew, and with consuming scorn she refuses to consider the marriage another moment. This scene quickly leads to the end. The father, having promised von Kellar that his wish as to the son would be respected, feels bound to uphold his word of honor. Finding Magda obdurate and unflinchingly standing for her son, who has been her life and sole ambition, the old soldier gives way to uncontrollable feeling, and seizing his dueling pistol prepares to shoot his daughter down. But just at that moment he is attacked by another stroke of apoplexy, and falls dead in the presence of his family. It would seem—let this be said incidentally—that only persons of vitiated tastes and morbid curiosity can find pleasure in such performances as this play presumes. And yet, judging from the literature dealing with our present-day stage, and according to such authorities on dramatic affairs as Israel Zangwill, such stuff is the stock in trade of the great majority of stage productions. In fact, Sudermann's are considered among the standard dramatical works of our time. The only lessons that can possibly be learned from such plays as that of Magda are that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that children who leave the paths of religion are a curse to their parents. But people are really to be pitied who must go to such harrowing performances in order to learn such simple lessons. But the dramatic editor of the newspaper above mentioned, after highly praising the play and the actors, has a serious fault to find with

Sudermann's production. It is that the problem of the drama "is still a problem when the final act comes," that "the last impression created in Magda is one that leaves the audience with muscles tense and emotions rising," that "the fall of the curtain does not relieve this naturally and the after effect is bad; the end is horrible." We can, however, assure this critic that it was not at all the intention of the playwright to solve the problem. He is not the man who will bring his tragedies to a gentle ending for the mere purpose of accommodating the strained muscles and surging emotions of audiences. Sudermann is a convinced pessimist of the school of Eduard von Hartmann whose thought dominates wide circles of German life today. It is Sudermann's chosen mission to interpret the doctrines of this pessimism for the common populace by putting it into concrete dramatic form. According to this philosophy there is a fatuity in our existence that fills it with unsolvable problems. They all have a horrible ending. And in all fairness it must be said that, apart from considerations of truth and morality, it redounds to the credit of Sudermann's artistic integrity and skill to make his tragedy end as it does. It is the duty of the artist to bring his work into full consistency with his ethical thought, and not to accommodate it to the morbid wishes and whims of the theater-going public. Sudermann would send his audience home with this final thought: "The tragedy of these fateful complications could not be evaded by the daring courage of a Magda, nor by the craftiness of the aristocratic seducer, nor by the soldierly honor of the father, nor by the religious benevolence of the pastor. Go home and remember that your problems too are unsolvable. They too will, in one form or another, have a horrible ending." If this is cruel, it is the cruelty of Sudermann's dramatic consistency. What right have the spectators to complain? Do they wish to be deceived? Do they wish to have their morbidity refreshed by hypocritical and farcical expediencies? If they do, they must not go to Sudermann. But if they would learn the truth that will both undeceive and save them, they must turn their backs to all plays and come to the only Teacher who could say, "The words that I speak, they are spirit, and they are life."

Do we defend Sudermann? Yes, in the sense that he is the

consistent dramatical interpreter of the most consistent of all merely human philosophies, and that is the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer and Eduard von Hartmann, though it leads men into the dreary bogs of pessimism, from which there is no outlet. In the system of these men, for one is only the complement of the other, the philosophical achievements of the human mind—in so far as it wrought without the aid of faith—have reached their legitimate and unavoidable climax; it is the *non plus ultra* of its labors. And this is decidedly as it should be. For "what is born of the flesh is flesh." It cannot bring forth any life-giving fruit. The present world is, as Shakespeare has rightly said, a stage, and all acting outside of God has a horrible ending; and God has permitted this tragi-comedy to go on in order to make it manifest to all the powers and principalities in the heavens that all that the flesh undertakes, in any field whatsoever, must end in failure and bankruptcy. Just as Hartmann, in the realm of metaphysics, by doggedly tracing the sequences of his naturalistic premises to their logical conclusion, finally arrived in the tohu-wa-bohu of pessimism; and as Haeckel, the most consistent disciple of Darwin, by marshaling the facts brought out by modern science along the same line, has in his famous book, Weltraethsel (World Riddles) arrived at the same goal; and as Sudermann, with his consummate dramatic skill, has used the lurid torch of this philosophy to light up the problems of the natural life (for another life he does not know) with the same result, so the historian, Johannes Scherr, starting from the same naturalistic premises to search the highways and byways of universal history, has found and demonstrated with grim satisfaction that here too pessimism reigns supreme, and that here too nothing can be found but unsolved problems, and history is nothing but a vast unfinished drama: a tremendous tragedy, writhing this way and that way, without a consoling feature. From the standpoint of the natural mind, unaided by or refusing the light of divine revelation, Scherr is right. The logic of his essays on the Tragi-Comedy of History is overwhelming. The facts of earthly existence, looked at apart from the sequel promised in God's coming æons by the gospel of his Son, constitute a vast jungle of enigmas that we must despair

of solving, and history becomes an unending labyrinth in whose cruel corridors we hear the wailings of unnumbered hopeless victims. That this is the correct view becomes certain through the teachings of God's own Book. The apostle Paul describes the Gentile Christians, before they knew Christ, as "having no hope and without God in the world"; that "the world through its wisdom knew not God"; that "if we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable"; that "the whole creation . . . travaileth in pain together until now," and that only "by hope we are saved." The author of Ecclesiastes tells us that he had searched out and thoroughly tested this earthly life with all its wisdom, and was forced to the conclusion that all is vanity, and a striving after wind. He confesses that he "hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun" was grievous unto him, and he finds no other way out than the simple fear of God. And what is that magnificent inspired drama, the book of Job, but the titanic wrestling on the part of a great soul with this same problem? And the result also is the same. Job in the agony of his inexpressible sufferings vehemently curses the day of his entrance into this earthly life; he scathingly denounces the teachings of his orthodox friends as insufficient to quiet the questionings of his agitated soul, and storms with daring challenge at the barred door of God's mysterious counsels for the answer that he needs and desires. Here too the problem is still a problem when the curtain falls. The only ray of light that breaks in, beyond showing that God is still Job's friend, is the bravely expressed hope that in a future existence the just and all-wise God will satisfactorily reveal his, to our minds, inscrutable doings. But the glorious character of that revelation was not made known until Christ came, for it "was hidden from the ages." Thus we find that both the testimony of consistent philosophical thinking and of the inspired word is to the effect that the natural reason, unaided by divine revelation, must of necessity come to the hideous night of pessimism. All attempts made upon this basis —and there are many—to evade this result, when rigidly put to the test, will be found to have ended in failure, and the optimistic tone to be found in the teachings of some naturalistic thinkers,

from the Greek Socrates to the American Emerson, is either the glimmer of faith that God has permitted to shine even in the souls of the Gentiles or the unconscious reflection of received Christian sentiment. At any rate, it is of the heart, and not of the head. But the wisdom from which pessimism has sprung truly has "a horrible ending." In the weird light of its logical conclusions this life of ours becomes nothing more than a meaningless dream. Justice becomes a delusion, love a mockery, and hope a cruel snare. But, thank God, we need not be pessimists. Our impotent natural reason is not left to itself. The Word has become flesh, and has tabernacled among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

But even for God's children, though saved in hope, this present life remains an unfinished drama; and many of its problems are still problems when the curtain falls. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "But ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for our adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." Body is manifestation. "For our life is hid with Christ in God. But when Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory." Then the sequel of the unfinished drama will begin to be unrolled before our transformed being; then the long-postponed solutions of our problems will unfold themselves to our perfected minds; then shall "every created thing which is in the heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and on the sea, and all things that are in them," join in the chorus, saying: "UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH ON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, BE THE BLESSING, AND THE HONOR, AND THE GLORY, AND THE DOMINION, FOR EVER AND FOR EVER!"

Gustavus Emanuel Hiller

ART. V.—PAULINE ESCHATOLOGY

PAUL'S eschatological views occupy a position of primary importance in his doctrinal teaching. His entire theological system is largely influenced by them. Essentially all of his dogmatic theology is somehow related to final things. He regarded the age in which he lived as evil and transitory, and believed it to be his mission to prepare as many as possible to participate in the blessedness of the age to come. Eschatological belief served as a powerful and leading factor in the founding of Christianity. This fact is nowhere more evident than in the Pauline epistles, and one cannot fail of being deeply impressed with their marvelously optimistic tone. The apostle had espoused an exceedingly unpopular cause, was ostracized by his people and severely persecuted, yet he maintained a courage and optimism that have served as an inspiration to vast multitudes of righteous sufferers in all subsequent ages. His view of final things made this possible, for he held that if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable. Because of his belief in eternal life, physical death was to Paul a matter of only secondary importance. Paul says little, or perhaps nothing, of an intermediate state. The reason for this, no doubt, is that he believed the parousia, resurrection and judgment, to be close at hand. He evidently believed, according to 1 Cor. 15. 51, and 1 Thess. 4. 17, that he would be among those living at the time of the parousia. The dead are spoken of as being asleep (κοιμηθέντας) in 1 Thess. 4. 14, 5. 10; 1 Cor. 15. 6, 18, 20. According to 1 Thess. 5. 10, the departed saints are alive and conscious, and sleep only as to the body and in appearance. The soul of the believer is certainly not represented as sleeping in connection with the entombed body. To be absent from the body meant, to Paul, being present with the Lord. Immediately upon the dissolution of its earthly house there will be provided for the soul of the believer a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (2 Cor. 5. 1-8).

The Parousia. Among the marvels of religious phenomena

there is none more remarkable than the Messianic hope of the Jewish people. At his appearance Christ did not fulfill this popular hope, and was hence, to very many, a disappointment. Even those who believed in his Messiahship misunderstood him. They were impatient because of his seeming delay in establishing his kingdom. When he died they despaired of ever realizing their hopes in him. It was his resurrection, and promise to come again, which revived their hope. Thus a Christian Messianic hope, somewhat akin to the Jewish one, was born. The early Christians expected a speedy return of Christ for the purpose of bringing about the consummation of his kingdom. The Old Testament *ἡμέρα τοῦ κυρίου* or יוֹם־יְהוָֹה, which was a day of judgment, had as yet not appeared. They were disappointed in this at the first advent of Christ, and hence to them it was as yet unfulfilled prophecy. They understood Christ as having taught that he would speedily return, and that a world crisis would then occur. The idea of a second coming of Christ occupied a very large place in Paul's epistles. He regarded the day of the Lord as one of fiery retribution to evildoers, but one of deliverance and redemption to the believers (2 Thess. 1. 6-11). This teaching aroused persons on every hand to a sense of its import, and became a strong factor in the spread of primitive Christianity. Paul believed in the speedy return of Christ. He supposed that they were at that time passing through the dense darkness immediately preceding the dawn of that notable day (1 Thess. 5. 6). He even went to the extent of advising the Corinthians who contemplated marriage to remain single, so as not to be at a disadvantage during that great catastrophe (1 Cor. 7. 26-31). In consequence of his teaching some of the Thessalonians ceased to work, thinking it to be useless on account of the speedy termination of the present age (2 Thess. 3. 10-12). Paul never speaks with absolute definiteness of the time of the parousia. Although he expected to be alive at Christ's second coming he did not feel positive about this. Although in 1 Thess. 4. 17, and 1 Cor. 15. 51, 52, he did class himself with those alive at the parousia, yet again, in his later epistles, he clearly acquiesced in the opposite belief. It may be that Paul spoke less of the parousia in his later letters on account

of the exciting effect his earlier ones produced. The indications are strong, however, that as the years passed by he discovered that his expectations were not being realized. He certainly relinquished these expectations in his pastoral letters in which he indicates that the time of his departure is at hand, referring to his execution. On discovering how his first letter disturbed the Thessalonians Paul wrote them a second one, telling them that before the parousia can occur there must first be an apostasy, and the revealing of the man of sin (2 Thess. 2. 3). The *ἀποσταοία* was evidently not connected with the revealing of the man of sin in any way except that they were to occur contemporaneously. It refers, quite likely, to the seductions of false doctrine spoken of in his letter to the Ephesians and in 1 Timothy; namely, the gnostic heresies. The second event in the preparation of the world for the day of the Lord was the revealing of "the lawless one," or "the man of sin." The idea of an antichrist was current in Jewish circles, and hence could be continued very easily in Christian prophecies in more definite and modified form. The lawless one and his restrainer have been applied to numerous movements and personages. In speaking of "the lawless one" Paul most likely referred to some Roman emperor and intentionally spoke in vague terms so as not to be accused of treason. However, those whom he addressed evidently understood to whom he referred (2 Thess. 2. 5). It was nothing unusual for Roman emperors to accept divine honors such as this "lawless one" was to receive. At the time of Paul's writing Nero was already regarded as heir to the throne. Judging him by his ancestry, and especially by his uncle. Caligula, whom he more and more took as a model, nothing good could be expected from him. His reign corresponded to the apostle's expectation; on the throne was really the man of sin, exalted over all gods and sanctuaries. Pliny called him "the enemy and scourge of the human race." When Vespasian planted the Roman eagles in the "holy place" of the temple, and enforced emperor worship there, this prophecy of Saint Paul was indeed fulfilled. The restrainer (*κατέχον*) was evidently Claudius, the predecessor of Nero, who prohibited divine honors being paid him, but after Locusta's poison had removed him the new emperor-god was

enabled to appear. Even after Nero's death it was believed by many that he would revisit the earth and become the detestable forerunner of Christ's second coming.

As the various theophanies of the Old Testament occurred amid great, awe-inspiring, fiery demonstrations, so Paul taught that Christ would appear in the heavens at the appointed time with the angels of his power and a flaming fire (2 Thess. 1. 7-9; 1 Thess. 4. 15, 16).

The Resurrection. Paul was a Pharisee, and as such naturally believed in the resurrection. However, his old Hebrew faith in the resurrection was deepened and spiritualized as a result of his conversion. He is the only apostle who argues in favor of a resurrection and expresses his conviction in terms of Christian reason. His was not the Hellenic view of the resurrection. He believed in personal immortality, but he never based his hope of immortality on mere psychological considerations. He based his hope of the resurrection on the resurrection of the historic Christ. He believed that if Christ be not raised, there is no resurrection, and the moral life becomes foolish. If Paul did not regard the resurrection body as the identical body of this life, he regarded it as having very close affinities with it. The spiritual body will correspond to the earthy. Paul expected to recognize his converts hereafter with rejoicing (1 Thess. 2. 19). There will be, however, only an ideal sameness between the heavenly and the earthy body. At least a great change is to occur, through which a suitable body is to be prepared for the soul's habitation. To the Thessalonians, who were anxious about their dead, Paul said that they will not be at a disadvantage at the parousia, for they will arise first, and then all will share the same advantage (1 Thess. 4. 13-18). It is interesting to notice that in his later epistles he makes the resurrection no longer to coincide with the parousia (2 Cor. 5. 1-8). To be absent from the body came to mean to be present with the Lord (Phil. 1. 23). Immediately upon the dissolution of this earthly tabernacle the soul will be clothed upon with the house which is from heaven (2 Cor. 5. 1-8). Paul does not speak of the resurrection of the unjust in any direct way. In Phil. 3. 11 he declares that he strives to attain to the resurrection from the

dead. On the strength of this both Weiss[1] and Beyschlag[2] assert that the resurrection is therefore by no means for all. Weiss holds that Paul speaks of only one resurrection, which is conditioned upon a living fellowship with Christ and the possession of the Spirit, and of only one kind of resurrection body, which belongs to the inheritance of the children of God. However, in 1 Cor. 6. 2, Paul refers to a general judgment of good and evil. In Acts 24. 15 he is said to have taught that there will be a universal resurrection, "a resurrection of the just and the unjust." That Paul believed in a universal resurrection is quite evident when we consider this subject in the light of the rest of his doctrinal teaching, as on the judgment and the future of the wicked. It can be safely maintained that he shared in the eschatological belief of his time. The Pharisees believed in the resurrection of the unjust, and had Paul intended to advance any new doctrine, he most likely would have spoken in more explicit language. According to Paul the life which the believer receives through faith in Christ is the foundation of his hope for a blessed hereafter. However, he refers rather to the true ethical and spiritual life than to a psychological or ontological one. The individual has an immortal soul, regardless of his belief, and it is the teleological question of saving or losing it about which Paul is concerned rather than its mortality or immortality.

The Judgment. Divine judgment is a vital theme throughout all of Paul's epistles. Beyschlag says, "The idea of judgment is not peculiar to Paul, neither is it a peculiar Christian conception, but one which belongs to religion." The third event in the final world crisis, according to Paul, is the judgment of the world. It is to occur on the "day of the Lord," and immediately after the resurrection (2 Thess. 1. 6-9; 2 Tim. 4. 1), and falls into the period beyond the close of the world's history. The results of this judgment will be reward for the righteous, consisting of eternal life, and of punishment, wrath, indignation, tribulation, and anguish for the wicked (2 Thess. 1. 9; 2 Tim. 4. 8; Rom. 8. 1). The "lawless one" of 2 Thess. 2. 8 is to be slain with the breath of Christ's mouth at his coming.

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[1] New Testament Theology, p. 407.

[2] New Testament Theology, p. 268.

The Kingdom of God. Immediately after the resurrection and judgment the perfected rule of the kingdom of God will begin (2 Tim. 4. 1). In the mind of Paul this kingdom belongs mainly to the future age. He has little to say of a present progressive kingdom. The participants in the kingdom are those who have been delivered from the power of darkness and of this present evil world, and have been translated into the kingdom of God (Gal. i. 4; Col. 1. 13). They are thus regarded as sons of God and joint heirs with Christ. The term *βασιλεύειν* evidently had its origin in the political hopes of the Jewish nation. They believed that in the Messianic kingdom God will rule the nations through Israel. Paul nowhere betrays any ambition for political authority. To him rulership meant to have part in the kingdom of God or in the community and felicity of the blest. The parousia will terminate the present world age. It is then that Christ will deliver up the kingdom to God the Father, having put down all rule and authority and vanquished every enemy. The kingdom of God will then be a triumphant and harmonious kingdom, and also an eternal one. In its fulfillment God's rule will be perfectly established, the end of the world's development reached, and the supreme glory of God attained (2 Tim. 2. 10; 1 Thess. 4. 17). To Paul this kingdom was in a measure the prophetic one, but he gave it a more spiritual significance and located it in the coming age and in the spiritual realm. Paul evidently did not hold to the view that Christ would establish a temporal, millennial reign previous to the end of the age here upon this world. The nearest he approaches to this is when he speaks of the redemption of the whole creation (Rom. 8. 22).

The Larger Hope. It is asserted on the part of some that Paul in his epistles supports the idea of a universal restoration. To support this view an appeal is made to a number of passages, such as 1 Cor. 15. 22-28; Eph. 1. 9-10; Col. 1. 19, 20; Phil. 2. 10. The latter three passages, in any case, could refer only to the wish of God that there might be a reconciliation of all things unto himself through Christ, a thing which no one would dispute. If the passages were taken by themselves they might, perhaps, be so construed as to refer to a general restoration in

at least a large and vague way. Or, if the rest of the New Testament taught this view, it could perhaps be read into some of them. But when we consider them in the light of the entire Pauline teaching, and especially in the light of his distinct teaching respecting the fate of the wicked, we must conclude that the idea of a universal restoration was entirely foreign to the mind of Paul. The foregoing events are represented as taking place in connection with the parousia and as following immediately upon the world judgment. It is then that God shall be "all in all," after Christ's mediatorial rule shall have been completed, and after he presents the perfected kingdom to the Father. If these passages could refer to such an immediate, universal restoration, why did Paul warn people to shun the wrath to come and seek to save as many as he possibly could? You cannot imagine a universal restorationist going about braving many of the severest difficulties, laboring in tears, by night and by day, in season and out of season, becoming all things unto all men, so that if possible he may save some, and do all of this with the expectation that at any rate, in a few brief years, all men will be reconciled to God and bow in loving obedience and recognition to the sovereignty of Christ. He himself could not have expected to preach the gospel to all men. His comparatively small number of converts and his repeated rejection and severe persecution could scarcely have created in him such an optimism as this. It may be somewhat difficult to see how Paul thought that God can be all in all and there be perfect harmony in a universe in which Satan, demons, and the unrighteous exist. His view evidently was that God will be glorified in the suppression of the power of darkness and in meting out justice to those who are criminals before his tribunal. When the sinner's punishment is inflicted upon him he sustains what under the circumstances is for him a proper relation to God. In this life the sinner does not yet bear his penalty, but has liberty to disturb the order of God's moral universe, and he is as yet a criminal at large with his sins unpunished. In the age to come this liberty will be wrested from him and he will be obliged to bear the penalty of his condemnation, and thus perfect order will be established in God's moral universe. When the

criminal is in prison order and harmony can exist in the community. When the question of sin is finally settled, and the sinner is placed where he can no longer disturb righteous orderliness, God can be all and in all in the universe of his heavenly kingdom, in which there will be perfect unity and perfect harmony. If the doctrine of future probation is taught anywhere in the New Testament it is not in the Pauline epistles. There are but few passages that seem to have any possible bearing upon this subject; really none worth considering in this connection.

The Destiny of the Unrighteous. Paul speaks less of the destiny of the unrighteous than of that of the righteous. To a great extent he leaves it as a matter of awful inference rather than of definite description. However, another result of the day of the Lord will be the condemnation of the wicked. It will be a day of "vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus." The fate of the wicked is expressed in such terms as "wrath," "wrath of God," and "wrath to come" (Rom. 2. 5; Eph. 2. 3; 1 Thess. 5. 9; Rom. 1. 18; Eph. 5. 6; Col. 3. 6). The wicked are described as perishing (*απολλυμένοις*). They pass from death to death in the course of their sinful career. They therefore undergo progressive perishing (1 Cor. 1. 18; 2 Cor. 2. 15, 16). The endurance of the punishment of the wicked is eternal. As the life of the righteous is eternal (*αἰώνιος*), so the fate of the wicked will be an eternal one (Rom. 6. 21-23; 2 Thess. 1. 9). If you make *αιώνιος* refer to a limited time in the case of the wicked you are obliged similarly to make it refer to a limited age when describing the felicity of the blest. The word may refer to an infinite duration of time, and there are conclusive evidences that it is so used by Paul. There are a number of expressions, such as "death," "destruction," "eternal destruction from the face of the Lord," which, if taken by themselves, would indicate that they teach the doctrine of the total annihilation of the wicked. But we have already concluded that Paul believed in the resurrection of the unjust. There would be no reason in having them resurrected only to be immediately annihilated. If total annihilation occurred at death, then the sinner would have nothing to fear but extinction: then why should

Paul have used such terms as "wrath to come," "tribulation and anguish," "punishment," etc.? Annihilationists do not regard death in this way. Why speak of death as eternal if it is not a process lasting throughout such a period? The dissolution of vegetable and brute life is not spoken of as eternal death. Paul evidently shared the common view of his day, that the wicked continue to exist after death in a state of infelicity. Although the language used by him to describe the destiny of the unrighteous is largely figurative, yet it is quite clear that he wished to describe solemnly what he regarded as an eternal and awful reality.

Heaven. Paul's teaching finds its climax in heavenly glory. To be in the future kingdom is to be in the heavenly world. He fairly exhausts the wealth of Greek rhetoric to set forth the recompense of the righteous and to describe the glories of the heavenly state as he by faith perceived them and through his religious experience had received a foretaste of them. To him it was "obtaining the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ," "to be glorified with Christ," "eternal life," "reaping the reward," "hope laid up in the heavens," "a reward," "the inheritance of the saints," "riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints," "a crown," "an incorruptible crown," "a crown of righteousness," "exceeding and eternal weight of glory," "heir of all things with Christ," "a prize," "salvation from wrath," "salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory," and "things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him." Paul lived in daily expectation of this high reward. It enabled him to endure all things, for these earthly afflictions seemed brief and light as compared with the eternal weight of glory to be revealed. He was absolutely sure of getting to heaven, for his hope was based on his faith in the crucified, risen, and ascended Christ.

He felt assured that nothing could separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus. And he could say: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

C. H. Shirk.

Art. VI.—ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE MINISTER

The discussion of the value of English is a little venturesome today in ministerial assemblies, for other studies are urgent in their clamor for recognition, particularly the languages, psychology, and sociology. These subjects are fascinating, necessary indeed, and formative. By the side of them the student of English literature seems to their devotees a glorified trifler who plays with pebbles on the beach when he should be crossing the stormy main; whose work has results in the outer fringe of behavior rather than in the prime acts of character. It is worth while, however, to notice that even these major studies do have limitations. The languages are academic. You can rarely use a classical allusion nowadays in ordinary discourse, and never a classical phrase, without seeming of the last generation. Even the public orators, who keep the old style the longest, are almost divested of the classics now. For more than a hundred years the pulpit has turned away from the classic allusions and phrases which delighted so noble a stylist as Jeremy Taylor, whose blossomy English is interspersed with classic thorns. The minister needs directness, needs to be in the frame of mind achieved by the old woman in Mrs. Gaskell's Charlotte Brontë who thanks the Lord she "is not mealy mouthed," and what an unlettered friend of mine calls "the heathen languages" often obstruct this necessary directness. Psychology, likewise, though an aid to our thinking, must always be hidden. To be effective it should change from analysis to art, from science to literature. As for sociology, though the study of present conditions may help us to choose some diviner state of society, literature has the privilege of disclosing the better state we are to choose. Literature, English literature, on the other hand, is not altogether unfruitful of scientific values. It is possible to study English linguistically in such a way as to afford the severer training affirmed of the older languages. In most universities courses are offered that try the skill of the most enthusiastic philologist. English literature also has

sociological implications, and those that are broadest and sanest; for the student of sociology who accomplishes the most, besides describing the thing as he sees it, also aims to know how it became what it is. So, just as Homer's poetry becomes the sole authority for social life in the twilight of the Greek dawn, the literature of England becomes the authority for the social life of the people until a very recent period, and therefore the authority for the beginnings of our own social customs. Langland, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Bunyan, Fielding, the essayists, Boswell, Thackeray, Ruskin are a few of the names most readily occurring of those who have written down the data of sociology. And English literature is eminently psychological; not only in the Scotch philosophers, where psychology flourishes riotously, but everywhere. Not only is psychology in Hamlet, in Bacon's Essays, in Richardson, and Sterne; it is in Dekker in Shakespeare's day, in William Law in the eighteenth century, and in Thackeray in the nineteenth.

The questions naturally occur, What is English literature? and, What is the study of English literature? The judgment as to what constitutes English literature is indeed diverse. Some years ago I heard of an Englishman who, in serious talk, waved a Strand Magazine, saying, "I spend ninepence a week in literature." On the other hand, we meet rigid exclusives who only chaffer with the giants, saying that literature is only the *best* of what has been thought and written, and that the masters are very, very few. An anthology of song or an encyclopedia of prose would almost cover their field; and English literature would mean then only the best of the best—a kind of Liebig's extract of English brains. I do not deny the value of reading only the masters; for no one can converse even brokenly with the greatest and not grow, like Dorothea Brooke, "enamored of intensity and greatness." But this leaves out all work of a secondary or tertiary order. Rather do I hold, with Paul Sabatier, that we put into our rummaging of old corners "an indefinable touch of piety." The English literature I have in mind includes the Anglo-Saxon poetry and Gospels, though they are often far from artistic. It does not exclude the heavy-fisted forerunners of Shakespeare

reprinted by Professor Asher. It includes work in the eighteenth century like Lady Winchilsea's and Parnell's, and in the nineteenth it certainly makes room for Peacock. English literature in the sense I have in mind is that body of literature propounded by the Anglo-Saxon race which the world does not allow to die. The other question, namely, What is the study of English literature? is partly answered in the foregoing. The study of a literature is not merely reading it. One may float with the lotos-eaters a long while before reaching harbor. It almost goes without saying that the historic method has become the light of all our seeing. Other beginnings may serve excellently well; but a man who would know English worthily will look upon each author as one who fills his place in a great developing series. He will not thereby lose the peculiar virtue of his author; but he will catch overtones that answer central harmonies. "Sir," said Samuel Johnson, when speaking of the poets of Pembroke College, "Sir, we were a nest of singing birds." So English literature studied in its actual order becomes an oratorio; part recitative, part song, but all an expression of the dear longings of man or his tremulous experience.

Matthew Arnold, in the preface to his Irish Essays, exhorts himself, with his readers, "to cast in our lot boldly with the sages, and with the saints." What is now the result if we thus attempt to climb to the top of virtue? There are formal results contributing to life and behavior in the study of English literature. One of the startling and immediate limitations brought home to a man who essays public speech is the lack of proper words. A defective vocabulary is a defect of the age, and manifests itself in rural neighborhoods in the vice of swearing, and in academic centers in the poverty of slang. Ordinary life is also affected, and we are told with triumph how few hundred words suffice for the general interlocutions of trade. The minister does not escape the contagion. Short of adequate expressions, he is driven to use the debased coinage of the street, which is taken by his hearers, but not at full value. One frequently hears the gasping eloquence of speakers who shake out their wings for no middle flight, but come lamely to impotent conclusions. And,

equally, one may hear sermons stuffed full of obsolete theology, and not-yet-accepted grammar, which give rise to sentiments like those of Peacock, who, when a porter passed him carrying a bundle of the newly started Edinburgh Review, cried: "There goes a lot of lies and bad grammar." This, I rejoice, is not a common case. But is pulpit English the garden of words it might be? We are told, I know, to speak so that men can understand; but they understand far nobler language than they use in the exigencies of daily life. If the most numerous class of public speakers descends in speech, how shall later generations keep the tongue unimpoverished? What, however, is a good vocabulary? Some have insisted on the exclusion of words, as far as possible, which are not of pure Saxon strain. I venerate the language of nature and the prime emotions, which is indeed the foundation of all our speech. But we are no longer Saxons. Many strains have come into our blood, many words into our speech, and the rigorous classicists have always been beaten. Some of my readers may remember the laughable scene in The Poetaster, where Ben Jonson makes his rival, Marston, vomit certain newfangled words peculiar to his vocabulary. But Time has laughed at Jonson as well as with him, for more than half the obnoxious words are now in good repute. A good word is one that means most nearly what we have in mind, and whether Saxon or Latin in origin, it is worth searching for—as Flaubert searched the streets of Paris for days that he might find a name upon the signboards inevitably fit for some particular character in his story. This is not for purposes of display. Words as words we leave to negro preachers who have "a blessed insurance of the hope that is within" them. Words as words are the stock in trade of the unlettered; words as tools that cut clean are the instruments of a workman. And English literature affords words, and such collocations of them, that after acquaintance become parts of the fiber of daily speech, making it strong and no less moving. Here I reach the other formal worth of the study of English, its aid in developing the artistic sense. The tendency of modern education is to specialize and dehumanize the world in which we live and move. We are more ready than our fathers, at least since the scholastic age, to

construe life in impersonal terms, but literature brings us back again to the anthropomorphic conceptions of life, which, after all, are the most vital and fruitful. The severest labors of the giants have the innuendo of art about them—Bacon's Advancement of Learning, for instance, where the theme is high and academic. There are cases, of course, where the form is prominent, nay, even protuberant; but in the finer works the form is married to the sense, so that the two become one. Ministers do well to grow acquainted with this economy of means; for many a sermon is constructed on the principle of the man to whom "a thought or two more did not matter."

There are, no less, experimental contributions of English literature to the minister. One of the most effective of these is the access of humanity that the student of English imperceptibly attains. The great curse in professional life is pedantry, which is simply reading life in one set of terms, whose highest folly is to be found in the scholastics who turned everything into logical concepts. But scholastics yet remain. They are the professionals. One meets them in all walks. The doctor who impresses the gaping countryman by using the terms of the laboratory; the lawyer who adopts a judicial air even in the unbent moments of after-dinner banter; the minister who is too ministerial to be real to anybody but himself. I once heard one of the last class, in a moment of oratory, talk of "throwing aside his ministerial robes" to engage in a particular reform. This killing professionalism prevents life and reality. So far as ministers are wise they will seek the relations of reality, thus getting an insight into the human springs of action deeper than any amount of what Dr. Martineau calls "idiopsychological" study of motives. Even so, we are affected by English literature. Its very secret and superscription is unprofessionalism. The characters speak out their inner intentions regardless of our moral elevation. "I am determined to be a villain," is the cry of Richard III; and Fielding's Joseph Andrews is a villain, and so is Mr. B. in Pamela, and Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, and Stevenson's rascally cook in Treasure Island. We are not, however, injured by the confidences of these unworthies; perhaps, even, they become heroic

with us as often with their creators. At the most they can only destroy our seminary conceptions of penology; and that may be an absolute gain. Years ago, sitting by the firelight with a New England deacon, the talk drifted to books. The deacon's lot was narrow, his mind was mathematic, his face colonial and angular. He spoke, soon, of poetry, and I expected him to quote Isaac Watts, or Milton at the farthest. Judge of my amazement when he named Lord Byron as his favorite poet! Yet, as I watched him bring up a family of four young men, who grew to be a credit to him, I saw that what Newman in a narrower sense called "the note of catholicity" had been touched by this man. Yes! we need the touch of humanity, and we gain something of it as we study the Canterbury pilgrimage of English literature. And when Fielding halts the human comedy for a time, drawing the curtain as a showman to expound the meaning of the characters, we are wise if we spend an hour or two in his school. The study of English tends, farther, to impartiality in judgment of issues not yet concluded. The reader sees both sides of controversies that rage in letters as they rage everywhere, since, as Carlyle tells us, the whole of life is a controversy with the devil. In the Saxon period two opposing attitudes are implicit in the literature of the time. In the homilies we have the supernatural conceived as not too good "for human nature's daily food." In the poems we have the commonest life tinged with sublimity and awe, unspeakably mysterious. Chaucer is openly polemic, waging a merry war upon the long-winded romances of his day. Shakespeare is contentious, though veiled, and, as Jonson said, "most happy," for his romantic mood and the school that gathered about him opposed the frosty classicism of the university wits, and he can stop to poke fun at the ravishing tongue of Euphuism then wagging endlessly in English letters. Dryden, in the next age, sums up controversies in his own experience and then in his poetry. His successor on the throne of letters is controversial; so is Johnson in Boswell's Thousand Nights. And in the nineteenth century Byron, Coleridge and Keats pipe the romantic note roundly, only to be jeered by Gifford, Jeffrey, and Peacock. To know English literature is a liberal education in disputed problems of

knowledge and conduct. As a man studies it he grows more open, human, and generous. He sees, notwithstanding, the immortality that waits on truth and justice and the ideal. The chief experimental value of English seems to me to be metaphysical. Men in general are revilers of philosophy, but it is an absolute necessity in their thinking. The critics do well to rebuke its fossilization in logical technique, but they know not the manner of their own spirit when they contemn the metaphysical instinct. There are "questions that come before the first," interrogations that yawn for an answer. The minister is aware of these. Sociology, psychology, are but phases of thought which flank the main movement of metaphysics. And men must ever recur to these deeper issues. They are often out of reach in technical metaphysics, where the language, if not the thought, welters in obscurity. Hutchison Sterling yet keeps the Secret of Hegel for most of us; and John Watson's piecemeal Kant is unsatisfying. Jowett has done a clarifying service for us and Plato; but who can stop to read his four volumes—if, first of all, he can pay for them—when ardent women who make notes on the back of shopping receipts in our public libraries beg one for "ten minutes of Plato"? Some of us, in truth, have given days and nights to the men who phrase the majors of human thinking, and we have been content to teach what we learned; but will men listen? Yes! they will listen when the discussion grows literary, though they shun the dialectic of the Porch, or the Seminar. From David of old, everyone wants to know what man is, whence the fontanels, and whither the issues of life. The great metaphysical questions spring up in very early years; as children we propound them, as men we frame them, but we want our answers delivered, as Peacock did, "like men of this world." English literature has done this in many notable instances. Its whole movement has been a development of the theses of the schools in the language of common life. I go not back beyond the nineteenth century, or I might point out that in the shallowest period, the age of Pope, an attempt was made to bring philosophy into proverbial form, so that it might affect conduct. We know the failure of the attempt, though we can hardly overappreciate the significance of it. But in the nineteenth

century, even the beginner knows, German idealism affected English letters, and consequently, English life and practice. The romantic movement, though largely metaphysical in its origin, became sociological in Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth, and later even in Carlyle and Dickens, while it became ritual and religious in Scott and the Tractarian movement. To read English literature with a seeing eye is to discover the problems of the academy in the life of the pavement.

Besides the formal and experimental values of the study of English there are two ideal ones I cannot forbear considering. One of these is perspective. Each man of us has a special outlook, and each wrestles with his particular devil. It is an age of specialization, this of ours; of transition, of great attempts, of Delphian oracles that read either way as the event justifies. We scarcely see the whole of our patrimony because our particular field is too engrossing. But English literature opens up a divine perspective. It invites us to the untraveled ways. It shows us the village road leading to the end of the world, or the wayside flower rooted in the All. And it has written down judgments of value, and awarded the thistle and the laurel. The specialists—the professionals—in earlier days could not understand the new voice, the new life, and so they cast out the prophets. But English literature rescued them, and cherished them for their immortal worth. The heterodox now are our text and caption. They would still be heterodox if they spoke as the schools speak, but they use a golden tongue and men must listen. And we later men, with a private experience that yet has public implications, if we are to affect men, must, I venture to believe, enter the realm of art, where the controversial dust is laid with tears of sorrow or longing, and set forth the truths we hold in no private or rasping tongue. We need to see things not only as they are, but where they are, in the perspectives of literature which interpret life. The final value of English is distinction. Living is a fine art, and the bloom of it is often rubbed off in our direct and jostling day. We rush abroad before we are emotionally or intellectually dressed, and so lose the respect of others and ourselves. Picklocks also steal the sanctities of our own personality. We tend to com-

monness in speech, to sameness in furniture, to similarity of themes. A few weeks ago I stood in amazement in a country store before some glassware crimped and colored with stars and crescents in blood red. The shopkeeper came up and interpreting my expression said, "Ain't them the darndest ugliest things you ever saw? But I sell lots of 'em!" This is not watching for sunrise on the everlasting peaks. We live, instead, in the lubberland of mediocrity, used to its depressing humors and its slatternly life, as the jaded steed is used to its hard work and food of moldy hay and curses. Is life absolutely common? The men of genius had the same world as ours, but they delivered a far different result. If we are to emulate them, we must live with them, see their world, use some of their exercises, speak their dialect. And what is distinction? Distinction is reserve power, reserve knowledge, a spring of everlastingness. The flat and tame is the absolutely known, with no reserve of large and divine mystery. Hence the common man tells all he knows, exploits all his emotion, shows forth all his life. He does this because there is so little of it that he must needs sell himself completely. "We must read much," said Matthew Arnold, whose clear message fits our time more and more, "We must read much and be content to use little of that which we read." And, likewise, in life we must live much to speak even a little availingly.

Is this too hard a task? Sometimes the word comes to us—the vision. It is better, in its genuineness, than epigram, which is often a solution of continuity; better than the preciosity of the critic of the dew; better than the spellbinders splashing frescoes. And I firmly believe that we can reach these ideal goals as we know more thoroughly the treasures of wisdom in our own tongue; in short, as we grow intimate with those who have wrestled with our problems before us and have phrased many of them for our resolution, and some even out of existence for our relief.

George Thomas Smart.

ART. VII.—A UNIQUE CHURCH CLUB

JUST outside of the select number of faithful souls in any church who do believe in God and who do serve him we have reason to fear that there is a large company of enrolled persons, nominal church members, who are unspiritual, religiously indifferent, practically prayerless, and much of the time unbelieving. And just outside of this class are many nonprofessing but often thoughtful persons who in a superficial way reverence religion and who hope some time to be Christians but who lack both courage and decision, and whose influence even as serious people is really not strongly in favor of the church. There is another circle, made up chiefly of our young people—Sunday school scholars and members of the Epworth League or Christian Endeavor—who are the nonprofessing children of professing parents. Many of these, we fear, never join our own or any other church. Occasional services are held in all the churches, such as "protracted meetings," "revival meetings," "Lenten services," and the like, in which preaching of fundamental evangelical truths and persuasive appeals and exhortations are employed to bring to decision and profession these nonprofessing multitudes and to revive the zeal of nominal Christians who were brought into the church during former "revivals." The churches all look forward with expectation to these special occasions with their peculiar methods for exciting alarm, or at least for awakening interest enough to secure consent to union with the church. Sometimes for "special efforts" churches command the services of inspiring and magnetic leaders, usually a preacher and a singer. These men are widely advertised. They may already have a reputation which excites curiosity and interest. They make earnest and effective public appeal. Conforming to a law of human nature, the effort is apparently successful. These projectors of revivals influence, and the pastors count and report. This "occasional" system is in most cases followed by relapse and an early return to the old, monotonous modes of church life not alone by the church itself, but too frequently by the "converts" thus won. After this for months the gospel trumpet is not sounded

—at least its notes of warning and awakening. No appeals are made for public confession of faith, and everybody looks forward to another season of revival effort "next year," or some other year, and under some other (rarely the same) "evangelist" and some other "singer." In the meantime physical, social, commercial, educational life throbs and moves on steadily and persistently every day, every where, and the world's enterprises and activities, not even suspended during the now historical "revival," are pushed diligently and gradually forward. This world and its civilization are busy three hundred and sixty-five days every year. Not always can the church lay claim to the same fidelity and diligence.

The teaching processes involved in these occasional evangelistic endeavors are often of the slightest and most superficial character and are very likely to have as their central thought—for the individual appealed to—"my personal safety." There is no new zeal, in the wide field of religious thought and investigation, following the revival. There is no new endeavor to find ways of usefulness and of self-sacrifice in order to service. These statements are not wholly true of all "revival efforts."

Now, there is something radically wrong in this emphasis on the special efforts, and especially in this invariably ensuing apathy toward and neglect of the regular and steady processes of religious and biblical instruction and effort. We must remember that God is as near to us and human duty is as imperative on one day as on another. Every day is God's day. Every day man's responsibility is a solemn fact. Every day, every where, every soul should be on the alert to know, to love, and to serve God, and through an earnest church life to help the neighbor. Looking at the vast body of people directly and indirectly connected with the church and yet not committed to it, not greatly interested in it, not as much in earnest in the things the church stands for as they are in the business they follow or the course of secular study they are pursuing, and not really instructed by it, one is impressed with the vast field of opportunity under our eyes and within our immediate reach to which we are not giving enough attention. Here, all about us, are thousands of candidates for church membership.

They are in our families, in our pews, and in our Sunday schools, but we do not convert them, nor diligently and steadily labor to convert them. We hope to do it "next winter," or "during the next revival," if the Lord should thus "favor Zion." We say little or nothing to them, and we do nothing in a direct, personal, earnest, ingenious, and skillful way for their training in Christian truths; and three months after the public profession which some of them made, or thought of making, they are as indifferent to the whole matter as they were before. Many of the candidates we do enrôll as probationers we "take in" when the six-months term has expired and too often without examination, the old enthusiasm in which we sought them and they accepted us having gradually subsided and disappeared. The dearth of biblical and religious knowledge among these outlying candidates for future church membership is appalling. We have reason to fear that the vast and varied fields of biblical and religious knowledge are not even desired by them. They do not know. They do not study. They are not interested. And joining the church means, in too many cases, next to nothing. We plead for a radical and universal change in the policy of the church. It would be well for the church to give herself to three hundred and sixty-five days a year of earnest and unremitting appeal and effort, and that for every year until people outside of the church come to believe that believers inside of the church really believe in God, in salvation, in the supernatural world, in the spiritual life as being constant, the forces of that world always active, its privileges always available, its obligations never relaxing for one second from January first to December thirty-first of every year. It would be well for the church to form the habit of looking upon all nonchurch members, especially those embraced in our own families and Sunday schools, as *all the while* "candidates" for all the blessings the church has been established to confer. This should be "continuous," fifty-two weeks, three hundred and sixty-five days, every year, three thousand six hundred and fifty days every decade, and the church should be maintaining a Continuous Church Candidates' Club for the training of everybody, of every age within reach through the entire year in the doctrines, the institutions, the

usages, the privileges, the ethics, the defenses of Christianity, and also and preëminently in the subjective life, the development of which is the real aim of the gospel and the church.

It is not pleasant to "find fault," but one is compelled to face such melancholy facts as have been hinted at in connection with "revivals" and the *reversals* that follow them, and the habitual apathy, indifference to doctrinal studies, to benevolent ministries, to spiritual growth, to devotional readings, during ten months of every year. Our everyday church people are not reading enough theology. They are not going to the root of "the Evidences," systematic and practical. They are not reading biography. They take too little interest in the aggressive and reformatory or religious work at home or abroad. They do not know our own defenses and the arguments of our vigilant adversaries (who do not need to be spiritually minded in order to be busy in assaults upon all that is most important in our faith). Thousands of our own people do not care for such things. They are ignorant of our denominational history and theological bases and our relation as a denomination to the Christianity of the holy catholic church. In the meantime an Americanized, vigilant, and enterprising Romanism is publishing and circulating tracts and books of exposition and defense. Bishops and priests are holding "missions" and classes for the ingenious and disingenuous interpretation by which the Roman Church often holds its own among certain classes of even intelligent people. And what are we doing in the face of this Roman Catholic propaganda, by which the political power of Rome is increasing through the incoming of degraded Roman Catholic peoples from Europe, over which Rome has had complete sway for centuries, and who fifty years from now are to make the republic a Romanist republic unless a vigilant, intelligent, and aggressive Christianity asserts itself?

We plead for a new movement by which the millions now connected with our churches and congregations, but not members of the church, may be recognized as a Continuous Church Candidates' Club for the study of books, the hearing of lectures and sermons, the reading of tracts, by which our people shall become intelligently instructed in all that pertains to a pure Christianity

—its doctrines, history, economy, and aggressive efforts; a movement which would soon develop an intelligent enthusiasm and an effective aggressive movement in behalf of an earnest, intelligent, devoted church loyalty, radiant, incessant, and practical, three hundred and sixty-five days of every year. We plead for an awakened pastorate which shall really undertake the care and the cure of souls, steadily, zealously, begrudging even the necessary summer vacations, and creating through an unbroken decade of three thousand six hundred and fifty busy days a course of reading and study in the interest of a strong ecclesiastical and a sweet and earnest spiritual life; not waiting for evangelists and weeks of prayer, but all the while instructing these accessible and consenting people through an unorganized device—a club for "intending" Christians. This unique Club aims to appeal for a new resolve, and a new endeavor, to fill with zeal and effort every day of the church year, to encourage our young life to read and study concerning the life the church is appointed to promote, emphasizing continuous interest in the church, a continuous devotion to the church, constituting a Continuous Church Candidates' Club through which we may receive, every day of every year, earnest, believing, intelligent, consistent, active, aggressive members who steadily grow both in grace and in knowledge. There are dreams and visions in the spiritual life, fancies that come and go. Ideals may be of little value—pictured mountains on the curtains of a theater. But there are also in this inner realm realities of faith in God, his grace, and his purposes, and these are like actual mountains loftier and more glorious than the Alps or the Himalayas. There is a glorious world of Christian experience and Christian hope—the reality of strength and love and peace—an inward witness, a consciousness of God's presence and a corresponding outward heroism and activity. It is to make sure of this personal, spiritual reality that we plead at this time. We need a true religion in the church, the perpetual and permanent force of life on the part of pastors and people, involving perfect surrender—the whole will given up; perfect attention—the whole mind concentrated; perfect love—the whole heart possessed; a perfect term of service—the whole life. All the days of all the

years given to the church. Hence the suggestion of the Continuous Church Candidates' Club. Through it we should outline topics for the year in connection with church and religious life that, in this worthy ministry, we may think and talk and read and write about and be interested in an intelligent, earnest, practical, church life every day! We should let business, society, politics, and self take a lower place in the life list of things to care for or give them their true place in our religious life. We need enthusiasm in the church, delight in the church, holy ambition for the church, indefatigable diligence in effort for the church, and to further this end is the mission of the Continuous Church Candidates' Club.

Let us look at a list of subjects which may be discussed in brief talks and papers, in carefully prepared and frequently revised "statements" which, if they happen to do little good to others at the time, would immensely benefit the young and old Christians who do think about them. And the frequent rereading in prayer meeting, at public service, at League meetings, and elsewhere, of these carefully and frequently revised "statements" would be of great interest to all Christians. This list is not by any means complete. It merely suggests questions and topics for two-minute or five-minute papers, definitions, statements, prepared by our own young people, revised, read, rewritten, reread, debated, until the whole church, always on the lookout for candidates, becomes enthusiastic in the lines of thought suggested, training all members, young and old, to think often and closely—to form the habit of thinking—on religious matters. The following questions and topics will furnish material for such conversations, addresses, written papers, etc., by which the Club may carry on its work with increasing effectiveness:

What is the mission of the church in this world? What advantages are there in the denominational form of the church? What objections are presented to it, and how may we answer them? What do we, as Protestants, mean when we say in the Creed, "I believe in the holy catholic Church—the communion of saints"? What are the sacraments? In what respects are they useful? How may they be misinterpreted and perverted? What objections have you ever heard to the church—your church—as to its doctrines, customs, or standards of life? How have

you answered them? What is the difference between the Roman Catholic view of baptism and the Methodist view? How do Roman Catholics and Protestants differ in their views and customs concerning the Lord's Supper?

In what sense is the Bible a divine book? To what extent is the human element present in it? Recall the strongest and clearest descriptive titles and attributes of God found in the Bible; in other words, describe the character of God as set forth in the Bible.

Describe three or four ways of spending a Sabbath. Why should one care for the Sabbath and keep it sacred? How can one build up in himself a Sabbath conscience? To what extremes may insistence upon Sabbath observance lead one? What is the real value of the Sabbath to civilization? How may one use the Sabbath as a preventive and curative of doubt? How may I do the most good to others on the Sabbath? What are five or six good and simple rules for home life on the Sabbath day? How may I personally gain the greatest good from Sabbath opportunities? How may the excuse of "recreation" on the Sabbath prove harmful? Why would it be, on the whole, wiser and better to keep the Sunday newspaper out of the home?

How would you describe "a practical Christian"? What do you understand by a "formalist" in religion?

What is "worldliness"?

What do you understand by "the witness of the Holy Spirit"?

What do you understand by the terms "regeneration," "conversion," "adoption," "sanctification," "religious experience"? How should one begin to seek them? What evils incident to self-examination should one most earnestly seek to avoid? What scriptural reference to the inner life can you recall? How shall one gain victory over any bad habit?

What is prayer? Trace the processes of thought in the personal act of prayer. By what arguments can I defend prayer as a privilege and a duty? What objections are made to the doctrine of prayer? How may they be answered? How may secret prayer in the public service be of benefit to oneself and to others? Is it possible to be devoted to a cause, a person, an enterprise, a profession "with all my heart"? Did you ever know a mother who loved her child "with all her heart," perfectly as a heart can love? Did you ever know a person who loved money with a perfect devotion? Why may we not in the same way have a perfect love for truth and for Christ?

What are some of the church officers—ministers and laymen—in different denominations? What are some of the church symbols, and their signification? What is the value—and what the possibilities of abuse—of church symbols? What are some sensible rules for behavior at church? What is the place of benevolence and what are its true motives and methods in church life? What have you to say of self-sacrifice in order that one may give to the church and benevolent causes? In what ways may we do good to others, especially to the very poor, the sick?

Why should Christians take an interest in politics?

What is the difference between frivolity and true cheerfulness? What are some of the marks of "a frivolous character"? Why are so many business men indifferent to religion? Besides profanity what are some of the common sins of the tongue? What are the differences between being "up to the age," being "controlled by the age," and helping to "control the age"?

What are our personal and church duties to the immigrants in America? How may we help them to an appreciation of the Christian spirit in American life?

How may we, as Protestants, do the most good to Roman Catholics?

Suppose you were asked by a thoughtful Japanese to give a short and comprehensive statement concerning Jesus—how would you do it?

Suggestive topics would be:

The week evening prayer meeting: how to enrich and strengthen it. The Sunday school: its advantages, defects, and difficulties. The class meeting: its origin, objects, possible abuses, value, and influence. Ways of self-sacrifice for others' good. Purity in everyday speech. Self-control, patience, and cheerfulness.. Economy in trifles. The art of house decoration. The proper treatment of the people we call "servants." The true spirit of hospitality. Home life and social refinement. The study of pure English at home. The home as a part of the church. Reading aloud at home. Good cheer, humor and jollity at home. The evils of gossip and fault finding. The criticisms of foreigners upon American domestic and social manners. Some of the defects of the American home. State the elements of the ideal home. What religion has to do with everyday school life. How may home aid the school teacher? How to prepare useful scrapbooks and picture albums at home. How to make the best use of a dictionary.

Select a list of twenty of the most influential characters in church history and provide for papers or lectures on them.

Encourage everybody to commit to memory the beautiful Collects of the ages to be found in our own and other liturgies.

Memorize as many of the standard church hymns as possible.

Memorize scores of the "exceeding great and precious promises" of the Holy Scriptures.

Counsels to Members of the Continuous Church Candidates' Club: Let a pleasant thought about the church be your last thought at night. Let your first waking thought in the morning be about the church. Every time you hear any church bell ring (Roman or Protestant) pray for your church and for the whole Church of God in the world. Always connect in your thought your own home with your church. (Home is the most important part of the church.) Always give a thought to the nation when you think of church and home. Ask yourself, every hour of every day, "What can I do to help to make my nation worthier, my home more pleasant, and my church more useful?" Study carefully the life and character of our two Saint Johns: Saint John of Patmos and Saint John of Oxford and City Road. Love the church—live for the

church—give to the church—pray and work for the church. Read carefully the Discipline of the church, especially its Historic Summary, its system of church government, and the General Rules. Discuss in a frank, generous and thorough way the possible modification of the church rules. Construct a chart of church history and trace with a red line the emphasis of Methodism ("Christianity in earnest," as Dr. Chalmers called it) from the days of Christ and of Pentecost to the present. May not a Home Readers' Mission be carried on in the local church by which young Christians can, through readings in hospitals and in homes of the shut-in, and for the comfort of old and bedridden people, give much help?

There should be in connection with the Continuous Church Candidates' Club a wise and zealous committee whose business it shall be to persuade persons to undertake this course of reading and thought; to distribute a tract of explanation and appeal; to be active promoters of the movement, under the immediate direction of the pastor—making calls, persuading individuals to become members of the Club, themselves reading and thinking on all these subjects until they may become expert leaders of young life in all matters relating to the effective church life. Why may we not have in all of our churches a continuous work of awakening and instructing the candidates for church membership who are in our pews, our Sunday schools, and our homes, making the course of lectures and study, for fifty-two weeks in the year in the various regular meetings of the church, a perpetual source of supply from which probationers and full members may come into these relations, Sabbath after Sabbath, during every year?

The suggestion of this movement made to one of our most enthusiastic and practical pastors[1] at once appealed to him and he organized, and has now in successful operation, a regular Continuous Church Candidates' Club—the first, we devoutly hope, of a long list of clubs from which shall come a host of thoughtful, eager, steady, active probationers and full members, old and young, in the churches of tomorrow.

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[1] Dr. Fred Winslow Adams, of Schenectady, N. Y.

John H. Vincent.

ART. VIII.—THE VIRGIN BIRTH AND THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

WERE the statements of such men as Dr. Crapsey made the basis of judgment, the conclusion would be unavoidable that these two great doctrines of Christianity are being rapidly abandoned in the light of modern investigation. And were we to trust the word of certain who publish their views anonymously, we should have to believe that large numbers of ministers in all denominations have given up those doctrines, though they refuse, for various reasons, to assume in any public way responsibility for their private beliefs. It is not surprising that such statements put forth with such an air of certainty produce alarm and tend to destroy faith in the minds of the masses. For these statements not only leave the impression that most of the scholarly ministers as well as professional theologians have lost faith in these doctrines, but also that many of them are outwardly professing one doctrine and secretly cherishing another and a contrary one. As the masses necessarily take their doctrines from those who are set up as the public teachers of religion, the consequence must be loss of faith both in the doctrines and in the characters of the public representatives of Christianity. It is very natural that one who has given up faith in these doctrines should come into sympathetic touch with others who have experienced a like change of faith. And it is equally natural for one who is hiding his real faith to suspect a similar secrecy in others. But because one suffering from tuberculosis finds a considerable number afflicted with the same disorder, many of whom make no public mention of the fact, it does not follow that the majority of mankind are so diseased. The acquaintance of each individual with the views of others is of necessity limited, and hence any positive assertion as to the extent of the alleged defection is at most the expression of a private opinion. The opinions of others on the same question of statistics would be different, as their opportunities for observation were different. No very accurate estimate of the extent of the defection can be

made, for the reason that no one can trace the influences at work. Nevertheless, some facts are pretty well known. To begin with the most discouraging, it is unquestionable that in Germany the great majority of the professors of theology in the Protestant faculties have given up both the virgin birth and the bodily resurrection of Jesus. These theologians issue books, pamphlets, and magazine articles in which their views and the grounds upon which they base them are set forth. These writings are widely read, not only in the original but in translations or reproductions in English, by the most intelligent portions of the ministry in America. Just how widely such views are disseminated in this country, and to what extent they carry conviction to their readers, no one can certainly know. There is another fact which may aid in the formation of an estimate. In most of the theological schools in the United States, and in practically all the largest of them, the professors are true on the great questions under consideration. Such is the case without exception in the theological schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Most of the professors in American theological schools have studied in Germany. They know the German language thoroughly and read German theological works constantly. The great majority of American theological professors inculcate these doctrines among their students.

This should result in the pretty thorough establishment of the graduates of the theological schools in the faith on these points. But there are some drawbacks which must be taken into account. First of all, the instructions given by theological professors are, relatively, but a small portion of the instruction theological students receive. In some cases the previous college training has been injurious to the faith, while in some other cases it has at least done nothing to build up the faith. At the best the college labors at a disadvantage. It takes the young man just at that period when he is most likely to demand and least qualified to exercise wisely the right to think for himself. The college is not always able, however good its intention, to prevent the young man from accepting unsound conclusions upon very inadequate grounds. Besides, there is the influence of reading. The student, whether in college or in the theological school, is sure to read. This read-

ing may affect him more profoundly and seriously than he himself is aware, and, however sound and forcible the impressions made upon his mind by the professors of theology, he may follow the vagary and turn away from the truth. Or reading subsequent to the theological course may serve to obliterate the correct impressions of the theological school. Notwithstanding all this there is sufficient reason for believing that the great majority of theological graduates are sound on these issues. The practical demands of the pastorate usually overbalance very speedily and effectively the deleterious influences arising from promiscuous reading and keep men in the right path. The number of exceptions may be considerable in the aggregate; but in proportion to those who remain true the number is exceedingly small. In order, however, to exhibit the exact situation relative to the prevalent belief in the virgin birth and the resurrection of Jesus some other facts must be stated. In the first place it is pretty generally agreed that the historical evidence for the virgin birth is far less strong than that for the resurrection. The majority of theologians, probably, hold to the virgin birth not so much on the basis of its historical attestation as because it is consonant with and demanded by other known facts concerning Jesus. They would argue that there is no good reason for rejecting it, while there are some very good reasons for maintaining it. Again, the majority, probably, would say that the doctrine of the virgin birth is not essential to belief in the deity of Christ, and many would say that the renunciation of the doctrine would in no wise shake their faith in the deity of Christ while some feel that the doctrine, as popularly and generally construed, is destructive of the doctrine of the deity of Christ and of the Trinity. So, while they hold fast to the virgin birth as historical fact, they do not use it as it is generally used. Nor do they regard it as an adequate explanation of the sinlessness of Jesus, which must be attributed to his free will, not to his metaphysical constitution. Again, it must be said that of those who reject the physical miracle involved in the virgin birth, by no means all cast out the story as religiously valueless. Many of them, perhaps most of them, tell us that the doctrine of the divinity did not arise, originally, out of the story of the virgin birth, but the story out

of the already recognized divinity. In other words, they say that the story, in its first form, was not intended to be taken as literal, but as a most beautiful and touching expression of the belief that Jesus was not of this earth, and that this earth could not possibly have produced him. Although this is not at all adequate, it shows that the rejection of the virgin birth in its literality does not necessarily mean the adoption of the theory that Jesus was merely the best of men.

As to the resurrection of Jesus, the majority undoubtedly accept it. But in Germany generally, and in the United States frequently, there is denial of the bodily resurrection. The attestation of the appearances of Jesus to his disciples is so strong that almost no one now holds the theory of subjective illusion or hallucination so popular in certain circles some years ago. It is quite generally conceded that something happened in the case of Jesus that does not happen in the case of others. Because of the disinclination to accept a physical miracle many resort to the theory that the appearances of Jesus to his disciples were not the appearances of a physical body, though they were, nevertheless, real appearances of Jesus, akin to his appearance to Saul of Tarsus on the Damascus road. It is affirmed that as such an appearance convinced the persecuting Saul that Jesus was risen, so such appearances were vouchsafed to and must have convinced the original disciples. This theory is far from satisfactory, looked at from the standpoint of the documentary and institutional evidence. Still it does not reject the miracle, though it substitutes a spiritual for a physical miracle. It strives to maintain that in a most important sense the resurrection story and the Easter message are true. Those who hold this view claim that it abates no jot of the value of the Easter message for religious purposes. However that may be, it is clear that to say that the majority of the ablest theologians, even in Germany, reject the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus is to misrepresent the facts.

On the whole, the virgin birth and resurrection of Jesus are generally accepted today.

Charles W. Rishell.

ART. IX.—THE RELIGION OF LONGFELLOW

THE poet Longfellow is usually classed as a Unitarian in his religious faith. That denomination has made a general effort to claim practically all the writers of the great New England group. They have even attempted to claim Whittier, in spite of his calm statement that he was neither Calvinist nor Unitarian but just an old-fashioned Quaker who had no quarrel with either one. There are other cases in which the claim is doubtful, for it is largely based upon the general proposition that anybody who did not accept the horrors of the old Calvinism was to be called a Unitarian. The question is still further complicated by speaking as if the early Unitarianism of Channing and his associates were the same thing as the semi-infidelity inflicted upon present Christianity by some extremists who call themselves Unitarians. In the case of Longfellow the claim is true in one sense, and false in another. His family were indeed associated with the early Unitarian movement, and his connection with Harvard College and his literary friendships tended to confirm his early ties with that denomination. We have no knowledge of his ever repudiating it in any formal way. Of course the brutalities of the old Calvinism were impossible to his gentle nature and poetic feelings. Indeed, the fact that good and noble men believed these is one of the mysteries which the present generation cannot understand. Had Longfellow formally chosen any other church than that of his early associations, it might have been the Episcopalian. Its somewhat elastic theology would have suited him, and the great beauty of its rituals must have appealed to his artistic sense. When his young wife lay dying among strangers he read with her prayers from the Episcopal liturgy and sent for a clergyman of that church. He was not one to speak or write very much about personal religious feelings or experiences, but the letters he wrote at the time of his first wife's death show most touchingly how the young couple, so far from home and friends in their hour of distress, were joined in a belief in God's love, in submission to his will, and in perfect faith in immortality. In the most

important thing connected with religion, the production of personal goodness, Longfellow's record is delightful. The only reflection upon his goodness we have ever seen was from himself, when at seventeen years of age he said he was not good enough to be a minister. But when he was only six years old his teacher declared him one of his best boys. A college classmate wrote of him: "He was always a gentleman in his deportment and a model in his character and habits." Few lives have been more free from blemishes than his, and his active goodness, his charities, his innumerable kindnesses, his unfailing gentleness and good will to all, have caused all who knew him or have known of him to say with Emerson, over his coffin, "He was a beautiful soul."

We have said that, in one sense, Longfellow was not a Unitarian. Our reason for this statement is his essential orthodoxy, especially upon those points where Unitarianism most sharply diverges from the church in general. The Unitarian creed is unfortunate in consisting largely of assertions of the negative. Members of that church have been much occupied in explaining why they do not believe what other Christians do. Their great negatives are concerning the inspiration and authority of the Bible and the nature and mission of Jesus Christ. They have a tendency to use only the name Jesus, because of the implications in the loftier name of Christ, and they avoid the term Saviour, because it implies the doctrine of the atonement. In some cases individuals have spoken of the Bible in a way which would have pleased Tom Paine, and have used language concerning Jesus which is shocking, and seems blasphemous, to many reverent Christians. From all this Longfellow was free. His writings do not contain any denials of the commonly accepted doctrines. One may read all his works and find nothing to suggest doubt of scriptural inspiration or the divinity of Christ. The Bible was very familiar to the gentle poet, and he possessed a singular faculty for paraphrasing its language into rhythmic forms. This culminated in The Divine Tragedy, but scriptural allusions are scattered all over his writings. He uses the word "Christ" more than the word "Jesus," and calls him Saviour again and again. We are not concerned with the metaphysical meanings he may have

attached to some doctrines. The simple and straightforward interpretation is that of ordinary Christianity, free from strife of school or sect and filled with the spirit of Christ. He left negations to others. Had we been left without any information concerning Longfellow except his own poetry it is possible that some might have claimed he was a Roman Catholic. His appreciation of the beauties in its stately ritual, the delightful descriptions of the little church at Grand-Pré, the charming characters of Father Felician and the monk of "The Legend Beautiful," and, above all, the adorable Elsie of the "Golden Legend"—surely some would have claimed that only a Catholic could have written these descriptions and created these characters. In reality Longfellow was "catholic" in the original and beautiful sense of the word. He loved and appropriated whatever was good in any variety of religion he encountered. When he saw any noble trait —courage, patriotic devotion, loyalty, self-sacrifice—this was religion for him. The beauty of Roman and English rituals, the stalwart fidelity of the Pilgrim Fathers, the sweet simplicity of the Quakers—he claimed and loved them all. And, conversely, all that was superstitious, hypocritical, ugly, cruel—this was hateful to him, no matter where he found it. One critic has said that his "Hymn for my Brother's Ordination" ranks him distinctly among "liberal" Christians. Certainly neither this nor anything else he ever wrote ranks him among illiberal ones, but it is hard to understand the critic's reasoning. The hymn's thought is of the invisible presence of Jesus, who is called Christ three times, Lord and Saviour each once—all in twenty lines. The supernatural element is marked, and it is expected that the human life will be perfected by that of Christ. The hymn is as "orthodox" as "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Nearly all of Longfellow's poetry was religious in the sense that everything inspiring and elevating is practically religious. "Excelsior" and "The Village Blacksmith" are really religious poems. There is also a marked religious element in "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," and a large number of short poems are distinctly religious. Some of these, such as "Resignation" and "Footsteps of Angels," have been unspeakably precious to many souls. But Longfellow's religious views and

feelings are most markedly expressed in the "Saga of King Olaf" and the trilogy of "Christus." In 1841 he first conceived the idea of a "long and elaborate poem by the holy name of 'Christ,' whose theme should be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle and Modern Ages." At intervals various parts appeared, and the whole work was finally published, in its complete form, in 1872. At one time he seems to have intended to incorporate the Olaf Saga with this but finally put that in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The Divine Tragedy is essentially a paraphrase of the gospel story of the latter part of the life of Christ. The treatment is reverent and tender, and certainly some passages are beautiful, but the dramatic poem is little read and less praised. The third part consists of the two dramas called "New England Tragedies," and is the one part of Longfellow's work we have never heard praised by a single person. Its religious teaching is all right but poetically it is an utter failure. But the middle part is "The Golden Legend," which Bayard Taylor pronounced the author's best poem. Our own admiration goes back to the time when it fascinated an ignorant boy of fourteen who learned much of it by heart and today can hardly read it without tears. Its exquisite tenderness and adorable beauty are the fitting setting for its religious teaching. Longfellow first published this in 1851, without any hint of its final connection with the contemplated trilogy, and it has always been a favorite with many readers. The general thought of the saga and the trilogy is that the spirit of Christ should, and eventually will, so leaven human hearts that sin will pass away. The poet considered everything beautiful and good to be the manifestation of the Christ spirit in the world, and confidently expected its triumph over evil at last. Christianity cannot be propagated by force and cruelty but only by goodness and love. The Saga of King Olaf closes with these words:

> Stronger than steel
> Is the sword of the Spirit;
> Swifter than arrows
> The light of the truth is;
> Greater than anger
> Is love, and subdueth!

The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!

The "Interlude" following this saga is much too long to quote, but it contains some of the noblest words ever written. We would be very sorry for any Christian who did not count them orthodox.

In Christus the gems which shine with the purest ray are the "First Interlude," by Abbot Joachim, and the "Finale," by Saint John. The last of these closes with the words,

Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

The conclusion of the abbot's soliloquy may be considered as summing up all the poet's teaching and giving a message of glorious beauty and truth to all who read:

Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate;
For Hate is death; and Love is life,
A peace, a splendor from above;
And Hate, a never-ending strife,
A smoke, a blackness from the abyss
Where unclean serpents coil and hiss!
Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate the unpardonable sin!
Who preaches otherwise than this
Betrays his Master with a kiss.

And let all the people say, Amen!

Frank S. Townsend.

ART. X.—LUKE'S VESTIBULE

LUKE, the beloved physician, as Paul familiarly called him, was evidently a Gentile by birth, a native of Antioch in Syria, where the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians in derision. His Greek name, Loukas, is believed to be a contraction of Lucilius, as Demas was of Demetrius. This contraction of his name is used as a proof of his profession, for physicians were usually of the slave class and obtained their freedom through persons who, recognizing their talents, became interested in them, the one so honored as an evidence of gratitude adopting the name of his benefactor. Thus Terence, the celebrated dramatic poet, was a slave of Africa, his original name being Afer, who, going to Rome and impressing Terentius with his remarkable genius, was liberated and educated by him, and as a mark of respect ever afterward bore his name in its abbreviated form. So Loukas, or Luke, being made an emancipate, or freedman, by Lucilius, a noble Roman, and otherwise helped by him, possibly thus honored his patron.

Luke was a remarkable scholar, having furnished the purest Greek known to the New Testament. This prelude, or vestibule, which consists of the first four verses of his Gospel, is cited as a proof, the subsequent portions and the Acts of the Apostles, of which he is also the author, being tainted with Hebraisms gathered from the sources of information from which he was compelled to draw, there being traces of the Syrian and Roman in his style. As a writer he plainly manifests everywhere the analysis and synthesis of a physician, while in the graphic descriptions that he gives of everything to which he applies his pen he shows himself as a word painter to have been an artist of no mean cult. He was a bosom companion of Paul, accompanying him from Alexandria to Troas, from Troas to Samothrace, from Samothrace to Philippi, and thence back to Troas and on to Tyre, Cæsarea and Jerusalem, gathering the Galilean and Jewish portions of his writings largely from his visit with Paul to those places, coming in contact with the relatives and intimate companions of Jesus in those parts. And when Paul, pressed by the mob, appealed unto Cæsar he con-

tinued with him who was euroclydon-tossed, shipwrecked, serpent-bitten, threatened with death by those whose life he had miraculously saved. He was with him and describes the reception which was given them by those who came to meet them as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns; with which places the one to whom he was writing seems to have been as familiar as himself, showing that both had been at Rome before. He was with Paul during his imprisonment there, being in his own hired house with him the first two years, and having a splendid opportunity to do the literary work he had mapped out. For while Paul was preaching to the Prætorian guard to whom he was fastened, and others—among whom was Onesimus, the servant of Philemon—attracted by his able speaking in advocacy of a new religion which they did not object to having added to their already crowded Pantheon, Luke could write away to his heart's content; keeping one ear open, no doubt, for those matchless bursts of eloquence which at times would pour forth from the lips of the apostle, if he did not at times drop his pen and join in the general acclaim of halleluiahs and praises which welled up like the sound of mighty waters from the newborn souls whom Paul was inducting into the kingdom. It was in the early part of Paul's imprisonment that the Gospel was completed, and in the latter part of the same imprisonment, before he entered the Mamertine prison, or dungeon, that the Acts of the Apostles was finished; for at its close there is nothing said of the closing scenes in the life of the great apostle. Otherwise this would not have been omitted by Luke, but most graphically written, for Luke was with him in those dark closing moments of his life. In writing to Timothy, his beloved son in the gospel, he said, "Only Luke is with me," and he may have even held the inkhorn for him while he wrote those matchless words: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." The occasion of the writing of his Gospel is given us in these few introductory words: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set

forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed [R. V., to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled] among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word, it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things [R. V., having traced the course of all things accurately] from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed." Theophilus is a compound word from θὲος, "God," and *φίλος*, "friend," "friend of God," and hence has been regarded as the name not of an individual, but of a class who are friends of God; but as *κράτιστε*, "most excellent," is applied to him, he becomes at once one who stands out conspicuously above those with whom he is associated, and is generally believed to have also been a Gentile convert whom Luke had brought into the fold, had partially instructed, in whom he had an abiding interest, as Paul had in Timothy, and to whom he now writes more fully, that he might "know the certainty of those things" wherein he had been instructed. In considering it we note that this Gospel, as well as the Acts of the Apostles, was written to one man. I know that we are told that "neither the Gospel nor the Acts is to be viewed as a private letter to him. In a similar way Cicero addressed his treatises on Old Age and on Friendship to Atticus; Horace addressed his Art of Poetry to the Pisos, and Plutarch addressed his Treatise on Divine Delay to Cynius. This address, although it was attended with some personal references, yet, like a modern dedication of a book, was simply a token of respect for an honored friend; and the composition itself was none the less a work for the public and posterity." But there is an express statement here. "It seemed good to me also, having had a perfect understanding of all things [or having traced the course of all things accurately] from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed." There is here more than a mere dedication. It was expressly written to him, as was also the Acts of the Apostles, because he was interested in him, and wanted to help him; and

that it ever went further, and became a part of the authorized text, a part of the sacred canon, is because of the interest Theophilus took in Luke, wishing to perpetuate his writings, and in us, desiring that posterity might receive the same benefit from them that we had. It was that unselfish and noble feeling that every child of God should have of not being a simple absorbent, but a transmitter; not simply a pent-up lake, which, with no outlet, becomes stagnant—a death breeder—but a running stream, in whose depths things live and move and on whose banks things grow and thrive. But however suited to "the public and posterity," and however thoroughly and unquestionably it was inspired, and even intended by the Spirit for wider circulation, so far as Luke was concerned it was originally written to one man for his spiritual benefit. I emphasize this because we are living in an age when everything is being conducted on a big scale. Great trusts have arisen and in their insatiable greed have literally swallowed smaller concerns. And this has taken hold of our church life. If we haven't a crowd, we think we are going to pieces and everything is resorted to to fill up our empty pews. Dr. Lyman Abbott truthfully says: "We seem to be more concerned today to get people into the church than to get God into the people." It is, therefore, exceedingly refreshing to see such marvelous pains taken by Luke to instruct and benefit one man. And we shall never be at our best until we adopt his method. If a statesman should be invited to address a congress of nations where all the men most versed in statecraft would be assembled, it is evident that, flattered by such confidence reposed in him, he would lay himself out to do his best. But suppose he should be called upon in campaign time to address the humblest part of his constituency in some backwoods schoolhouse, where the people are dressed in fustian or homespun goods, unlettered and unkempt, would he be as apt to take the same amount of pains in his preparation? Would he not say, "Anything is good enough for them"? Not so with Daniel Webster. He was once asked to speak at an anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, only two weeks being allowed him to prepare, and he promptly declined: and when asked why he would not speak on such an occasion, so replete with revolutionary facts that a man of his reputation ought

to be able to do that on a few minutes' notice, he replied: "Nay; it is by careful preparation I have made my reputation, and it is by such that I must preserve it." The same was true of Henry Clay, and of every other man whose name as a statesman or orator will live after shall have been hushed the thud of the sod that falls upon his casket. Suppose a preacher should be invited to address an interdenominational assembly where all of the brightest minds at home and abroad, from all the churches in Christendom, would hear him, what midnight oil would be burned and libraries ransacked to furnish suggestions and material for such a deliverance of a lifetime. But if on a rainy Sabbath one is to preach to an audience of one, or a few, does there not come to him at times a temptation, not to say a suggestion, to lay even the ordinary discourse aside and extemporize a talk or hold a prayer meeting! Not so with Lyman Beecher, to whom every occasion was a big one. He preached once to a lone auditor the identical sermon he had prepared for the multitude who usually hung in breathless silence upon the matchless eloquence of this prince of preachers, and he was saved, became a minister of Jesus, and through him a multitude of others were brought to Christ. That Sunday school worker yonder, who has for his efficiency gained a reputation in his own locality and has become known abroad—for if there is anything remarkable about him it will become known—if he should be called upon to speak at an interdenominational Sunday school convention where the best of all the churches would be present and present their views on the best and most successful methods of Sunday school work, would he not lay himself out to acquit himself honorably among them, weighing every word and argument, couching it in the best language and aptly and tellingly illustrating every point? But suppose in his own school he is called upon to take a class of barefooted, ragged little urchins and teach them, would he feel that as careful preparation would be required? And yet Bishop Wiley was brought into a Sabbath school by "Glory Stoner" in just such a condition as this. These, my brethren, are practical questions for you to consider with the inspiration of Saint Luke before you that for the sake of one man, a former convert and catechumen, for the word here rendered

"instructed" means "catechised," he wrote his entire Gospel and the whole account of the Acts of the Apostles. And this leads to the further consideration that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." By the law of "the survival of the fittest" the best will live in literature as in nature. Even the love letters of Robert Browning and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett, were written with so much care and poetic beauty that they have been preserved and published, though they were never intended for anybody else's eye. The conversations of Samuel Johnson were couched in such splendid diction and replete with such incisive wit and depth of thought that they have been given to the world as masterpieces of their kind; poor Boswell not sparing his own feelings to show off the distinguished genius of his imperious and often insolent friend. The letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son were never written by him for public gaze, but were of such exquisite merit that they have become the standard of epistolary correspondence, making their author known the world over. So Luke may never have imagined that his Gospel and his Acts of the Apostles would go beyond Theophilus or those with whom he was intimately associated, showing to them, as we do, a letter which we have just received from some distinguished friend who may have written to us from a distance for our good; though the Holy Spirit operating upon him, of course, knew that it would be applicable to all people in all ages, and even designing it to become a part of the sacred canon; but such was its excellence and exhaustiveness as a treatise that I can see Theophilus, even now, as he reads it, saying to himself: "Why, that is of such superlative merit that the world must have it. There is nothing in the Septuagint [with which, with Luke, as a Gentile convert, he must have been acquainted] can surpass, if equal, it. Surely Luke must have been taken out of himself and inspired as holy men of God were who wrote the Scriptures. With what research, insight and comprehensiveness he wrote." But another and vital point is that he sunk self out of sight. There is but one reference to himself in the Gospel, and that is "me also." He never alludes to himself again until in the opening of the Acts of the Apostles he says, "The former treatise

have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach." "Me also" and "I"—they are the extent of it. But who is the "me also" and "I"? That is the question. He doesn't say it is Luke, but there is every reason to believe it is. And it is this modesty on the part of the writers of the books of the Bible, both of the Old Testament and of the New, that is giving rise all the time to the perplexing questions as to their authorship. They were not only modest, but so absolutely carried away with and absorbed in their message that they lost sight of self, which is always true when the message seems to the man bigger and of more importance than himself. Why, Luke is so modest and so absorbed in his subject that it is supposed that he was one of the Greeks who came to the temple, and were found of Philip and Andrew, saying, "We would see Jesus!" and were introduced to him by them; that he was one of the seventy sent out into all the places whither Jesus himself should come, but he does not speak of himself as one of them; that he was with Cleopas on the way to Emmaus when Jesus appeared unto them in the way and unfolded unto them the Scriptures, their hearts burning within them while he did it. But he said nothing about himself, though he does give us the name of Cleopas. Less of self and more of God should be the cry of every heart. If there is anything that is dividing the church of God today more than anything else, in the very Holy of holies, as it would seem, among those who claim to have an intimate experience of his love, it is this egotism which is wholly foreign to the spirit of Luke and of John and of Christ.

But while we are to lose sight of self we cannot sink our personality out of anything we do. Just as we carry ourselves about with us wherever we go, so we carry ourselves into whatever we do. It is this which differentiates one's style from another, so that you can easily distinguish between the style of Moses in the Pentateuch and David in his Psalms. In fact, the human element in the Bible has been likened to the carbon which is used in electric lighting. You have the dynamo, the wire, the current, but it is not until the carbon is so placed in relation to them that the electricity can play upon it that light is produced. So the divine needs the human element in the word to strike a light that men can appreci-

ate and understand. The divine is as the warp, but the human is the woof which must pass through it, if there is to be any tapestry on which men can walk; and the more variegated the woof the more beautiful the tapestry. So that individuality is not to be destroyed but kept up in all its integrity.

Now, take up some of the peculiarities of Luke as a writer and see if you could well expunge them from the sacred text without marring it. In the first place he was the only Gentile, except Job, who was ever permitted to add a book to the Bible, but as a Gentile he is quite indispensable to it. He was free from the bias of the Jews, not being of their race nor of their language; having familiarized himself with the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, not being a slave to their mother tongue, as they were, and yet acquainted with it and appreciating it as we do a foreign, and in this case a sacred, language. While they looked out upon Judea and the region round about from Mount Zion, he occupied a higher mount from which he viewed the world. He had not even been circumcised in conformity to their law, which was in harmony with the teachings of Paul though seriously offensive to the Jews. It was in his city that Paul rebuked Peter for his exclusiveness and that the Magna Charta in the form of the decree from the Council of Jerusalem was delivered. While he does denounce the narrowness and bigotry of Judaism, he does elevate the privileges and rights of the Gentile world to be included among the redeemed. While Matthew in the opening of his Gospel traces the genealogy back to Abraham, Luke's goes to Adam, whom he calls the son of God. Matthew brings the wise men from the East, who follow the star asking, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" But Luke speaks of the angels in the gallery of the skies who sing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." He is the only evangelist who speaks of the seventy. The rest speak of the twelve, who represent the twelve tribes of Israel, but the seventy represent the whole wide world. The parable of the good Samaritan, setting aside the priest and the Levite in his attentions to the wounded and distressed, as well as the call of Zaccheus, the Gentile publican, the lost sheep, lost coin, and lost son are all from his pen, and have a catholicity about them

unknown to the other evangelists. This had its effect upon Paul, as well as Paul having his effect upon Luke. No better combination could have been effected for the mutual benefit of both. I have no doubt, biased as Paul was by birth and education, being after the strictest sect a Pharisee, Luke had a broadening influence upon him, as Paul had an influence in acquainting Luke with the great history, religion, and destiny of his people, and it is barely possible that they compared their various writings one with the other; and yet in both their indestructible individuality stands prominently out. We are to cultivate this. The subject of a speech in college, delivered in striking, epigrammatic style was: "Be thyself in thought." Such Luke and Paul were and so should we be.

There is another suggestion, and that is that the work of others is provocative of ours. Luke says: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed [or to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled] among us, . . . it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things [or having traced the course of all things accurately] from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus." The fact that "many," not Matthew, Mark, and John—there is no allusion to them, for it is questionable if Luke saw their Gospels—but many who were in attendance upon the ministry of the apostles and others who, as evangelists, could stay only for a short time in any place, desired to preserve their utterances themselves, as well as to pass them on to persons, not so highly favored; forasmuch as these were at it—not saying anything against their doing it, but knowing them to be imperfect in their accuracy and scope at times, which would only befog such men as Theophilus—it seemed good to Luke to write to him and thus enlarge his view of the great work to which he was committing his life. The same is true in other things. Let a grocery, clothing, or other store, start up in a community and at once there is one on nearly every corner. The legal, medical, ministerial, and all other professions are being crowded with persons who are doing what others have begun to do, and we miss a great inspiration in our Christian life by not recognizing the influence we might exert

if only we would try to do, as these did, the best we can. If they had never attempted to do this work for their own and others' good, have we any assurance that Luke would have written his great Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles? He was provoked to do it, as he tells us here, by what they did, and the Holy Spirit seeing him at it, or influencing him to do it, unfolded to his susceptible mind the best way to accomplish it. We should try to improve on all that has gone before us. It is not enough to become simply copyists of what others have written, repeaters of what others have said, but to improve on it ourselves. We often wonder why so many lives of Christ have been written. It is because someone has left out something that somebody else thinks ought to have been said, or what has been said is not said as well as they feel it should be said, and hence, invoking all the muses, they proceed to the task for the good of the cause, not for their own glory or gain necessarily. Were more of us to attempt to do something others might attempt to do it better and the cause we so much love might be thus greatly improved and advanced. We must have a clear understanding of it ourselves if we are to make it plain to others. "It seemed good to me," said Luke, "having had a perfect understanding of all things [or having traced the course of all things accurately] from the very first." If we are clear in our own understanding, those to whom we minister will be clear in theirs. The stream can never rise higher than its source. Where the pulpit is in the ascendency the old adage holds good, "Like priest like people," but where the pew becomes dominant the opposite becomes true. Perspicuity of thought and language cannot fail to convince, while the opposite confuses the hearer or reader. Be sound first in your own doctrine before you try to indoctrinate others. Aim at results. "That thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed." There are those who say that it is enough to plant the seed of divine truth in human hearts and that God will in his own good time produce the harvest. As though God cannot instantaneously with the planting of the seed produce the harvest! Professor Henry Drummond wrote a beautiful book, on Natural Law in the Spiritual World, in which he ran out some wonderful analogies, which are alike help-

ful and instructive; but there is all the time a feeling on the part of these who read it that they prefer to keep the laws of the two worlds somehow distinct, letting natural law govern the natural world and the spiritual law the spiritual world. And it is this analogy between a natural harvest and a spiritual one that makes us feel that the seed planting and harvest must have a whole natural season at least between them. Away with such naturalizing of the spiritual power of God! Do give God some chance to do something out of the natural and ordinary, that he may at least show that he is somewhat different from us and not altogether human like ourselves. O for a God that can shake the heavens and come down once in a while, or, better, stay down, which is more in harmony with the divine and diviner immanence, and do something for us that we can't do for ourselves! And our God can and will if we will but let him, and quit humanizing him. The church is waking up to this. It is not a rare thing now in some churches to see conversions at the regular Sunday and weekly services. May such be multiplied until it shall become an exception when souls are not saved and when God cannot immediately produce a harvest from any seed sowing.

But this is all the part of a whole. The four Gospels like four gates lead into one gospel. The seven colors support as an arch one bow. There are many members but one body. There are diversities of gifts but one Spirit. We are as a part of a great ship's crew, one of a great band of workmen, a chain gang, to save others. Without us even those of old could not be perfect, and we would sadly miss them if they should drop out. Luke's Gospel fits into the other Gospels like the cogs of a wheel into those in other parts of the same machinery and these into the rest of the books of the Bible. We must feel this fellowship of interests, this commonalty of faith and of works, and when we do "we'll lean on others as we walk," and literally be lost without the support of the companion who has been beside us, as we feel here when one strays away from us, never ceasing to use all means and appliances until we bring him back.

W. W. W. Wilson.

ART. XI.—OLD AND NEW CONCEPTIONS OF GOD

THE writer of this paper desires at the outset to express his sense of the infelicity of the title, "Old and New Conceptions of God." The phraseology is mechanical in its implication of a clear line of demarkation somewhere in theological history, whereas, on the contrary, the thought of man concerning the Great Cause that lies behind all phenomena tends to move in cycles; an old theory, that has been discarded, perhaps, in the land of its birth for centuries, securing under different skies and within strange civilizations the welcome it has lost at home. For example, the pantheistic theories of India emerge from an antiquity distressingly remote, with no fair fruits to their credit, to come into the West making a bid for the suffrages of philosophical religion in the modern days. Withdrawing from the amazing labyrinth of speculation upon the nature of God, a labyrinth in which the best minds have utterly lost their way, all that the writer may hope to do is to contrast after a hasty fashion the ideas of transcendence and immanence found in the two great religions that have made our religious thinking what it is. In such contrast, I will call "transcendence" the old conception; "immanence" the new. This classification as to time I think is true in point of fact; that is, I think the thought of one supreme God is older than the corrupt splitting up of Deity into the polytheisms based upon the many apparently diverse powers of nature, but at all events, it is true respecting the literature of the Old and New Testaments—the ever-flowing fountains of God's revelation, at which faith may drink and live. Sensibility is a more primitive thing in the life of man than thought, thought not coming into action until there is an accumulation of impressions for it to work upon. The capacity to harbor such and such feelings is very much the same in all men at all times; but while two feelings may coexist in the heart of the individual or the race, playing like wind over the unknown depths of the subconscious mind, it is not in harmony with laws of growth that these religious feelings should emerge into the definiteness of conviction at the same time. God's revelation is a

progressive revelation, and progression implies priority and sequence in the unfolded ideals. Thus the one hundred and thirty-ninth psalm in its theology is transcendent; in its feeling it is this and more, for the psalmist nobly expresses his sense of the pervading presence of God when he sings: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." The feelings of mankind would be cheated to the degree that human life would seem utterly unreal if thought of the interpenetration of God and the universe could in some way be withdrawn so as no longer to brood upon and stir the emotions of his heart. "Let the floods clap their hands and the hills be joyful before the Lord," "let sun and moon and stars praise him," says the psalmist, and when he uses this language he has personalized nature; he has given it the members of a body, he has invested it with the qualities of mind. Nature is living and real even as a man to himself is living and real; indeed, being susceptible of interpretation under the terms that he applies to his own body and the attitudes of his own mind, and in this view God is within it as God is within his own life. This exquisite feeling for nature as mysteriously woven into the being of God runs through all Old Testament utterance; it is that feeling that leads a devout man to this day, when he walks the country road in springtime, to exult in God and feel that he might almost discover him in the manifestation of great life all about. But nothing is plainer than the fact that the theology of Israel never identified God with the nature that spoke so eloquently of him, that almost in its entirety seemed to be him and yet failed to satisfy a certain moral sense in man. In passing let me say that the proof of the existence of spirit is the inability of nature, in its parts or as a whole, to satisfy the whole nature of man. Man lives in nature, it lives in him, and yet by intuition he knows he transcends it to rest truly only in a transcendental God. Hebrew theology tells none of the methods by which the greater can abide in the less; it does not explain the mystery that it feels so deeply of the vital

relation of the universe to God; it does not assuage the mad thirst for scientific exactitude. It makes its appeal on other ground than the mental, but it says, "creation," and in so doing saves the moral life of man from destruction. For behind the uncontrolled feeling of the divine immanence has lurked every idolatry and every religious abomination that the world has seen. The scarab, the bull and the serpent of Egypt received their deification as the gift of an unfettered sense of immanence rushing headlong on pantheism. The phallic worship of Greece and the Orient is the offspring of the same putrefying religious impression. The whole philosophy of the heathen world wandered after this identification of God with nature so that, as Paul says, "they exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served the creature, rather than the Creator." Headway against this tendency was made nowhere but in Israel, and there very indifferently by the masses, but very wonderfully by the prophets and the few. While the people, fascinated with the manifest organic connection of the world and God, were representing him as immanent under the symbolism of graven images, the prophets were representing God as transcendent, in terms of ethical principle contained in personality, and on the issue thus joined, and still fought, the moral life depends. Idolatry, however specious its disguise, is really a self-worship. Man is an epitome of the world, and in him, as the crown, are contained all the forces that enter into life. If he can permit himself to deify these forces that make up the cosmic process that is pressing him on, he may also deify the several effects in his personal life produced by the working of these forces. He can play one against the other, and thus find a sanction for the indulgence of every fugitive desire of his heart. He can protect himself against conscience, the primitive voice of the true God in his soul, by getting out of his interpretation of nature a god to stand for his lust. The prophets fought with terrible spiritual intensity that men might not erect a worship on the basis of their own desires. They never suffered Israel without rebuke to get far away from the painful sense of sin, for in that sense of sin lay the hope of an escape from the discords of a life lived in nature, into the unity of a life lived for and in God. When we come to the view of God exhibited

in the New Testament we find that God has incarnated himself. From being upon the heights he has descended to the depths. He has gone lower than the lowest that he might lift the lowest wretchedness into the highest glory. He has identified the universe with himself in this moral way that all that shall come to pass in it shall first pass through his own life, and all his fullness shall be reflected in it. This is immanence; not immanence as a feeling which men have always had, but immanence as a doctrine, as a mental fact. The thought of God in the heaven of heavens, infinitely removed from the soiling touch of man, is apparently lost in the later concept of "God with us." But this is so only in appearance. It is so because the victory of God's unlikeness to man and the creation of which he is the summing-up, had been decisively won so far as Israel was concerned. All tendencies to nature-worship had been burned out in the anguish of the Babylonian captivity. Someone has said that the Old Testament views God as King; the New, as Father. But, put in this unqualified way, the statement is entirely misleading. It is to be noted that the Father-God of Christ's revelation is the "heavenly" father, the Lord of a kingdom that shall meet and destroy every kingdom, visible and invisible, among men. Jesus taught the Fatherhood of God because a long line of prophets had prepared his way in calling men's allegiance to a King. Believers in evolution, it seems to me, often overlook the principle that nothing that once really enters into the thing evolved ever loses its potency or becomes obsolete. Forms may, indeed, pass away, but the essence of the old is carried over into the new, only under a new form. Thus the idea of God's immanence, as a doctrine later than transcendence, holds within it the earlier concept. This is the only kind of immanence known to Scripture-teaching. There is another kind which, seeking a mental rather than a moral expression, issues in a poisonous pantheism where all distinctions between good and evil are lost in the thought that both alike express the nature of the one substance. The dominant preaching word produced by the transcendental view of God is holiness; by immanence, love. In the New Testament the love of God is preached in sweeter language than a seraph's song, but the cross of the Son of

God is in the midst of it to make that language real to the consciences of men.

President Strong of Rochester declares that love is a term that has no meaning in itself. In order to disclose a meaning the principle of love needs a noun by which to measure it, and the measure of the love of God is holiness. We all instinctively feel that love, to be love, must be costly. It is at great moral cost that God identifies himself with his creation—that is, with man, the summing-up of that creation. Sinning man is not the true visibility of God, and when God, notwithstanding, is long-suffering, and identifies his glory with one who does not in truth represent him, this is costly to the nature of God. The cross of Christ, I believe, is the picture in time of the eternal heart of God. There God's holiness is given up, and dies; in the resurrection it is lifted up in immortal triumph. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4. 10). The last thing back in religious consciousness is this sense of the holiness of God. Therefore it is the foundation-principle of preaching because it alone gives weight, reality, and authority to the message. In the book of Job this is wonderfully brought out. Job is conscious of the right impulses of his heart, and the justness of his conduct, but a hand he feels to be the hand of God is heavy upon him. His conscience excuses him, but quiet has forsaken his soul. He is filled with misery of mind and body, and it is God who metes it out to him. He staggers pitifully between doubt and faith, but when his faith is uppermost his testimony has a certain finality about it without which no man can be sure of his religion: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Reason, failing to vindicate God's ways, was to that degree against God. "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living" (Job 28. 12, 13). But a primitive faith spoke out of darkness and the shadow of death, a faith that was original, a faith so far from dependence upon mental evidence that it maintained itself in the face of great apparent evidence to the contrary, a faith whose only ground was the soul-proposition that God could do no wrong. "I

know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand up at the last as victor above my dust; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet without my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, though my reins be consumed within me." And from this faith in One whom he held holy, though his ways seemed charged with neglect and cruelty, this Old Testament saint could deduce the principle of the religious life in man: "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

The writer should not be understood as derogating from the idea of the divine immanence. That idea is the mental expression of the heart-side of humanity, and it is the heart that gives the color, the music, and the romance to life. But it is also the heart that is most open to seduction. I do insist that the doctrine is so precious that it belongs to the fullness of spiritual time. It was in the fullness of time that God sent forth Immanuel. Because of the very fact that God is immanent it is easy to talk lightly, and hence foolishly, about him. Every preacher knows how impossible it is to bring blessedness into the lives of his hearers if their sense of God's holiness does not lead them in spirit to prostrate themselves utterly at his feet. The transcendent conception of God, with the moral temper that it produces, is not the whole truth, but it is the first truth; and it labors effectually, with God's grace crowning it, to redeem the soul of man from the clutch of "chance impressions and fugitive truths," of which last not the least subtle and dangerous is the worship of his own ethical attainment in place of the absolute God.

Leonard F. Requa Jr

ART. XII.—THE SONG OF THE HABITANT

It is about ten years now since the literary world awoke one morning to find something new on the table. It was a book of poems written in a dialect hitherto practically untried, but so fresh was the subject matter and so human its message that author and volume immediately leaped into popularity. The Habitant, by Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, was in everybody's hand. Especially was this so in New England, where the French Canadian is found in such large numbers. I remember full well the first volumes that were offered on sale in the New England book stalls and the eagerness with which they were purchased by the discriminating. The French Canadian dialect had become popular, and everybody was reciting

De win' she blow lak hurricane,
  Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
  Wan arpent from de shore.

Interest of a general nature has just been revived in this author and his work through his untimely death. All too soon, from an earthly standpoint, has he gone. Here was one who could sing and laugh, who had a genius for the interpretation of a type, and did it so kindly that even those who were described loved him. He did not caricature the French Canadian. He did not laugh at him. He appreciated him and loved him, and thus won a warm place in his heart. It is not too much to say that the "habitant" poems, as Dr. Drummond's are sometimes called, were one of the potent influences at work to bring about a better understanding between the conflicting races of our northern neighbor. And this has a wide religious significance. Not so many years ago, in that part of Canada where lives the habitant, Protestantism did not go unmolested. To be a Protestant was to be persecuted. But things are changing, and recently a leader among the French Catholics of Canada stated that all of this had come to an end and peace and harmony prevail. In what way has Dr. Drummond contributed to this happy result? In that he has shown that the French Cana-

dian is a lovable character, patriotic and God-fearing; this on the one hand, and, on the other, that he has shown the English Canadian sympathetic and admiring. It is much that this should be so, for deep down in the heart of the French Canadian is that old love for France, the mother country. The habitant has not forgotten that his forefathers were conquered by those who speak the English tongue, and because of this he has hated all things English—even to Protestantism, which he regards as an English religion. Thus there has existed for years a mutual distrust, but today the habitant sings,

> Onder de flag of Angleterre—so long dat flag was fly—
> Wit' deir English broder, les Canayens is satisfy leev an' die.

The habitant poems, however, appeal to the general public because they ring true to the human heart. It is the note that is struck by Robert Burns, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and James Whitcomb Riley. The heart speaks and the heart responds. In the initial poem of the first volume Dr. Drummond gives us the French Canadian "Cotter's Saturday Night." It is the story of the habitant as told by himself, the story of a man who lives on the old paternal farm, satisfied with its simplicity and with what Dr. Hale calls "the comforts of a log cabin":

> De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
>   Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc;
> Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it,
>   An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.
> De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
>   Ma granfader too, an' hees fader also,
> Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny,
>   For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—
> All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
>   Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
> So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere,
>   On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

The old farmer then goes on to tell of the simple home life, of its work and leisure, of its joy and sorrow, of the little ones and the older, until he comes to the youth who "drops in" and talks with the family in a general way.

> But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
>   Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more,

So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
  We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.
I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
  'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene 's takin' long tam get awaken
  Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.
Dot's wan of dem tings ev'ry tam on de fashion—
  An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat never be seen—
Got not'ing for say, me—I spark it sam' way, me,
  W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

Home, with all of its virtues, this is the theme of most of the poems of Dr. Drummond, and this is the reason they are so popular. Running through them, however, is the religious note. The habitant is a believer in God. He is never at all in doubt about the Eternal. And right here may be a good place to say that he is no longer led as he used to be. Only the other day in one of the manufacturing centers of New England the statement was made, by a student of men and things, that the time had come when the hierarchy could not handle as easily as of yore the French Canadians of the New England states, and, for that matter, of Canada. And Rome knows it. The French blood that asserted itself in France in the disestablishment of the church can speak distinctly on this side of the Atlantic. Hence it came about that when one of the episcopal sees was vacant recently in New England the pope of Rome appointed to it a French Canadian in the face of all manner of opposition by those who had formerly controlled things; this because of the awakening sense of liberty among the French. Leaving this consideration of ecclesiastical control to one side, the French Canadian is God-loving and God-fearing, a virtue which he manifests in all his relations of life. Is a little one given him, it is God who has sent him, and he calls him Dieudonné (God-given). He rejoices in his large family, and grieves for his Yankee brother:

You s'pose God love de Yankee
  An' de Yankee woman too,
Lak he love de folk at home on Canadaw?
I dunno—'cos if he do,
Wat's de reason he don't geev dem familee?
Is dere anybody hangin' roun' can answer me
W'ile I wait an' smoke dis pipe of good tabac?

After discussing the increase in the American population through immigration, he finally ends by saying:

I love de Yankee woman
  An' de Yankee man also,
An' mebbe dey'll be wiser bimeby;
  But I lak dem all to know
If dey want to kip deir own, let dem raise de familee—
An' den dey'll boss de contree from de mountain to de sea,
For dey're smart enough to do it if dey try.

But if you want to read of the habitant's confidence in God, you must read it in his moment of tender reflection and supreme resignation. Here he is, for instance, in a reminiscent mood, telling of his former days of youth, and how he lived nearly half a century of blessed union with his wife, but now she has gone:

Wall! we leev happy on de farm for nearly fifty year,
Till wan day, on de summer tam, she die—ma belle Elmire.
I feel so lonesome lef' behin' I t'ink 'twas bes'—mebbe—
Dat w'en le Bon Dieu tak' ma famme, he should not forget me.
But dat is heez biz-nesse, ma frien'—I know dat's all right dere—
I'll wait till he call "'Poleon," den I will be prepare;
An' w'en he find me ready for mak' de longue voyage
He guide me t'roo de wood heself upon ma las' portage.

There is confidence, supreme confidence, that God doeth all things well. He has not lost his respect for religion. He builds magnificent churches, attends worship regularly, and in his simple, homely way tries to be faithful in the discharge of his religious obligations. If he sees the clergy going by, on the way to administer the last comforts of religion to a dying being, he reverently stops and with uncovered head waits until the man of God has gone by on his holy mission. Some have called this superstition; and looked at from a certain standpoint it may be so. But is there not something else here also? Is there not here the soul recognizing its dependence upon God? One loves to look below the surface to that which is permanent in human nature. All too often our Protestants have lost their sense of reverence. How many there are among us who enter the church of the living God with hat on head, and do not hesitate to use it as any other building. But "surely God is in this place," and yet, like Jacob of old, many know it not—or care not if he is.

Dr. Drummond has left but three volumes of his poems: The Habitant, Johnnie Courteau, and The Voyageur. Through them all, however, there runs the same optimistic note of joy in living the simple life because it is lived in the sight of God. And three volumes given to the world with that distinctive note mean much indeed. He was not a great poet in the strict sense of the term, but he was a man with a message, a message of good cheer and therefore of helpfulness. The great poets are few, and many of them simply occupy places of honor on our shelves and tables. Dr. Drummond is read because with him you may spend a pleasant half hour, laugh, and perhaps weep a little too; with him you come in contact with the ordinary folk of the soil, the common, everyday kind that goes to make up the world. He makes you feel, even if there is a great deal of sham in the so-called upper class, that humanity, after all, is sound at the core. Is not that a great deal? With all the revelations that come to us through the public press telling of sin in high places, of wickedness where there ought to be virtue, men sometimes are tempted to lose their faith. It is good to be reminded that there is virtue, that there is unselfishness. Here is 'Poleon Doré, who leaps into the waters of the Saint Maurice that he may save the life of a fellow river-driver and both go below:

An' day affer, Bill McKeever fin' de bote man on de reever
  Wit' deir arm aroun' each oder—mebbe pass above dat way—
So we bury dem as we fin' dem, w'ere de pine tree wave behin' dem
  An de Grande Montagne he's lookin' down on Marcheterre Bay.
You can't hear no church bell ring dere, but le rossignol is sing dere,
  An' w'ere ole cross she's stannin', mebbe some good ange gardien,
Watch de place w'ere bote man sleepin', keep de reever grass from creepin'
  On de grave of 'Poleon Doré, and of poor Paul Desjardins.

Unselfish devotion, this, one laying down his life for his friend. But over and over again he exemplifies these homely virtues. Here is the country doctor, the father of the family, the mother, and a score of others who proclaim the same devotion that helps to make this world a place that is fit to live in. Along with this there is an exposure of false pride and of all manner of sham—from the wealthy official to the young braggart who returns from the United States filled with all manner of notions concerning his own impor-

tance. He who reads simply on the surface of things will be amused, of course, as he peruses some of these productions, but he who looks below will find therein that which punctures the inflated more than once. As one goes through the three volumes that Dr. Drummond has left to posterity and sees passing before him the various types—farmer, doctor, lover, traveler, and all the rest that go to make up the ordinary round of human activities, he feels that the poet has seen with a true eye and has given a message that was worth while; but above all he is thankful that, in this faithful presentation of human nature as it is lived in its simplicity, there is found honesty, and worth, and a never-failing trust in the Almighty. It's worth much to hear him sing:

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe know not'ing at all,
But dere's wan t'ing I'm alway wishin', an' dat 's w'en I get de call
For travel de far-away journey ev'ry wan on de worl' mus' go,
He'll be wit' me, de leetle Curé, 'fore I'm leffin' dis place below.
For I know I'll be feel more easy if he's sittin' dere by de bed,
An' he'll geev' me de good-bye message, an' place hees han' on ma head,
Den I'll hol'—if he'll only let me—dat han' wi' de las', las' breat',
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of Calumette.

In these days when so many French Canadians are finding their way to the United States, and especially to New England, there to get a living, it would not be a bad thing if those of us who are brought into contact with them should read these character sketches of Dr. Drummond that we might learn something concerning the characteristics of this people. These men and women are to become part of our social and political body; whence come they? What have been their antecedents, their ideals of life, their manner of living? It may be that if we knew more about them, we should sympathize a little more with them and realize a little better the great possibilities that lie there for citizenship. A people that is fond as they are of the simple life, that have such a sense of devotion to home and its virtues, and such a trust in God, ought to make good citizens.

E. C. E. Dorion

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S four lectures concerning the influence of Jesus on the moral, social, emotional, and intellectual life of man show where this great preacher gained strength and inspiration for a noble life, his own explicit words making this plain: "The influence of Jesus is to me more and more the glory and the richness and the sweetness of all life. Jesus is the illumination and the inspiration of existence. Without him the world is a puzzle, and death a horror, and eternity a blank."

F. W. H. MYERS in his noblest poem shows us the great Apostle, with the burden of souls on his heart, throbbing with the passion for saving men. Paul says that often when the spell is on him to deliver the word of the Lord, things visible seem to vanish out of sight, melt into lucid air, and he sees only men, men as immortal souls; and then an intense sacrificial yearning toward them fills him and looking on the surface of the world's life he cries:

> Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
>   Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,
> Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
>   Sadly contented in the show of things.
>
> Then with a rush the intolerable craving
>   Shivers all through me like a trumpet call,
> O to save these, to perish for their saving,
>   Die for their life, be offered for them all!

ALBERT H. CURRIER says that there come times in a minister's life when his work drags and his enthusiasm for it falters, and when thoughts may arise like these: "Who, and what are these people for whom I am toiling, and upon whom I lavish without stint all my wealth of heart and mind, all my time and service? Few and small are their personal attractions, destitute of grace and social charm, narrow-minded, unappreciative and unresponsive,

poverty-stricken in mental resources and worldly goods, they tire me and I am tired of visiting their poor homes, which my pastoral office obliges me to enter." Then he may hearten himself by reading what George Herbert says of his ideal minister: "He holds the rule that nothing is little in God's service; if it once have the honor of that name, it grows great instantly. Wherefore neither disdaineth he to enter into the poorest cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it smell never so loathsomely, for both *God is there and also those for whom God died.*"

THAT the sensitive nature of John Ruskin should be exquisitely affected by music seems natural and inevitable. All his life he found consolation in it. In early childhood when badly bitten on the lip by a dog, he managed to say: "Mamma, though I can't talk, I can play on the fiddle." In his volume entitled Time and Tide he wrote of the power of music thus: "Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of men—helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, on to the music, unheard of others, which so often haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits." To him, as to Carlyle, music was "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us, for a moment, gaze therein." In the years when his brain trouble was at its worst, Ruskin often sought relief in music. Miss Gladstone, daughter of the great Prime Minister, whom he called his Saint Cecilia, used to come and play for him in his bad hours; and her playing affected him so deeply that he could only murmur gratefully: "Thank you, thank you."

THE Christian's comfort and strength greatly depend on remembering the unspeakable preciousness and power of the promises of God. What child of God and heir of the promises but knows their blessedness and power and fitness to every case?

When your soul is consumed with intense thirst, and like the hart panting after the water-brooks, a satisfying promise is like a sparkling spring, a flowing fountain, gushing at your feet, where you may dip your fevered palms and drink.

When you are a pilgrim staggering over blistering sands, fainting beneath a fiercely-blazing desert sun, a promise, a "thus saith the

Lord," rises up close beside you like a great rock in a weary land, and casts its cool protecting shadow over you, and you rest in its refreshing shelter.

When your soul is a poor mariner out in the tempest, driven by a furious storm along an inhospitable coast, with night coming down and the sea all too rough for you in your frail bark, a promise, an almighty assurance, is like that breakwater which storm-driven vessels find on the New Jersey coast, reaching its granite arm far out among the wild waves and opposing to their fury its immovable resistance, buttressed deep in solid earth. The sailor sights it with joy, hails its lights with thankfulness, sails inside it and rides peacefully at anchor in calm waters, while the sweetness of his quiet is enhanced by hearing still the howling of the wind and the roar of the distant breakers; swinging at his quiet moorings he hangs his light in the rigging and goes securely to sleep though the wild tempest still rages, with shrieking gale above and hissing sea beneath, and overhead the wan skies are full of windy weather, cold clouds and streaming storms, blown stars with broken light straying through drifted darkness.

PHILIP WENDELL CRANNELL, writing in The Bibliotheca Sacra on the "Problem of Christ's Person," in answer to the question "Is Jesus God?" says: "These facts are pretty well agreed upon: In the analysis of Jesus we find at first the elements of pure humanity. Perhaps at first, with most of his earlier disciples, that is all we recognize; but soon we discover an unclassifiable constituent, which exerts strange and wonderful effects. He is a man, plainly. But, plainly, he is a man *plus*. *Plus* what? And *plus* how much? *Plus* purity beyond all; *plus* the God-consciousness beyond all; *plus* insight; *plus* power; plus love; *plus* a self-assertion at which we cannot grow offended; *plus* an unconsciousness of sin that seems not blindness but impartial self-appraisal; *plus* a demand for submission which we are not compelled to obey, but we cannot deny; *plus*—what shall we say?—something that grips us with the compelling and mastering power of a being whose right it is to rule, and rule all, and forces us down upon our knees in an ecstasy of love and adoration, as though that were the place for us, and no other place could be, or be desired! And, strangely enough, the reading of the Book by a wild English mutineer, or by a Japanese who picks it up watersoaked upon his country's coast, or by a life-

long unbeliever, and these after twenty centuries, brings the same results that contact with him did with men of his day: his face appears, grows, shines, glows, burns itself *into* the heart, which henceforth is his forever! What is this element we find in this man? Where else in all the universe is there a quality, and a drawing, and a compulsion, and a mastery like this? Only in one place. Not in man, not in angel, not in seraph—up to where He sits who in love and truth and power is above all; and we exclaim, with Peter, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!', perfectly showing forth his every quality, of no other substance, the express image of his person. At our impulse to worship, every other being is fain to say, with the angel of the Apocalypse, and our enlightened judgment confirms them, 'See thou do it not. Worship God.' The tracing up of Jesus leads us to those qualities which inhere in God, and in God alone. If you ask the believing men of this time as to the quality of Godhood in Jesus, there will be but little divergence. As to the quantity, they will differ: 'All the fullness of the Godhead bodily,' 'divine,' 'divine-human,' 'God manifest in the flesh,' 'God personalized in man,' 'all of God a human life can hold,' 'the human life of God,' 'the eternal Humanity in God revealed in terms of space and time'—but in them all will run one central core, God!"

PROFITABLE REST

When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure;
Faith, and at leisure once is he?
Straightway he wants to be busy.

THIS accounts for the propensity of persons who, like Karshish, the Arab physician, have "an itch, a sting to write," to cram the editor's waste basket with summer letters. Exasperating enough is the vapid volubility of these loquacious loiterers to the harnessed editor who must spend his leisure hours in catching up with his work. The editor knows, but will not tell, how many summer loungers, as if to keep up the hallucination of their own usefulness, having nothing else to do, sit down to discourse about the profit of doing nothing. A sarcastic and envious editor, ill tempered with overwork, remarks that "summer is the season when the man who was born tired makes the most of his pedigree." But the lounger who scribbles vacation letters cannot be one of the "Knights of

Lethargy," or he would not have energy to write. Moreover, if the idler finds his rest so delicious that he must tell somebody about it, this is proof positive that he belongs to the laboring classes, for it is only the worked-out man that tastes with keen and grateful relish the sweetness of temporary irresponsibility and "day-long blessed idleness."

John Tyndall, loitering amid the beauties of a Swiss valley, filled with a deep sense of pleasure, says: "Had I not been a worker previous to my release from London, I could not now be so glad an idler." That prodigious toiler, Mr. Spurgeon, wrote in the preface to Memories of Stambourne, his last book: "I am one of those who cannot rest unless they have something to do." He died prematurely of enormous overwork. No ardent laborer need be ashamed of resting. There is medical advice for it in the words of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: "Work like a man, but don't be worked to death." The bliss and benefit of a season of utter rest are manifold. That inspired observer, John Ruskin, literary high priest of the beautiful for many generations, told us that his most successful observations were made while lying all his length on the softest grass he could find, and that in the process of very profound observation, if it be afternoon, he usually went to sleep. What day dreams might float through such a brain along the delicious borders of such slumber, the mind amphibious and oscillant between waking and dozing! Robust, energetic Charles Kingsley said sleep was his favorite amusement. With what abounding vigor he leaped to his feet after its full recreation! How dewy fresh the mind often is after sound sleep in sun-dried, breeze-cooled air! A shrewd Yankee who sold health-lifts told a clergyman that the best time for rhetorical mental composition was in the morning, between the moment of waking and the time of getting up. Julia Ward Howe tells us that it was just after she awoke, one gray November morning in Washington in 1861, that her Battle Hymn of the Republic which had been brewing in her mind the previous day ran out in a clear stream of poetry. In a few early minutes her freshened and invigorated mind crystallized her impressions of the war into that great song; and she rose and wrote it down in a dawn so dim she could scarcely see what she wrote. Many a sermon or other subject has been clear and connected on waking that was an unmanageable and hopeless muddle at late bedtime. Such clarifying and solving power is in wholesome and sufficient sleep. Robert Brown-

ing once answered a friend who inquired the secret of his solid health: "I sleep; sleep is the great doctor, young man." Wesley, at the age of eighty, gave as one reason of his comfortable condition and sustained vigor of body and mind: "Sleeping night or day, whenever I want it." One of the most productive and lucid minds among metropolitan toilers, editor of a weekly paper, preacher to universities, lecturer before institutes, author of books, being asked whether he took much physical exercise to keep himself in working order, replied: "No, but I sleep a good deal." He is of thin and wiry make; a narrow head three stories high and mansard roof; forehead 'embossed with protuberant organs of the intellectual faculties.'

One of the pests and perils of a bookish man's vacation is books. He finds it hard to let them alone. That dissolute genius, Charles James Fox, was of the opinion that there is only one thing pleasanter than lying in the grass under the trees with a book, and that is to lie there without a book. This braves the odium of being at variance with the maxim, *"Otium sine literis mors est,"* but harmonizes with Whitman's, "I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things, and the reasons of things. They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen." E. R. Sill took Shakespeare in his pocket once when he went sauntering across a summer landscape, and found he had no use for it:

> For the vivid beauty makes a book absurd;
> What beside the real world is the written word?
> Keep the page till winter, when no thrush is heard!
>
> Why read Hamlet here? What's Hecuba to me?
> Let me read the grain field; let me read the tree;
> Let me read my own heart, deep as I can see.

Bismarck, driven like a pack horse under cares of state, once wrote to his sister: "The restlessness of my existence is unbearable. I long for the country and the woods and nothing to do." The ministry of nature to man's physical and mental well-being in hours of leisurely communion is sanative and soothing, to the already devout spirit even spiritualizing; for the visible universe is but a thin screen through which the presence and glory of the Maker shine. The "wilderness cure" has saved many. The real "wine of the woods" surpasses the nostrum of that name. An old-fashioned authority says: "Nothin' like green grass and woodsy smells to right folks up when they are low in sperrits or fretted and riled in temper."

Mr. Wesley was ill in 1753. We read that "he repeatedly catched

cold, and was threatened with a rapid consumption." Dr. Fothergill told him that he "must not stay in town one day longer; that if anything would do him good, it must be country air, rest, asses' milk, and daily riding." He obeyed at once, but, desiring to have all things in readiness in case the end were near, he wrote this epitaph for his tombstone:

HERE LIETH
THE BODY OF JOHN WESLEY
A brand plucked out of the burning;
Who died of consumption in the 51st year of
his age; not leaving after his debts
are paid ten pounds behind
him;
Praying,
God be merciful to me, an unprofitable servant.

But he did not die. Country air and rest restored him, and at his death, thirty-six years later, a very different inscription was placed on his monument.

In 1853 Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, broken down by overwork, went abroad. He was carried from his bed to the dock, where they laid him down on three barrel heads till the tug came to take him to the ship, which lay off in the stream. A sea voyage, change, and relief from care and work recovered his health, so that he returned in vigor to edit The Observer thirty years longer.

Thomas Coke read on shipboard the "Pastorals" of Virgil, because, as he said, they conveyed him "by a kind of magic power to fields and groves and purling brooks."

A New York banker, leaning from the bridge over a Green Mountain stream, said: "I would rather hear the gurgling of a brook than Gilmore's band. When I am ailing or troubled at home, unable for business, I love to imagine country scenes and trout brooks that I have fished in. I find thoughts of them diverting and refreshing."

Wordsworth had a passion for wandering, which, he said, might have made him in other circumstances a peddler. Long and solitary walks by the seaside were the favorite recreation of Adam Smith, author of The Wealth of Nations, after studying hard at Kirkcaldy.

Webster, in his eulogy of Calhoun, said: "He had no *recreations,* and never seemed to feel the need of amusements." This the great nullificationist could not have said of the farmer-statesman of Marshfield, for an illustrated life of Webster to be complete should not more certainly contain a picture of him annihilating his antago-

nist in the Senate chamber than one showing him in rough dress and cowhide boots luxuriating in his chosen recreation of fishing. He would sit on a log and fish all day, musing mildly on affairs of state, and in a kind of semiconscious cerebration framing great sentences for no occasion in particular; one of which waited fifteen years before finding for itself a place and publicity. Many a loaf of thought he kneaded in that piscatorial tranquillity of mind, in which from sun and wind, silence and solitude and repose, a gentle stimulus worked like a morsel of yeast. Supplies often arrive indirectly and surreptitiously. A half day at one's desk in mental sweat and strenuous thinking to a point may have less result than an hour when one pretends to be fishing, doing nothing apparently but contemplate the end of his rod. One may fix his meditative gaze on his pole-tip and have "all creation" pass before his mind's eye. You often see a thing best by looking at something else. Through a telescope you may sometimes get the distinctest sight of a star by looking a little to one side of it. Also oftentimes one works best by resting. It has happened that the most fruitful as well as most restful part of a man's year was his vacation. The busy man's idleness is more productive than a lazy man's work.

Life out of doors, in communion with the glowing, tuneful, bloomy, sportive, and happy world, may even have the effect to console grief, buoy despondent spirits, and make a sunny faith more possible. One day long ago Celia Thaxter sat on the Isles of Shoals in a somber mood, weary and "sad with change and loss," pondering life's strange problems, the enigma of herself, and the sure coming on of death. Just then the blithe song-sparrow struck up his rapturous rippling tune and sang as if his little heart would burst for joy; and as that bonny music thrilled and warbled on from out the tiny throat, it broke up the troubled tenor of her thoughts and filled her soul with comfort, so that she said:

> God never meant to mock us with that voice!
> That is the keynote of the universe;
> That song of perfect trust, of perfect cheer,
> Courageous, constant, free of doubt or fear.

So she wrote in middle life and when, long afterward, a certain visitor set foot on Appledore, the first sound heard was laughter—merry, strong, and sweet—ringing from the lips of a woman with white hair and ruddy cheeks well bronzed, the same woman who listened to the song-sparrow until she held it "sinful to despond," and who kept so well the cheery lesson that the rocks and waves

about those bleak islets listened to her happy laughter in years when youth and middle age lay far behind her.

Once when the friends of Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican warned him that he was overworking and urged him to stop and take a rest, he replied: "I have the lines drawn and the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now I can count for something. If I made a long break or parenthesis to get strong, I should lose my opportunity. No man is living a life worth living unless he is willing, if need be, to die for somebody or something." Very true. Emerson said: "'Tis man's perdition to be safe when for the truth he ought to die"; but the emergencies where it is necessary to *die* for somebody or something are comparatively few. What the good cause usually needs from us is that we *live* for it as long and as mightily as we can and to as great an aggregate of service as is possible. Professor Charles K. True urging attention to health said to his students, "Plan for a long fight with the devil." President Edward Thomson inculcating heroism said to his students, "Die the first good chance you get." The wisdom of both these counsels of perfection is necessary for acting a true man's part in a good God's needy world. The profitableness of the right kind of rest taken at the right time is beyond dispute, being certified by the experience of many of the world's best workers.

MODERN METHODIST PREACHING

No other book contains so full a survey, so discriminating and fairminded an estimate of the Protestant preaching of our time as a volume entitled The Modern Pulpit, by Professor Lewis O. Brastow, of Yale. Studying the pulpit of the principal churches in Europe and America, both in its general characteristics and in its eminent representatives, Dr. Brastow presents a discerning and well-balanced comparative analysis. For us, naturally, a special interest attaches to his impressions of the preaching in our own church and our own land, some of which we give room to in these pages. Dr. Brastow says that the chief contribution of Methodism to American preaching is in the realm of moral and religious feeling; that its distinguishing feature is the ardor of its piety and its enthusiasm for humanity, that its message has always been one of passionate intensity, that in emotional effectiveness no pulpit has surpassed it, that the evangelical tone and the evangelistic aim have marked its preaching,

and that in power of religious conquest it is supreme among Protestant communions. Methodism's emphasis upon experience in religion has given it "an almost unexampled forcefulness." It was in its inception a revolt of the heart against a dead orthodoxy and a soulless ecclesiastical formalism. Its founder, who was "a man of large intellectual endowment and of thorough intellectual equipment," might have made a new and valuable contribution to theology if he had devoted himself to that task; but it is recognized that Wesley made a richer and more lasting gift to the world in impressing upon his followers the necessity of that strong religious feeling which has always been dominant in their personal and associate activities. Methodism at its outset was on its philosophic side in harmony with the most advanced views then found in European universities; and its emphasis on experience puts it now into sympathy with the experimental methods of our own day, and into harmony with many features of a theology which Dr. Brastow calls modern. Indeed he thinks that "Methodism has within it vast possibilities of a newly developed theology of experience that should align it with what is best in the theologic thought of our day." How would it do to say that "what is best in the theologic thought of our day" aligns itself in harmony with Methodism's theology, which has not been essentially changed since Wesley's day, and which is not aware of any need to change itself in the presence of the most modern thinking?

In the nature of the case, its emphasis on experience has made Methodism preëminently a witnessing church. The entire membership has been urged and expected to give free, full, and frequent expression to the realities of the inner life, contributing thus to the treasures of Christian experience that may inspire and edify the church. Dr. Brastow says that in the religious sphere the Methodist laity exercise a freedom not surpassed in any other communion, and thinks it possible that our laity now exert a spiritual influence which no enlargement of their ecclesiastical powers could augment.

Its emphasis on the experiential side of religion also necessitates and insures that the Methodist Church shall be preëminently a revival church. "As such," says Dr. Brastow, "it originated and it has never lost this characteristic mark. More fully than any other Protestant church is it committed to the evangelistic type of preaching. Because evangelistic substance is of supreme importance, those great truths and facts of redemptive religion that take hold of the

heart and conscience have always had precedence in the preacher's message. Because apostolic preaching was so largely of this type the preacher is counseled to make it an object of special study and to seek his inspiration in it. To bring pastoral life, where the passion for saving men may be fully nourished and where the requisite evangelistic fervor may be secured, into close touch with the message of the pulpit is always an important consideration in the shepherding of souls. And it is this evangelistic spirit that gives a certain distinctive tone and quality to the pastoral type of preaching, which aims at the education and edification of the Christian community, and which, in the enlargement of intellectual life and increase of literary culture, is more fully developed in all sections of the Methodist Church in all parts of the country."

The evangelistic purpose of Methodist preaching, it is noted, naturally uses the extemporaneous method of speech. Our church is committed to that method, and its influence in extending that method into other communions is declared to have been powerful. Platform speaking is advocated, and Dr. Brastow thinks "there are probably a larger number of effective platform speakers in the Methodist Church than in any other. The effect of this sort of speech upon preaching is manifest. Self-possession, directness, pertinence, and concreteness are qualities that appear. The sympathetic element is accentuated, and above all there is a holy unction which is the natural speech of a pious heart. In training, fluency and freedom are put in the forefront. Forcefulness is the crowning rhetorical virtue. The divine power of the truth is never minimized by the Methodist Church, but the forcefulness of the preacher and the inspiration of a consecrated personality are coördinate with it. Street, field, and camp meeting speaking have contributed to extemporaneous power. Methodist preaching abounds in anecdote and in citation from familiar Scriptures and hymns; and, as the utterance of strong feeling and conviction, it is also a strongly imaginative utterance. The rhetorical figure of vision was used by Bishop Simpson with great impressiveness."

Dr. Brastow adds that "As the revival church, Methodism is also the reform church. The evangelistic element has developed the ethical element. It began as, and it has never ceased to be, a great missionary church. Its philanthropic activities are coeval with its evangelistic enterprise. Upon the missionary life of the modern church no one religious influence is comparable with it. But its

religious life has been the inspiration of all its philanthropies. It is organized as a philanthropic institution, and its method is direct. Its compact ecclesiasticism is singularly effective, internally and externally. But its philanthropies are not limited by ecclesiastical boundaries. All genuine philanthrophy finds in it a ready response. To the temperance reform no branch of the church has been more completely, more continuously, more consistently, more conscientiously, if not always wisely, devoted."

He further notices "that Methodism has never attached supreme importance to the intellectual or æsthetic elements in religion. Its original revolt, in so far as it had a distinctively intellectual or doctrinal basis, was not against the fundamental teachings of the Anglican Church, but against the tyrannical Calvinism that was prevalent in the Puritan rather than in the Anglican churches. But it was characteristically a religious rather than an intellectual revolt and its influence in freeing the American churches from the grip of Calvinism and in pushing to the front the evangelistic and ethical elements of Christianity has been powerful. It has never laid a heavy exaction upon the theological beliefs of its constituencies. Its teachings have always dealt largely with the experimental aspects of the truth and have always been tributary to practical life. In line with its theological traditions it appeals to the objective authority of the Bible and rests the claims of Christianity upon its external evidences. But it has never failed to lay due stress upon the internal evidences and its chief teachings have always been such as find ready verification in the realities of religious experience. The freedom and largeness of God's grace, the suffering love of Christ, the universality and practical availingness of the atonement, the depravity of the human heart, the necessity of regeneration, the possibility of instantaneous justification and conversion, the freedom of the human spirit, the witnessing power of the Holy Ghost in the souls of believers, the certitude of Christian experience, the possibility of Christian perfection, the glory of the heavenly life, and the terrors of eternal death—these are some of the themes upon which Methodism has dealt, with a practical power that has quickened and controlled the religious life. Its doctrinal standards have confessedly undergone no material change."

Upon the fact that Methodism has sometimes tried to cultivate an external type of austere self-denial amounting to asceticism, Dr. Brastow comments thus:

> This ascetic habit is by many regarded as a normal expression of piety. It was so in the case of Mr. Wesley. It was the elevation of his spirit that withdrew him from the fascinations of all forms of worldly life. Indulgences that were in themselves innocent he regarded as hostile to the welfare of the soul. This involved an effort to harmonize the Judaistic and Christian elements in religion, to combine the legal and evangelical elements. In the early history of Methodism this may have been fairly successful. but in the church's changed conception as to what constitutes worldliness, the antinomy between the legal and evangelical principles has been made manifest. The external authority that would take the individual Christian under control with respect to the ordering of the conduct of his life does not seem altogether consonant with evangelical freedom and with that spontaneity of the inner life which gives wide scope to the spiritual impulses that are stored in the church and which permits the individual Christian to be a free witness bearer to the realities of the life of the Spirit. It has become evident that the legal method cannot be successfully combined with the evangelical principle.

Much of the success and influence of Methodism in America Dr. Brastow attributes to the skill of its leaders, and especially to the power of its great preachers:

> The presence of a transcendent spiritual force in the personal lives of its adherents, in the conduct of its teachers and leaders, and in the prophetic utterances of its preachers is, of course, to be recognized. But there were human elements in this great leadership and there were human conditions of power. What was merely human, of course, would not have availed. But the world knows that its leading men were peculiarly adapted to the work they had in hand. Like the leaders of the apostolic churches. these men had the charisms of the Spirit. But their gifts for leadership were also gifts of nature, and they were trained gifts too. They were the natural leaders of their people, and their leadership was won by the process of natural selection not less than by the gifts of grace and of Providence. A succession of strong men, men self-trained in part, but trained also in the rigorous school of life. trained in the battle which they waged against the forces of evil, men with great gifts for leadership, have led and have honored the Methodist Church. They have especially been men who had in an exceptional degree the power to reach the hearts and consciences of those under whose leadership Providence had placed them, and to win them to the service of Christ. The nation owes them a debt of gratitude which should not fail of recognition.

The Modern Pulpit casts a glance over the Methodist preachers of America from Summerfield to Bishop McDowell, noticing a few. All we have space for is its characterizations of John P. Durbin and Matthew Simpson, two preëminent examples of highly impassioned and impressional preaching. Here is Dr. Brastow's study of Durbin:

> His education, laboriously acquired after his entrance, at the age of eighteen. upon his ministerial work, was, after its kind and according to the standards of the time, thorough and comprehensive, and sufficient to place him in a position of prominence among the educated preachers of the church. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed professor of languages in one of the first colleges founded by the American Methodist Church, and the variety of his scholarly acquisitions may be inferred from the fact that six years later he was

appointed to the professorship of natural science at Wesleyan University. For the period of eleven years he was subsequently president of Dickinson College. As college professor, president, and at one time ecclesiastical journalist, he made himself felt in educational interests. As secretary of the Church Missionary Society, in which position he closed his career, he found scope for his administrative gifts, which the ecclesiastical system of the Methodist Church so fully cultivates, and which, had he chosen, might have found a sphere in the bishopric. But from first to last he was a preacher. Into every sphere of duty he carried his characteristic power, and his wide reputation rested chiefly upon his preaching gifts. He was eleven years the senior of Bishop Simpson, and the two men have been estimated as the greatest pulpit orators in the church of their day. He was a natural orator. His birthplace and early home was in the South, and he may have inherited the southern gift for eloquent speech. But it was a cultivated gift. He was careful not to neglect the gift that was in him.

The didactic element was more prominent in his preaching than in that of most of the Methodist preachers of his day, and although evangelistic in substance, tone, and aim, designed to produce a sense of the need of redemption, to present Christ as Saviour, and to win to personal allegiance, it did not lack the expository element and aimed as well at the edification of the church. His method has the orderly quality of the instructive and edifying preacher and demonstrates that to secure clearness of appprehension on the part of the hearer was his first aim. But there were limitations in his expository method and he was characteristically a highly emotional and rhetorically impressive preacher, and was thus known. His power over his hearers, which was frequently sufficient to bring them to their feet and to liberate their vocal organs in shouts of applause, was due in part to sudden spasmodic and ejaculatory utterances for which they were not looking and which came as a surprise. But the dramatic element in the discourse was always well based and always found a rational justification. He was at one time chaplain of the United States Senate and listened eagerly to the oratory of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay. Such influences must have stirred within him the native oratorical impulse, and all the traditions of his career are proof that he carefully studied his art. He had apparently appropriated Augustine's law of public speech, which is, in fact, only a reproduction of the law of the classical rhetorician. It demands that the speaker begin with a plain and simple style, which indicates self-poise and a reflective attitude of mind and would adjust itself to the hearer's intelligence, that he advance to a more stirring but medium style, which may secure an emotional interest in the discussion and rivet attention, and that it close with a lofty or impassioned style that shall compel the will. This was Dr. Durbin's method, and it is probable that he was familiar with the rationale of the theory. As a rhetorician he kept in hand all these elements, and in their order, and the orator followed the method of the rhetorician. At the beginning of his discourse his voice was pitched low and maintained the conversational tone, and his manner was deliberate. But the tone changed pitch and increased in vocal quantity as he advanced, while, of course, all his physical movements became more animated, and the close of the discourse never failed in rhetorical and oratorical climax. Not the native speaking gifts alone of its preachers must be considered in accounting for the power of the Methodist Church with the people, but the attention given by its leaders to the problem of effective public speaking, rhetorically and oratorically, from the time of Wesley, who in his efforts to guide his preachers laid much emphasis upon its importance, and on into the beginning of the last century.

The sermon published in Pulpit Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century, on the omnipresence of God, can hardly convey an adequate impression of what was most characteristic in Dr. Durbin's preaching. The rhetoric of his day is not so acceptable, nor is it represented so easily in printed form, as that of our own day, and its oratory slips through the hands of the printer. The didactic portion of the sermon is clear and discriminating, but is not at all striking because its thought is obvious and common. The introduction fails somewhat in pertinence and is of a composite and complex character and does not put us in possession of the subject advantageously. The opening negative topic that discusses men's natural tendency to shut God out of his world is not important to the discussion of the positive truth and adds nothing to its value. But when the preacher reaches the applicatory part of the sermon we begin to feel his power. The success of the sermon is in the force with which he drives home to the consciences of his hearers the thought of the searching ubiquity of God.

Of Bishop Simpson Dr. Brastow says:

He was the successor of Dr. Durbin in the impressional type of preaching in which they were alike distinguished. Their general homiletic methods were similar. Their intellectual endowments were not unlike. Both had the tastes and the aspirations of men who saw that godliness and culture are not natural enemies. They wrestled hard for their education and such as was possible in their day they won. Both were committed to the intellectual elevation of the church and of its pulpit. As college professors and presidents, and as editors, as well as in the service of the pulpit, they both did a needed educational work for their church, and in all their efforts they never forgot the spiritual interests of the people, nor the special mission to which their church was called. But the bishop was on the whole the larger moulded man and reached a higher measure of power. He was the great preacher of his church in the last century.

In his case also the published products fail to give a full impression of his greatness as a preacher. It is the fate of the evangelistic preacher that his gifts leave no adequate trace behind, save in the souls they have touched. But such discourses as we have must be our basis of estimate.

In looking at the subject-matter of Bishop Simpson's preaching, our attention is at once arrested by a certain largeness of range, and in its broad sweep it is interesting and impressive. It gives one the impression of a man who deals easily with large themes and who domesticates large thoughts. It is not depth or subtlety of thought. It is not novelty, freshness, or suggestiveness, but size and range. His illustrations have a corresponding largeness. Astronomy, which in professorial days he may have taught, is one of his most fruitful sources of illustration. The stately, majestic movements of nature in general strongly impressed him. Military movements are tributary to his impressionable imagination. His most eloquent passages touch upon scenes that give a broad sweep for his fancy, like the passage of a soul in its flight to the heavenly world. The element of majesty in his rhetorical style is thus promoted. He was a student of history and had a fondness for dealing with the evidences of Divine Providence therein. Providence, as seen in human history, was in fact with him as with the preachers of the Methodist Church in general of a past generation a favorite theme. In his Christian apologetics he inclined strongly to the historic argument. He has much to say about God's grand designs and about the necessity of working in line with them and thus realizing one's destiny. In the appointments of our early life, as, for example,

in the birthplace, the early home, and in the sphere of early education, we see the hand of God. He saw the providences of his own life and liked to recount them. Others regarded him in early years as a man of destiny, and there is no evidence that his Arminian theology interposed any objection to the conception. "God's Reign on Earth" is one of his characteristic discourses. It opens in a broad way. It directs attention to the double movement of history, the progressive and the retrogressive. In each there appears at once the infinite mind. By contrast man also in his littleness appears. In a large, stately, and impressive way the psalmist's thought in his text is made to pass expansively before us. The theme is big. The discussion moves along a broad track. In the magnitudes and not less in the minutenesses of the universe we are given to see the presence of the great controlling mind. And as he enters the fields of history and threads its intricate paths, we have the same broad, free movement as in a territory that solicits great emotions and great imaginings. This suggestion of largeness is impressive, and the free method of delivery must have intensified the impressiveness. Most of the sermons in the volume have this suggestion of largeness. They touch the great things of God. A glance at the titles suggests a man who is accustomed to deal with the great compelling realities of redemptive religion. They were probably occasional sermons that were frequently repeated and that grew in the process. Their dimensions may in part be thus accounted for. The range of choice in the themes is not large. He concentrates upon what is chief and central, but he is led wide rangingly. In the development of the individual sermon he seems to be on familiar ground. He had often been that way, and in his broad sweep he never involves himself in intricacies or subtleties of thought. There was, therefore, the suggestion of ease about it all, the ease of familiarity. There is a corresponding clearness of method. Thought in its largeness of outline comes before us. All is apprehensible and intelligible even to the uninstructed mind. This is not a matter of literary style. It belongs to the substance and the relations of thought. It illustrates the fact that concrete, clearly related thought in outline is tributary to rhetorical perspicuity. About the discussion there may linger a certain suggestion of inadequacy. It is rather too large. The generalizations are too big. One may feel a lack of critical acumen. One suspects that in such wide-ranging movement much that is important has dropped out and is lost sight of. There is also at times a suggestion of remoteness—we are taken too far afield. We are always somewhere in God's great and good universe and it is always our Father's house, but we sometimes find ourselves too far from our own doors. The preacher does not always come near enough to our common life. It is not always opened and interpreted. The preacher likes to deal with the divine rather than with the human aspect of things, and with the exceptional rather than with the common experiences. Hence sometimes the suggestion of unsatisfactoriness. There are every day experiences that he does not touch. The occasional character of the sermons may account for this in part. But all this is exceptional. His great and tender emotional nature, his large, human sympathies, generally force his great themes out into relation with our life at definite touching points and then there is a great uplift. A great theme charged with great emotions is brought to bear upon us with tremendous vigor. It storms the heart. In his delineations, for example, of the glories of the heavenly life, in his descriptions of the experiences of the dying, his reminders of the supporting power of Christ in hours of suffering, in his illustrations of the power of the Holy Spirit in Christian experience, in his descriptions of the sufferings of Christ and of the glory of the cross, we find the home-speaking quality. With such themes he was familiar. Here all his power of eloquence

emerged, and with perfect poise he could hold himself in the highest heights which it is given human speech to reach. To know the power of such themes, to evoke the preacher's emotional and imaginative gifts, and to move the human heart, we must return to the men of a generation gone. Bishop Simpson comes near to us in scenes that evoke his pathos. Domestic scenes, the death scene, the mother love, the pitiful estate of the widow and the orphan—these are among the sources of pathos which we miss in the preaching of our day, or if they are touched, we miss the master's skill.

As to the architecture of the sermon it is in its technique after the most approved standard. The introduction is short, explanatory in character, or a generalized thought started by the theme and running on to the exposition of the text. By frequent repetitions the text is kept constantly before the mind. The transitions are skillful and are promotive of the freedom and flow of the discourse. The development is methodical and never stereotyped. Variety in the formularies of transition takes the place of numerical division. He is a topical preacher, with a preference for the textual development.

The personality of Bishop Simpson was commanding. His presence was impressive. His voice was sympathetic and penetrating. The sincerity, the seriousness, the dignity of the man, his power of emotion and of sympathy, and his strength of moral purpose—all were tributary to the sometimes overwhelming cogency and persuasiveness of his speech. His rhetorical style had steadiness of movement, stateliness, strength, clearness, simplicity, and dignity. He was master in the use of a type of figurative language with which the modern rhetorician is not at home. In the descriptive and narrative style he excelled and in the speech of pathos and passion he was irresistible. We are often reminded of Wesley as we read his discourses. Mr. Wesley was the more cogent in the intellectual elements of power, Bishop Simpson in the imaginative and emotional. But the men were not unlike. It is said that all great religious revolutions foster clearness, simplicity, and directness of style. Wesley's revolution illustrated this. Bishop Simpson's Yale Lectures on Preaching are of special value in giving us an insight into the sources of his pulpit power, in their exaltation of the great themes of the gospel as containing the only adequate message for the preacher, in their effective advocacy of the evangelistic type of preaching, and in their many judicious hints with respect to the preacher's work of preparation.

In his inaugural address as college president, when he was but twenty-nine years of age, we find an early indication of his tendency to grapple with the broad outlines of his subjects, of which mention has been made, and of the maturity and the comprehensiveness of his views upon educational problems. In the address at the memorial meeting in London in recognition of the death of President Garfield we have an illustration of his power to grasp the elements of a dramatic situation and of the instinct and skill of the platform orator in swaying the emotions and sympathies of a vast congregation. His address in connection with the funeral obsequies of President Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, three weeks after the assassination, is a masterpiece of its kind. He illustrates the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." It is said of him that "the human interests of every occasion were instantly perceived by him." This is certainly true of this impressive address. It touches upon the scenes, the experiences, the associations, the events, that are of common human interest and that bind the hearts of men together. In its orderly movement to a climax it has the quality of the old classical oration, and in its descriptive skill, not only as touching outward scenes, but inner states of soul as well, and in its elements of pathos, it is after the best manner of modern oratory.

THE ARENA

DR. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL'S BARROWS LECTURES IN INDIA

In December last, while attending the session of the South India Conference in Hyderabad, it was my good fortune to hear a remarkable lecture by Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, the president of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. It was one of the course of six lectures which he had recently delivered in Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, and, I think, in other cities: he had also given one or more of the lectures in several other places. They were the lectures of the "Barrows Course," under the auspices of the University of Chicago, to be given in India, the title of the course having been fixed in honor of Dr. John H. Barrows, of Chicago, through whose influence it was founded by Mrs. Caroline Heiskell, and who delivered the first series of lectures in it. Dr. Hall was the lecturer four years ago, when he spoke on "The Idea of God; The Person of Christ as the Supreme Manifestation of God; Sin and the Sacrifice of Christ; Holiness; Immortality." His lectures made so strong an impression both in India and in America that he was sent out a second time.

The title of the recent course, "The Witness of the Oriental Consciousness to Jesus Christ," reminds me of the suggestive subject of a series of "Hulsean" lectures by Archbishop Trench on "The Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom." "All roads lead to Rome," and all genuine religious thinking points to Calvary. These lectures are not the easiest sort of summer vacation reading. Their author deals with very abstruse subjects in a profoundly philosophical and often metaphysical way. They need to be read and reread, and considered, and then, after a while, read again. Hearing him is less difficult, because of his magnetic personality, his deliberate and perfect enunciation and his fine intellectual glow. Yet it is an emphatic tribute to the increasing respect for Christianity that lectures so abstruse and difficult of full comprehension should have been heard with interest by such thronged audiences of educated Hindus and Mohammedans. He prefaces the published lectures with the following graceful dedication: "To thoughtful Indians of all faiths these lectures are dedicated respectfully by a citizen of the West who believes in the unity of the human race and who looks with reverence on the India of the past, with affection on the India of the present, and with ardent expectation on the India of the future." He introduces the first lecture with Pauline skill thus: "Four years have passed since the happy moment when, for the first time, I saw India and looked into the intellectual countenances of her people. That moment was a point of consummation in my life. It fulfilled the dream of childhood, the hope of youth, the prayer of riper years. I know not why it has pleased God, from the beginning of my days, to knit my heart to India. So it has

been, and so it is. I landed here a stranger to find myself among brethren. The scenes that passed before my eyes were unfamiliar; but the voice that welcomed me to a brotherhood of the spirit, was the old, sweet voice of love. The Orient was a new world, yet in the companionship of the Oriental Consciousness I felt at home. Your attitude, no less than your spirit, made my way throughout India a path of privilege. Courtesy, patient hearing, the generosity of tolerance were your Godspeed to me everywhere." The general purpose of the lectures is thus stated: "*First.* To analyze the Oriental Consciousness from the point of view of an outside observer in sympathy with his subject. Attempts to analyze Oriental Consciousness have been made by those not in full sympathy therewith. The effort of the lecturer undertaken reverently, with a view to exhibiting the presence of sublime elements. *Secondly.* To unfold certain metaphysical aspects of the Christian religion which are characteristic of it. These aspects frequently hidden by forms and institutions, which, while useful, must be discriminated from the underlying things of the Spirit. *Thirdly.* To exhibit the significance for the world of this correspondence between the sublime elements of Oriental Consciousness and the profoundly mystical aspects of the Christian religion." The titles of the several lectures are as follows: "Elements of Sublimity in the Oriental Consciousness," "The Mystical Element in the Christian Religion," "The Witness of God in the Soul," "The Witness of the Soul to God," "The Distinctive Moral Grandeur of the Christian Religion," "The Ministry of the Oriental Consciousness in a World-wide Kingdom of Christ." It may fairly be questioned whether the title of the first lecture can be justified. One cannot read it, however, without thinking of Paul's complimentary mood on Mar's Hill, when he told the Athenians that he perceived that they were "religiously inclined," and quoted one of their own poets, "We are also his offspring." But the Indians are not so bluntly told, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you." Moreover, the American orator's encomiums are far more elaborate, profuse, unqualified and repetitious than the apostle's. "Sublimity" is a great word—the climax of words. Edmund Burke taught us that alike in the realm of natural scenery and in that of intellectual conception lofty characterization could no further go. Our author thus introduces this topic: "From that most ancient and most complex psychological mystery, which I have called the Oriental Consciousness, I select four elements, each of which produces upon my Western powers of apprehension the impression of sublimity. They are these: The Contemplative Life, The Presence of the Unseen, Aspiration toward Ultimate Being, the Sanctions of the Past." All these are, indeed, profoundly interesting elements of Oriental thought. The persistency with which they have for so many ages held sway in countless millions of deeply thinking and aspiring minds is one of the salient *facts* in human history, of which philosophy must take account just as it takes account of the primeval granite or of the Roman empire. But are they "sublime"? No doubt an Oriental audience would be highly gratified by such Occidental praise of the East in comparison with the West, but

would it not be bolstered up in a vanity little likely to draw it toward Him who is "meek and lowly in heart"?

I have no such criticism to suggest concerning the chief contention of these lectures, namely, that the mystical element of the Oriental Consciousness peculiarly qualifies it to interpret God to the world, and may yet enable it to contribute a fresh and greatly needed spiritual apprehension of Jesus Christ to the too coolly intellectual and materialistic Western nations. On this point the argument largely turns; so here the author must speak for himself freely and fully: "One may say that no single phenomenon of the religious consciousness has been so universally shared by the scattered members of the human family as the phenomenon of mysticism. It is one of the most elemental evidences of the essential unity of the human race that, in all ages and in all lands, we find the same characteristic movement of the religious consciousness—the effort 'to get to the center of life, which is God himself.'" "A German scholar thus speaks: 'Mysticism is the immediate feeling of the unity of the self with God. It is nothing, therefore, but the fundamental feeling of religion, the religious life at its very heart and center.' Here is the testimony of a Scotch scholar: 'Mysticism is a phase of thought, or rather, perhaps, of feeling, that appears in connection with the endeavor of the human mind to grasp the Divine essence, or the ultimate reality of things, and to enjoy the blessedness of actual communion with the Highest. God ceases to be an object, and becomes an experience.' And here is the corroborating voice of a great scholar of Northern Africa centuries ago: 'Oh, God, thou hast made us for thyself, and our souls are restless till they rest in thee.'" "The first principle, the Magna Charta of Mysticism, is that you and I, being in our spirits the offspring of God, may attain a communion with him that is not mediated by churches, institutions, ceremonies, and priests, but is direct and absolute; we abiding in him, he abiding in us." "The words of Browning must have occurred to you as I have been speaking:

> Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
> There is an inmost center in us all
> Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
> Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
> This perfect, clear conception—which is truth."

"Innumerable Christian mystics have said: 'I have *experienced* God.'" "The world needs the impulse of minds approaching the Christian religion untrammelled by the ponderous mass of Western forms; endowed with ardor and passion, with insight and intellectual capacity, with vast assurance of the unseen, with insatiable thirst for knowledge of God. The world needs, specifically, the impulse of such minds, to reaffirm as a controlling force in Christian religion that which was its pristine glory, the mystical apprehension of the Christ of God. The Oriental Consciousness generates such minds: the wealth of your soul-quality produces them. You have what the world needs, what the world waits for. Can you

wonder then, my friends, if I, a lover of the world, come to you and summon you, in Christ's name?"

Would not most of these utterances have found quick echo in the soul of John Wesley? and are they not in harmony with his teaching on the "Witness of the Spirit"? During the India Jubilee at a meeting devoted to the consideration of the suggestive topic, "Facing the Future," Bishop Oldham made a brief and brilliant address in which he spoke of Japan as the *brain*, China as the *hands*, and India as the *heart* of Asia; and on the third point his statements were precisely on the line of Dr. Hall's lectures.

The estimate of our missionaries—so far as I have been able to ascertain it—agrees with that of the editor of The Indian Witness: "Dr. Hall's graceful eloquence, his clear and forcible thinking and sympathetic attitude to Oriental thought and feeling won him not only the admiration but also the confidence of the large audiences that gathered at his lectures. . . . Men like Dr. Hall, who, without compromising their own position in the least are able to understand and sympathize with the attitude of others, are specially fitted for rendering excellent service and should be heartily welcomed. In many Indian quarters where one would least expect it there is still a surprising ignorance of what Christianity really is, and there are among Europeans who have lived in India many years no less vague ideas of Hindu thought and feeling. To all such Dr. Hall's lectures afford a special opportunity, because he has come not to widen the contrast but to show the deep spiritual connection between East and West; his aim is in his Master's spirit—not to destroy but to fulfill. Such men are true light-bearers both for the individual and for the community at large."

Dr. Hall closes his final lecture with words no less graceful and ingratiating than those with which he opened the course—words which fitly sum up his chief purpose in the entire course: "Gentlemen and friends, my message is delivered. Faulty and feeble though it be, it is yet the word of one who loves India as few Occidentals have loved her. It may be that never again I shall visit this land. In the course of time I shall pass from the earth into that unseen, upon which in common we love to meditate. But were I to return from some other world to visit you, my counsel and exhortation would be unchanged: Receive Jesus Christ as the Word—the Logos of the Infinite—who reveals in sacrifice the heart of God. Honor him, indeed, as a Sage who comes not to destroy but to fulfill your traditional aspirations. But do more than that: worship him as a Saviour who enters the circle of consciousness to make all things new, purging away the lusts of sin. Then go forth as his prophets and make him known eastward and westward, dedicating your splendid gifts to him for the world's sake. until his kingdom come and his will be done, in earth as it is in heaven!"

Cyrus D. Foss.

Singapore, February 23, 1907.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JUDE—CONTINUED FROM MAY-JUNE REVIEW, 1907

THESE quotations either illustrate or enforce the point which the writer has in view. Enoch is here described in general terms as the "seventh generation from Adam." He is commended in chapter 11 of Hebrews as an example of faith in the earliest ages of the church. His prophetic eye looked into the future and foresaw the coming of our Lord to judgment. The certainty of penalty should, according to Jude, be a warning for them to desist from ungodly practices. The coming of the Lord was not only a coming for judgment upon sinners but for conviction of their sinfulness. It is characteristic of the worst sinners that they have no idea of their own wickedness and hence "there is no fear of God before their eyes." So we read, verse 15,, "and to convict all the ungodly of all their works of ungodliness which they have ungodly wrought, and of all the hard things which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." This conviction is expressed by Christ himself to be the work of the Comforter, as in John 16. 8, we read, "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." At the final judgment described in Matthew 25 we are told that the sinners were convicted of sins that they had not discovered by the searching presence of the Son of Man. This prophecy in the text was an assurance that their transgression and impiety were to be revealed at the coming of the Lord.

Jude now completes his vivid arraignment of their sins in verse 16: "These are murmurers, complainers, walking after their lusts (and their mouth speaketh great swelling words), showing respect of persons for the sake of advantage." Their murmurings are against God whom they should reverence and obey. They complain of the unfortunate condition in which they find themselves, not recognizing that it is largely the result of their own wickedness. They speak boastfully of their own capabilities and achievements. Nevertheless they add to their guilt a supreme desire for their own interests.

This closes Jude's description of the character of those whom this epistle is intended to rebuke. It is a passage which at first may seem somewhat confused in its forms of expression and yet when closely analyzed is an exceedingly vivid presentation of a state of things against which by Divine Inspiration he was called to protest and which he does in words of such vigor and picturesqueness.

Verse 17 begins with tender suggestions and warnings: He again uses the word "beloved," a word which is employed in the second verse. The general tone of this epistle is severe, but the beginning and the end are gentle, showing how tender the heart of him who wrote it. He calls on those whom he is addressing to "remember." How many mistakes would be avoided by God's people if they would but remember! There

is always something that has gone before either of admonition or encouragement which would save us much distress did we but remember. Jude in this verse urges them to "remember the words which have been spoken before by the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is uncertain whether Jude intends to remind them of the general tendency of the apostolic teaching, which foretold the falling away of many and their departure from the teaching and the purity enjoined by the gospels, or whether it refers to some specific prediction, such as is found in Matthew, concerning the last times. It is safe to say, however, that the apostle is speaking in general terms and refers to both.

The substance of the warning is found in verse 18: "In the last time there shall be mockers walking after their own ungodly lusts. These are they who make separations, sensual, having not the spirit." There is a passage in Saint Peter strikingly resembling this which must have been in the mind or thought of Jude if this letter was written after that of Second Peter. It is 2 Pet. 3. 2, 3, 4 (R. V.): "That ye should remember the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and the commandment of the Lord and Saviour through your apostles: knowing this first, that in the last days mockers shall come with mockery, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming?" There is a striking phrase in the Revised Version characteristic of Hebrew emphasis, "mockers who shall come with mockery." This shows the excessive character of the mockery. Mockers may be supposed to be those who treated the prophetic utterances with disdain. It involves a certain contempt for sacred things and for sacred truth. The peculiar character of the mockery, however, is probably found in the last clause: "Where is the promise of his coming?" The expectation of the coming of Christ which was preached and held by the early church was treated by them with contemptuous disregard, and this was one of the indictments against them. They are further described in this passage as "those who make separations," probably such as separated themselves from God's people, thinking themselves superior, or those who caused divisions among the saints by fomenting strife and showing their own corrupt character. They are further described in verse 19 as "sensual," or, as the margin of the Revised Version reads, "natural" or "animal," that is, those who follow their own natural impulses unrestrained by God's commands and uninfluenced by God's grace. And all this is explained in the last clause of the verse, "having not the spirit."

In verse 20 he turns once more to the people whom he is addressing and calls them "beloved," and gives some beautiful suggestions. He speaks of "building up yourselves." There is a sense in which Christians, although born of God, indebted to God for everything, are said to build up themselves. They build up themselves by prayer, communion with God, meditation, the use of the means of grace, and the study of Divine Truth. God's Word is always edifying when properly studied. But it says also "building up yourselves in the most holy faith," which refers to Christian doctrine—that which they believe. They constantly strengthen their own faith in the great fundamentals of the Christian religion. They

are also to pray, "praying in the Holy Spirit." The Holy Spirit is vital to Christian prayer. There is a striking passage in Rom. 8. 26, which is illustrative of this: "Likewise the spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: But the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." They are further exhorted in verse 21 "to keep themselves in the love of God." This shows, again, that to "keep ourselves" is not inconsistent with being kept. We read in another passage, "kept by the power of God."

In verses 22 and 23 he exhorts them on their attitude toward those who have been described in the previous part of this letter. They are to be treated in accordance with their several conditions. "And on some have mercy, who are in doubt; and some save, snatching them out of the fire; and on some have mercy with fear; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." "On some have mercy who are in doubt." The meaning of this is quite uncertain. The alternative reading of the Revised Version is, "On some have mercy while they dispute with you." It must refer to the relations with those with whom you are in controversy. Exercise mercy toward their difficulties or doubts, or even their antagonisms. Others are to be rescued as brands from the burning, "snatching them out of the fire."

They are further to avoid contamination, "hating even the garments spotted by the flesh." This is thought by some to be a reference to the contamination produced by leprosy, as in Lev. 13. 47. As people avoid leprosy because of the danger of contamination, so these were to avoid the vicious or those whose character corresponded with leprosy, both contaminated and contaminating.

The doxology with which the Epistle of Jude closes is very striking. God is set forth as all powerful: "Now unto him who is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of his glory without blemish in exceeding joy." What a wealth of thought there expressive of God's great power! They shall not fall if they trust in him, because he preserves them. They shall be kept pure. They shall be set before his presence without blemish, and all this is ascribed to God. God is also set forth here as the Saviour. There are different passages of Scripture where God is designated as Saviour, notably in Luke 1. 47, "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," and also in Titus 1. 3, "according to the commandment of God our Saviour." But this assertion is followed immediately by the statement of the method by which this salvation is shown to men, namely, "through Jesus Christ our Lord," and closes with the ascription to God of "glory, majesty, dominion, and power before all time and now and forever more." Bigg truly says: "Before all eternity, glory was to God through Jesus Christ, and now is and to all the eternities, will be. Words can hardly express more clearly Jude's belief in the preëxistence and eternity of Christ." This doxology is similar in majesty and substance to the striking doxology in the epistle to the Romans (16. 25-27): "Now to him who is able to establish you according to my gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery which hath been kept in silence

through times eternal, but now is manifested, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the eternal God, is made known unto all the nations unto obedience of faith: to the only wise God, through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory for ever. Amen."

The doctrinal implications of this epistle are strikingly harmonious with the general tone of the Christian doctrine in the New Testament. Indeed, one would say that they are strikingly Pauline in their general tone. In the closing part of this letter we find clearly portrayed the personality of the Holy Spirit, "praying in the Holy Spirit." This is analogous to the teachings of the Gospels as well as the epistles. He is represented as inditing their prayers and being the sphere in which prayer is exercised. Hence the prayer to the Holy Spirit and for the Holy Spirit is a part of the conception of the Christian faith. We find also clearly set forth the doctrine of God's love. While this book clearly indicates the justice of God in his punishment of wrongdoing, shown by the historical references occupying the very center of the letter, while the Lord is represented as coming with "ten thousand of the saints to execute judgment upon all," we have a clear statement of the love of God, which means the love of God toward us, such as is found in other parts of the New Testament. There is also a clear expression of the blessed outcome of the Christian life, namely, eternal life. It is through the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ that his life is atoned and it is the mercy of Christ to which we are exhorted to look. There is also set forth in this part of the letter the danger of stumbling and the necessity of divine strength to prevent the Christian from apostasy. Many other passages of the New Testament warn believers against departing from the faith. At the same time he sets forth in unmistakable terms the ability and readiness of God to protect his people, so that none need to fall but all may be safely kept in the fear and love of God. The greatness of God is set forth in unmistakable terms. The final doxology represents God under four different terms, significant of highest greatness and glory. This word "glory" has different meanings in different passages, but its general meaning is a splendor which manifests itself in some way. It has been fitly translated "manifested splendor." God is represented as possessing majesty. This may refer to exaltation of character, elevation in position above all others. He is represented as having dominion. This refers particularly to government. He is King and Ruler of the world. All nations are under his sway. All kings are subject to his rule. Coupled with dominion God is always represented as having power. Power may be directed for either good or bad ends. God's power is directed to the highest ends. Eternity is ascribed to him and also to the Son. The language here is very expressive, "before all time and now and for evermore." The first clause carries the thought back to the eternal past, the second covers all that may be known under the "now," and the last clause covers all coming time. So that the past, present, and future belong to God. God in the teaching of Jude is all glorious, all majestic, with universal dominion, absolute power, eternity of being. These great characteristics are but the expression of God's boundless love.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE TOMB OF QUEEN TYI

EGYPT continues to be the scene of unusual activity in the field of excavation and archæology. The rapidity with which fresh specimens are brought to the New Museum at Cairo is surprising and extremely gratifying to all students of Egyptology. As might be expected, most of the objects unearthed are from tombs and burial places in the valley of the Nile. No people were more jealous of the sanctity of the tomb or took greater precautions for the protection of the body after death than the ancient Egyptians. No expense was spared nor labor avoided which could defy the intrusion of grave robbers, and yet no tombs have been so ruthlessly invaded in all ages of the world from gray antiquity to our own century as those in the land of the Pharaohs. Grave robbing has ever been a fine art in this land of magnificent sepulchers. The explanation is easy, for were not the costly sepulchral furniture, the gold, the precious stones wrought into mummy cloths and coffins, as well as the golden trinkets of all description deposited in the coffins and tombs, strong temptations to ghoulish practices? The robbing of a tomb in ancient Egypt might be compared to the robbing of a bank in modern times. Indeed, it is said that even the undertakers while preparing the body for its last resting place were skilled in abstracting objects from the remains of those intrusted to them professionally.

In recent years the fellahin, or Egyptian peasants, have vied with the scientific explorer in digging for treasure and in getting possession of the valuables which had escaped the tomb despoilers of antiquity. The fellahin, fully aware of the commercial value of objects of real antiquity, are always on the alert, and notwithstanding the great watchfulness of the Egyptian officials, often get possession of many a valuable specimen. The discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets by a peasant woman is a noted example. The scientific excavator, working, it is true, in the interest of knowledge, is the most ruthless of all grave robbers, for nothing is allowed by him to pass unnoticed. He makes a clean thing of it. Not a shred of mummy cloth, or any article buried with the dead, is left to tempt another set of raiders. Every piece of stone, metal, wood, and even the very dust of ages is subjected to the most careful scrutiny —yes, everything is carted away. A correspondent in a recent number of The Nation, writing on the spot, has some very interesting observations on the work now going on in the Nile Valley. Among other things he says: "At one of the great excavations which I visited a vertical section seventy feet deep had been cut through the burial places of six successive civilizations, terminating with the Greek, Roman, Coptic, and recent. Skulls grinned at us from every corner, limb bones lay about in profusion; at one point twenty or more coffins were huddled side by side."

What a splendid way for studying history! The bones and skulls thus unearthed are subjected to the most accurate scientific observation; so, too, are all the objects in the several strata. The skilled archæologist, having already classified the various objects, is tolerably satisfied as to the chronological order. Here for the past few years have toiled the leading archæologists of Europe and America so as to force the silent tombs to yield up their ancient secrets. No sooner is an object found than it is photographed and studied. Thus in case of loss either by exposure to the air, careless handling, or theft, or what not, scholars everywhere have the satisfaction of having a very correct description as well as an exact reproduction.

It is very gratifying to the United States that among the best workers in Egypt today are a number of those exploring in the interest of the museums of our own country. The best known of these are Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, Dr. Reisner, and Dr. Lythgoe, both alumni of Harvard, the former working for his alma mater and the Boston Museum of Arts, the latter under the direction of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. These gentlemen, having an experience of several years and very enthusiastic, are thoroughly equipped for their tasks.

From the very nature of things luck or chance plays an important rôle in excavations, for no one can tell beforehand what spot may or may not contain rich treasure. Though many have done, during the past few years, yeoman service, it will be readily conceded by all that Theodore M. Davis, of New York, favorably known to students of Egyptology, has added more laurels to his already brilliant garland than any other in his field of work. Our readers will recall that he discovered at Thebes in 1904 the tomb of Tua and Ua, the parents of Queen Tyi, the mother of Amen-hotep IV, often known as the "Heretic King." Encouraged by the extraordinary rich find in that tomb, Mr. Davis, with the coöperation of Mr. E. R. Ayrton, made a thorough examination of the adjacent ground in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. These efforts were crowned with success, for early this year they came upon another royal tomb far eclipsing the grandeur of that of Tua and Ua. This was none other than the tomb of Tyi, the most celebrated queen of Egyptian history. Though Tyi had returned with her son, the king, from Thebes to the new capital at El-Amarna, where the latter died and was buried, she, for some reason, was interred near the tomb of her parents at Thebes, and not with her son at the new capital. Her royal sepulcher is a large, square room, cut out of the solid rock, and like most tombs in this vicinity, is reached by a series of steps. The dust of ages to the depth of twenty feet had gathered over the sepulcher. Water had in some way percolated the rocks above. This accounts for the condition of many of the articles found in the tomb. Some of the wooden objects and the mummy itself had been greatly damaged; the latter fell to pieces when subjected to an examination on the twenty-sixth day of last January. Otherwise, if Mr. Davis's opinion be correct, the tomb when opened by him a few weeks ago was in precisely the same condition as when, millenniums before, it

had been left by the Theban priests, who had broken into it, in order to wreak their vengeance upon the memory of a king who had been such a disturbing element in the religious circles of ancient Egypt, and who, temporarily at least, had changed the state religion from polytheism to monotheism, that is, to the worship of the sun or solar disk.

The tomb of Queen Tyi reveals a wonderful state of affairs. Though broken into and profaned, it was not for the purpose of robbery. Though this tomb was exceedingly rich in its furnishings, in gold, jewels, and precious stones—for no tomb so far discovered has yielded so much valuable treasure—it does not seem that a single object of value has been taken. When Mr. Davis opened the tomb the entire floor was literally covered with gold leaf, gold plate and other costly articles. Desecration was written on every side, and yet no trace of robbery could be found. It has been conjectured that this sepulcher with all its rich contents was regarded by the Theban priests as unclean or polluted, for no doubt all therein had been dedicated to a god or gods hostile or foreign to their pantheon. Be that as it may, it is quite clear that the object of breaking into this tomb was not robbery but a desire to erase the memory and name of Amen-hotep IV from the annals of history. Tyi's mummy had been turned over in order to make it possible to cut out the name of her son, engraved on the gold sheet upon which her body rested. So too every place where the name of Amen-hotep IV had been inserted or engraved was cut out or mutilated. The figure of the king had likewise been destroyed, though that of his mother remained unmolested. It is also a well-known fact that the grave of Amen-hotep IV at El-Amarna was desecrated and that the mummy itself was torn to shreds. Thus it has been inferred that the object in both tombs was to blot out all traces of a king who had wrought such a havoc in the religion of his subjects. But someone may ask, why destroy the memory of the king and not that of his mother too, who had so influenced her son? The answer to this can only be a matter of conjecture. Queen Tyi was a foreigner, probably a Semite, who, when she came to Egypt, brought with her the religion of her fathers, just in the same way that the foreign wives of Solomon introduced their gods and modes of worship to Jerusalem. As in Judea, so in Egypt too such a course must have been exceedingly distasteful to all orthodox priests. We can easily conceive of such toleration. When, however, the king himself forsook the gods of his fathers and attempted to force the introduction of foreign worship, no wonder that there was a popular uprising, inspired by the influential priests of Thebes. Rebellion against such innovation was perfectly natural, and when the monarch was dead nothing less than a complete obliteration of his name and memory could satisfy the religious zeal of the priests in their effort to reëstablish the ancient faith which had been temporarily superseded.

There are several things in the tomb of Tyi which favor the conclusions already accepted by some of the best Egyptologists, namely, that Queen Tyi could not have been of Egyptian origin. We find no sarcophagus, as is usually found in Egyptian tombs, but instead there was an elaborate catafalque. It was on this canopied platform that the

mummy was deposited. The sides of this structure were richly adorned with gold plate and inscribed with many hieroglyphs, enumerating the glorious deeds and virtues of Queen Tyi. The worship of the solar disk is prominently brought out, in much the same designs as those found at El-Amarna. This catafalque bears abundant evidence of the priests' wrath, who had broken into the tomb. Many of the boards used in its construction had been wrenched from their places and laid up against the sides of the tomb. The gold-encrusted bier on which the coffin had rested was in a very dilapidated condition, though the coffin itself, a superb example of the jeweler's work, remained intact; we say jeweler's work because the wood of the coffin is "entirely covered with a frame of gold inlaid with lapis-lazuli, cornelian and green glass." The mummy, wrapped up in sheets of gold, the bracelets and necklace of the same metal, but richly inlaid with costliest jewels, as well as several other articles in the tomb, bear eloquent testimony to the love of the king for his mother, for two inscriptions inform us that the sepulcher, with all its furnishings, was the gift of Khu-en-aten, or Amen-hotep IV. Perhaps the most interesting of all the objects discovered in the tomb is an Egyptian crown, which no doubt had been worn by Tyi herself. This, too, is of solid gold, without any additional ornamentation. "It is at once simple and exquisitely fashioned, and represents the royal vulture holding a signet-ring in either talon, while its wings surround the head and are fastened to the tips behind by a pin." Other objects of rarest value were four portraits of the queen of exquisite workmanship on alabaster. These served as covers for the four canopic jars, common in Egyptian tombs, which were made to hold the principal intestines of the deceased. Here, too, we see a departure from the orthodox Egyptian customs, which required that each of the four canopic jars should be covered with the head of one of the four deities ruling the netherworld. Khu-en-aten, who was responsible for the furniture of this grave, replaced the heads of the four gods by four beautifully carved portraits of his mother, Queen Tyi. Mr. Davis and those most competent to judge regard these carved heads as the most perfect specimens of the plastic art so far discovered among the art treasures of ancient Egypt. Maspero, the director of the Museum at Cairo, being so pleased with this last discovery of Mr. Davis, has presented the successful excavator with one of these canopic jars. Some museum in the United States may, therefore, become the ultimate possessor of this unique specimen.

There are many other objects of less value, such as articles in faïence, vases, ring-stands, toilet-boxes, etc. One of these smaller vases is of exquisite design and workmanship, equaling anything of the kind in Greek art.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Henri Monnier. There is little room for doubt that Jesus is and has been considered too exclusively as a problem. And yet, unless we are to stultify our intellects, Jesus must be in some measure a problem to every educated Christian. Monnier feels this, and tries to deal with the practical issues of the intellectual apprehension of Jesus. The study of Jesus as a problem is tributary to the influence of Jesus in the life of the world. What he has to say on this subject may be found in his *La Mission Historique de Jésus* (The Historical Mission of Jesus), Paris, Fischbacher, 1906. We cannot say that Monnier has helped us to a self-consistent view of Jesus. He has given utterance to the strangest contradictions relative to him. For example, he holds to the preëxistence of Christ, founding upon that fact his marvelous understanding of religious truth, yet he seems to find in the apocalyptic ideas of the time of Jesus the source of the ideas of Jesus himself. Both of these things cannot be true. Of course, if we make his preëxistence the cause of his religious insight, we seem to rob him of true humanity by disallowing that he was in any true sense the product of his time. On the other hand, if we allow that he received any considerable portion of his ideas from his age, we seem to deny the special divine source of his knowledge. Both ideas seem to be necessary if we are to preserve both his deity and his humanity. Nevertheless, we cannot combine them as Monnier does. The only way by which they can be combined is some form of *kenosis*. And, in fact, whatever theoretical objections may be urged against the *kenosis*, that doctrine is necessary if we are to hold at once to the preexistence of Christ and to the portraiture of him as given in the Gospels. At still another point Monnier seems to be in error, although he is in accord with the majority of scholars. He thinks that Jesus anticipated his own second coming in clouds of glory in the very near future. He will not allow that this was not the thought of Jesus himself but merely the understanding of his words on the part of his disciples. Yet, if we leave out of account what we find on the second advent outside the reported words of Jesus, those words can be made to apply to no event much later than the destruction of Jerusalem, and the event must, in the nature of the case, be a spiritual one. The only difficulty in the way of this interpretation is found in the words concerning the coming in the clouds of heaven, etc. But by all analogy those words cannot be taken literally, but must be regarded as the figurative clothing of a spiritual reality. This particular form of the spiritualistic interpretation of the apocalyptic words of Jesus is not a subterfuge designed to escape thinking of Jesus as in error, though it does save him from this, but grows out of the very words of Jesus compared with the actual facts of history. On the whole, however, Monnier stands for a sane interpretation of the

gospel records relative to Jesus. To him Jesus is final authority on religion and morals, and his gospel will never be superseded. When men of today, with hobbies to ride, complain that Jesus did not forestall the necessity of modern discussion, Monnier points out that all that is worthy in modern social progress is the direct result of the life and teachings of Jesus, although he did not deal with our problems in a direct way. In this sense of the words Monnier's position is true, that it is not the historical Christ but the spirit that goes out from him and pervades human hearts that is the true conqueror of the world. Still, while in a sense it is true it is in a larger sense false. The spirit of Jesus is the all-important fact concerning Jesus, as the spirit of anyone else is, but in no case can we think of the spirit of anyone except in connection with the person himself.

Ernst Troeltsch. Ours is an age in which the most startling propositions are announced, and it must be said that generally they are untenable in proportion as they are revolutionary of previous thought. Of this Troeltsch is an illustration. He has recently contributed a section to a general work by several authors on the subject of the civilization of our day, his subject being *Die Bedeutung des Protestantismus für die Entstehung der modernen Welt* (The Significance of Protestantism for the Beginning of the Modern World). He has published the substance of this in a separate pamphlet of 66 pages through R. Oldenbours, München. Troeltsch begins by showing how divergent are the estimates of Romanists and Protestants, and then raises the question what is meant by the term "Protestantism." Answering, he says we must distinguish between old and new Protestantism. New Protestantism arose out of the eighteenth century and is itself a part of modern civilization. Old Protestantism can be regarded as only one of the causes of the new. Old Protestantism was a part of the civilization that rested upon a strict ecclesiastical supernaturalism, an immediate authority capable of being clearly distinguished from earthly authority, and sought to establish this civilization of the middle ages more firmly than was possible to the hierarchical institution of that period. The authority of the Bible was able to confirm this more thoroughly than the authority of the bishops and the Pope. Old Protestantism is also to be distinguished from the humanistic, historical, philologic-philosophical theology and from several other phenomena of that same general period. Under such circumstances it is plain, thinks Troeltsch, that old Protestantism could not have prepared the way for the modern world. On the other hand, it appears as the renewal and strengthening of the old civilization based on authority. Its influence in forming the modern world is therefore indirect, and in many cases contrary to the wish and expectation of the old Protestants. Therefore Troeltsch thinks that as we cannot find in old Protestantism the conditions which could have led to the production of the modern world, those conditions must be sought in forces existing prior to, or, at any rate, independent of, the Reformation, such as pietism,

rationalism, and, above all, the idealism of the classic poets and philosophers. This judgment of old Protestantism is certainly quite the reverse of that hitherto held by its friends and foes. It appears that Troeltsch has confused spirit and form, sowing and reaping. There can be no doubt that early Protestantism held fast to forms then regarded as essential; but it is equally certain that the principles of Protestantism were in contradiction to those forms. In time they were certain to result in emancipation. Troeltsch has committed the error of regarding the forms into which the organized life of Protestantism was early cast as Protestantism, whereas the principles of individual liberty of interpretation, and of the direct responsibility of the individual to God, were the very substance of Protestantism. He has also failed to discern that the full fruition of a seed cannot be expected at once. Luther and the men of his time did not carry out consistently all the implications of their own doctrines. That was impossible in the nature of things. Those implications were not then seen. Indeed, only the more discerning see them now, and of those who see them few would be willing to put them into effect at once. True, the early forms have no doubt had the effect of retarding the triumph of the principles; and these forms had to be bombarded by hostile forces before they could be broken down. In this sense, and in this alone, did rationalism prepare the way for new Protestantism. It simply helped old Protestantism to break its fetters and gradually to show itself in its true light.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Völkerpsychologie. Eine Untersuchung der Entwicklungsgesetze von Sprache, Mythus und Sitte. Zweiter Band: Mythus und Religion. Erster Theil. (The Psychology of Peoples. An Investigation of the Laws of Development of Language, Myth, and Customs. Second Volume: Myth and Religion. First Part.) By Wilhelm Wundt. Leipzig, W. Engelmann, 1905. The portion of the great work of which mention is here made falls into three chapters dealing respectively with The Phantasy, The Phantasy in Art, and The Myth-building Phantasy. As this third chapter has to do with the myth-building phantasy as it is related to religion, we will give the main points of this chapter only. Wundt takes up first mythological theories, or theories of mythology. This he treats first under the head of constructive mythology. He classes as constructive all such theories as hold that alleged primitive phenomena, such as fetishism, are a degeneration from a purer conception of God; also what he calls the theory of progress, which follows, for example, such orders as fetishism, polytheism, and monotheism; also the naturalistic theory with its soul myths and nature myths. All these "constructive" theories he regards as in some measure unsatisfactory. He next discusses the symbolical theory, according to which the myth is in reality akin to poesy and specific mythological ideas are closely related to poetical metaphors. This is the theory which makes the myth the symbolical

dress of religious ideas. Wundt regards all this as too unclear for scientific value. Then he takes up what he calls the rationalistic theory, according to which the myth is the naive treatment of theoretical or practical problems, thus making mythology a kind of primitive science. Next he considers the theories of analogy, migration, illusion, and suggestion. The migration theory is rejected on the ground that it is a phase of rationalism, according to which religious ideas were somehow or other invented by priestcraft. This, in turn, connects itself easily with the idea that such an invention took place at some place and then spread itself from that place over the whole human race. This theory, therefore, supports the doctrine that religion cannot be understood as the result of a universal peculiarity of human nature. But it is an established fact that the peculiarities of human phantasy, and the feelings and emotions which influence it, are, in their most essential elements, alike in men of all regions and countries, and that, therefore, no migration theory is necessary for the explanation of the similarity of all basic mythological ideas. Turning now to the positive side, Wundt gives us a preliminary discussion of his own view of the psychology of the myth. He notes here that whatever the differences of the theory of mythology may be they agree that the tendency to personify is an element in all mythological thinking, which clothes its objects with all the psychical capabilities belonging to human beings, such as perception, sensibility, volition. Another quality of mythological thinking is that it gives reality to its objects. Original creations of the myth-building phantasy are conceived as objective realities, not as subjective ideas merely. Primitive men regard their visions of human beings in dreams as the doubles of the human beings themselves, that is, as the souls of these human beings. This is the simplest of all the psychical factors of myth-building. It is the prime mover of all the rest. But immediately connected with it is the factor of association. This modifies the real impressions in the most manifold ways according to earlier or later experiences, departing farther and farther from the original, but without the slightest conception that this mental product is not an actual experience. This factor of association is unhindered by the ordinary connections of our thought. This leads to personification, as referred to above, in proportion as the association is unhindered.

Hegel, Haeckel, Kossuth und das zwölfte Gebot. Eine kritische Studie (Hegel, Haeckel, Kossuth and the Twelfth Commandment). By O. D. Chwolson. Vieweg und Sohn, Braunschweig, 1906. The author of this book is a professor in the Imperial University in Saint Petersburg. He has received European recognition as one of the ablest living writers on physics. Certain parts of this book, therefore, are worthy of the attention of all thoughtful readers. The book is primarily a discussion of the mutual approaches of philosophy and natural science. They really have much in common, and this was recognized some years ago with the hope that they would unite in the conquest of the world. This hope has been disappointed, and in its stead we have at present mutual con-

tempt and bitterness. Chwolson sums up his opinion as to the causes of this when he says that before one takes up his pen to write on a subject far removed from his own specialty he ought to study that subject with great diligence and conscientiousness. He thinks this "twelfth commandment"—"Thou shalt not write upon any subject without understanding it"—has been ignored, and hence the conflict above mentioned. He thinks that Haeckel in particular has been guilty in this respect. In examining Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe Chwolson strives to keep the twelfth commandment. He declines to discuss the problem of monism as championed by Haeckel because he has not studied it sufficiently to pronounce upon it. So he confines himself to those points in the Riddle which he has studied, reflected upon, and taught, for thirty years. The study of the Riddle has led to an unexpected result, namely, that so far from having a subordinate place his specialty was one of the fundamental elements of Haeckel's book. So he undertook to test everything in the book which pertained to physics. He did this in order to ascertain whether Haeckel had obeyed the twelfth commandment or whether he ventured to write about things he did not understand. He felt that by this examination he could probably decide whether Haeckel had obeyed or ignored this commandment, and so discover a clue to the true worth of what Haeckel said in treating of the historical, social, religious, and philosophical problems, in short of all not strictly biological problems, in the book. The outcome was most disastrous to the reputation of Haeckel for intellectual honesty. Chwolson finds that everything that Haeckel says in his treatment of questions of physics is false, rests upon misunderstanding, and betrays an almost incredible ignorance of the very elements of the subject. Even of the law which he himself proclaims as the guiding star of his philosophy he does not possess the knowledge of a school boy. Chwolson recognizes fully the ability of Haeckel in the field of biology; but deplores his entrance into a field with which he is unacquainted. In giving us this exposé of Haeckel's conscienceless proceeding in the Riddle on the subject of physics Chwolson has but done what philosophers, historians, biblicists, and theologians have done in their respective departments. Haeckel has employed his great reputation as a biologist to enforce among the half-educated his assaults upon Christianity. And the worst of it is that when his errors have been pointed out by specialists in each of these departments he has gone right on publishing edition after edition without any retractions. Surely there is as much need for obedience to the twelfth commandment as to any of the others.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Independent Catholics. Besides the Old Catholics there is a small denomination known as the Christian Catholics of Switzerland. They are doing a good work along general Christian lines. In Austria the Old Catholics are prospering. According to the report at the twenty-third synod, held in Gratz, August 15, 1906, the number of accessions

during the year was 2,589, and the number leaving the communion was 505, most of whom were connected with a single congregation in Prague in which an agitation in favor of union with the Russian-Orthodox Church caused many losses. From the beginning of the "Away from Rome" movement to the end of the year 1905 the number uniting with the Old Catholics is 10,817, the whole number of Old Catholics in Austria being now 23,000.

A Herrnhut Missionary on Islam. At a "mission week" held in Herrnhut in October, 1906, Dr. Lepsius declared that Islam is not an independent religion but a Jewish-Christian sect. Gnosticism bridged the way from Christianity to Islam. The Koran contains nothing of religious value not found in the Old and New Testaments, or in Jewish legends. Islam is still making conquests and thus hinders the spread of Christianity. One of the gigantic tasks of the Christian Church is to overcome this mighty force. This can be accomplished only by the aid of the Foreign Missionary Societies. There is no need of new societies for the purpose. The way to prevent the progress of Islam among heathens is to Christianize the heathen before Islam comes to them. In the direct attack upon Islam we have to do with a rationalistic theology, which we can overcome only as and when we can overcome rationalism at home. This view was not universally accepted by those present and created lively discussion.

Italian Christian Democrats. When it was proposed that they should hold a congress the Pope issued a bull forbidding it. But the congress was held in Milan in September, 1906. Count Gallorati-Scotti opened the congress with an address in which he said that he knew that the members of the Christian Democratic party were regarded as rebels; but they were not rebels against the essence of the dogmas of the Church, nor against the hierarchical authority in its divine mission on earth, nor yet against the commands of the Church. But they did rebel against that perverted conception of authority which undertook to mix in the national life; and against the ignorance which would hold the activities of a nation within ancient and outworn forms. Don Cervini declared that the doctrine of obedience which was taught the young led to inaction, and to hesitation when the crises of life came on. Instead he would have the young taught a genuine love for mankind, which left each individual free to exercise his own judgment in each case. When it is remembered that Don Cervini is one of the clergy the meaning of such language becomes more significant.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

AN exceptionally interesting issue of *The Bibliotheca Sacra* (Oberlin, Ohio) was the April number of that able quarterly. The first article, by Albert H. Currier, on "The Value and Uses of the Imagination in Preaching" urges the use of more illustrations in the pulpit, quoting from Henry Ward Beecher the following testimony given in the later years of his life: "While illustrations are as natural to me as breathing, I use fifty now to one in the early years of my ministry. I developed a tendency that was latent in me and educated myself in this respect; and that, too, by study and practice, by hard thought and by a great many trials, both with the pen, and extemporaneously by myself when I was walking here and there. Whatever I have gained in that direction is largely the matter of education."

From Maclaren, of Manchester, two samples of the art of illustrating are given: The first is concerning Paul's method of dealing with evil customs (which was also Christ's method): "Paul never said a word to encourage any precipitate attempts to change externals. He let slavery, he let war alone. . . . He believed in the diffusion of the principles which he proclaimed and the mighty name which he served as *able to girdle the poison-tree and take the bark off it, and that the rest—the slow dying—might be left to the work of time*." The second illustration is used to explain the potential good in things painful and to show how all things may work together for good to them that love God: "A true appreciation of all outward good and a charm against the bitterest sting of outward evils are ours . . . when we have learned to look upon our work as primarily doing His will, and upon all our possessions primarily as means for making us like himself. Most men seem to think they have gone to the very bottom of the thing when they have classified the gifts of fortune as good or evil, according as they produce pleasure or pain. But that is a poor, superficial classification. It is like taking and arranging books by their bindings. . . . The only question worth asking in regard to the externals of our life is—how far does each thing help me to be a good man? . . . How far does it make me capable of larger reception of greater gifts from God? What is its effect in preparing me for that world beyond? . . . To care whether a thing is painful or pleasant is as absurd as to care whether the bricklayer's trowel is knocking the sharp corner off a brick, or plastering mortar on the one below it before he lays it carefully on its course. *Is the building getting on?* That is the one question that is worth thinking about." The article truly says that the preacher should exhibit religion in all its attractiveness, because many persons have such misconceptions of it that, instead of being drawn to Christ and the life he calls them to, they are repelled from him and from the Christian life. Phillips Brooks is named as a preacher who made Christianity appear glorious. In his sermons the gospel is seen to be the most splendid thing in the world. The most heavenly motives

are brought to bear on the humblest duty, and not a fact or duty of life but is glorified by this heavenly light. Preaching on the text, "The truth shall make you *free*," and showing men that Christianity calls them to freedom and dignity and worthy living instead of to bondage and a contracted, meager, unattractive life, he says: "A man puts aside some sinfulness. He has been a drunkard, and he becomes a sober man. He has been a cheat, and he becomes a faithful man. He has been a liar, and he becomes a truthful man. He has been a profligate, and he becomes a pure man. What has happened to that man? Shall he simply think of himself as one who has entered upon a course of self-denial? Nay, it is self-indulgence that he has really entered upon. He has risen and shaken himself like a lion, so that the dust has fallen from his mane, and all the great range of that life which God gave him to live lies before him. This is the everlasting inspiration. . . . Oh, how this world has perverted words and meanings that the mastery of Jesus (which one accepts when he becomes a Christian) should seem to be the imprisonment and not the enfranchisement of the soul! When I bring a flower out of the darkness and set it in the sun, and let the sunlight come streaming down upon it, and the flower knows the sunlight for which it was made and opens its fragrance and beauty; when I take a dark pebble and put it into the stream and let the silver water go coursing down over it and bring forth the hidden color that was in the bit of stone—opening the nature that is in them—the flower and stone rejoice. I can almost hear them sing in the field and in the stream. What then? Shall not man bring his nature into the fullest illumination, and surprise himself by the things that he might do? Oh, the way in which we fail to comprehend, or, when we do comprehend, deny to ourselves the bigness of that thing which it is to be a man, to be a child of God!" Such preaching casts a transfiguring light upon the religion of Christ and makes men feel in regard to it like Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, happy to be there and desirous of abiding there in lasting tabernacles of peace and joy.

In the same number of *The Bibliotheca Sacra* Rev. A. A. Berle scores the inefficiency and obstructiveness of the lay officials of some churches. He says that the minister who succeeds must often do so in spite of the men associated with him as church officers. He must often accomplish needed and useful results by steering round the selfishness, and jealousies, and prejudices, and caprices of the officials of his church. He thinks few institutions are managed so stupidly as many churches are, and quotes Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, as having said that if all the committees that manage the churches were to resign, and the minister alone were made the supreme manager, most of the Episcopal churches of Massachusetts would be better managed than they are at present. Dr. Berle's feeling and pungent remarks on this painful subject recall a boisterous and rollicking skit on the same topic which appeared once upon a time in an American magazine. Because of its rich irony, and for the enlivening of languid midsummer days, we venture to reproduce it here; believing that ministers and laymen of the sort that read THE METHODIST REVIEW will read it with a kindly feeling toward J. P.

Wamsley, this outside collateral reading to Dr. Berle's article in *The Bibliotheca Sacra,* and will agree that it would be wholesome if some such shrewd, sensible, genial, breezy, and businesslike worldling as Mr. Wamsley could be turned loose in some official meetings on church premises. Here it is with all its rough colloquialisms, in the dialect of the sociable and satirical traveling man.

WAMSLEY'S AUTOMATIC PASTOR

"Yes, sir," said the short, chunky man, as he leaned back against the gorgeous upholstery of his seat in the smoking compartment of the sleeping car. "Yes, sir, I knew you was a preacher the minute I laid eyes on you. You don't wear your collar buttoned behind, nor a black thingumbob over your shirt front, nor Presbyterian whiskers, nor a little gold cross on a black silk watch-chain; them's the usual marks, I know, and you hain't got any of 'em. But I know you just the same. You can't fool J. P. Wamsley. You see, there's a peculiar air about a man that's accustomed to handle any particular line of goods. You can tell 'em all, if you'll just notice any of 'em—white-goods counter, lawyer, doctor, travelin' man, politician, railroad. Every one of 'em's got his sign out, and it don't take a Sherlock Holmes to read it neither. It's the same way with them gospel goods. You'll excuse me, but when I saw you come in here and light a cigar, with an air of I-will-now-give-you-a-correct-imitation-of-a-human-being, I says to myself: 'There's one of my gospel friends.' Murder will out, as the feller says.

"Experience, did you say? Well, I guess, yes. I've had considerable. Didn't you never hear of my great invention, Wamsley's Patent Automatic Pastor, Self-feedin' Preacher, and Lightnin' Caller? Say, that was about the hottest scheme ever! I'll tell you about it.

"You see, it's this way. I'm not a church member myself—believe in it, you know, and all that sort of thing. I'm for religion strong, and when it comes to payin', I'm right there with the goods. My wife is a member, and a good one; in fact, she's so blame good that we average up pretty well. Well, one day they elected me to the board of trustees at the church, bein' as I was the heaviest payer, I suppose. I kicked some, not bein' anxious to pose as a pious individual, owin' to certain brethren in the town, who had a little confidential information on J. P. and might be inclined to get funny. But they insisted, allowin' that me bein' the most prominent and successful merchant in the town, and similar rot, I ought to line up and 'help out the cause,' and so on; so, finally, I give in. Well, I went to two or three of their meetin's, and, say, honest, they were the fiercest things ever."

The minister smiled knowingly.

"You're on, I see. Ain't those official meetin's of a church the limit? Once I went—a cold winter night—waded through snow knee deep to a giraffe—and set there two hours, while the brethren discussed whether they'd fix the pastor's back fence or not—price six dollars! I didn't say anythin', bein' sort o' new, you know, but I made up my mind that next time I'd turn loose on 'em if it was the last thing I did. I says to my

wife when I got home, 'Em,' says I, 'if gittin' religion gives a man softenin' of the brain, like I see it workin' on them men there tonight, I'm afraid I ain't on prayin' ground an' intercedin' terms, as the feller says. The men in that bunch tonight was worth over eight hundred thousand dollars, and they took eleven dollars and a half's worth o' my time chewin' the rag over fixin' the parson's fence. I'm goin' to bed,' I says, 'and if I shouldn't wake up in the mornin', if you should miss Petty in the mornin', you may know his vital powers was exhausted by the hilarious proceedin's of this evenin'.'

"But I must get along to my story, about my automatic pastor. One day the preacher resigned—life probably hectored out of him by a lot o' cheap skates whose notion of holdin' office in church consisted in cuttin' down expenses and findin' fault with the preacher because he didn't draw in sinners enough to fill the pews and pay their bills for 'em. When it come to selectin' a committee to get a new pastor I butted right in. I had an idea, so—me to the front, leadin' trumps and bangin' my cards down hard on the table. Excuse my gay and festive reference to playin'-cards, but what I mean is, that I thought the fullness of time had arrived and was a hollerin' for J. P. Wamsley. Well, sir, it was right then and there I invented my automatic pastor, continuous revolvin' hand-shaker, and circular jolly-hander. I brung it before the official brethren one night, and explained its modus operandi. I had a wax figger made by the same firm that supplies me with the manikins for my show windows. And it was a peach, if I do say it myself—tall, handsome figger, benevolent face, elegant smile that won't come off, as the feller says—Chauncey Depew spinnage in front of each ear. It was a sure Lu-lu.

"'Now,' I says to 'em, 'gentlemen, speakin' of pastors, I got one here I want to recommend. It has one advantage anyhow: it won't cost you a cent. I'll make you a present of it, and also chip in, as heretofore, toward operatin' expenses.' That caught old Jake Hicks—worth a hundred thousand dollars, and stingier 'n all git-out. He leaned over and listened, same as if he was takin' 'em right off the bat. He's a retired farmer. If you'll find me a closer boy than a retired farmer moved to town, you can have the best plug hat in my store. 'You observe,' I says, 'that he has the leadin' qualifications of all and comes a heap cheaper than most. He is swivel mounted; that is, the torso, so to speak, is pinioned onto the legs, so that the upper part of the body can revolve. This enables him to rotate freely without bustin' his pants, the vest bein' disconnected with the trousers. Now, you stand this here, whom we will call John Henry, at the door of the church as the congregation enters, havin' previously wound him up, and there he stays, turning around and givin' the glad hand and cheery smile, and so doth his unchangin' power display as the unwearied sun from day to day, as the feller says. Nobody neglected, all pleased. You remember the last pastor wasn't sociable enough, and there was considerable complaint because he didn't hike right down after the benediction and jolly the flock as they passed out. We'll have a wire run the length of the meetin' house, with a gentle slant from the pulpit to the front door, and as soon as meetin's over, up goes John

Henry and slides down to the front exit, and there he stands, gyratin' and handin' out pleasant greeting to all—merry Christmas and happy New Year to beat the band. Now, as for preachin',' I continued, 'you see all you have to do is to raise up the coat-tails and insert a record on the phonograph concealed here in the back of the chest, with a speakin' tube runnin' up to the mouth. John Henry bein' a regular minister, he can get The Homiletic Review at a dollar and a half a year; we can subscribe for that, get the up-to-datest sermons by the most distinguished divines, get some gent that's afflicted with elocution to say 'em into a record, and on Sunday our friend and pastor here will reel 'em off fine. You press the button—he does the rest, as the feller says.'

"'How about callin' on the members?' inquires Andy Robison.

"'Easy,' says I. 'Hire a buggy of Brother Jinks here, who keeps a livery stable, at one dollar per P. M. Get a colored man to chauffeur the pastor at fifty cents per same. There you are. Let the boy be provided with an assortment of records to suit the people—pleasant and sad, consolatory and gay, encouragin' or reprovin', and so forth. The colored gentleman drives up, puts in a cartridge, sets the pastor in the door, and when the family gets through with him they sets him out again. There are, say, about three hundred callin' days in the year. He can easy make fifteen calls a day on an average—equals four thousand five hundred calls a year, at $450. Of course, there's the records, but they won't cost over $50 at the outside—you can shave 'em off and use 'em over again, you know.'

"'But there's the personality of the pastor,' somebody speaks up. 'It's that which attracts folks and fills the pews.'

"'Personality, shucks!' says I. 'Haven't we had personality enough? For every man it attracts it repels two. Your last preacher was one of the best fellers that ever struck this town. He was a plum brick, and had lots o' horse sense, to boot. He could preach, too, like a house afire. But you kicked him out because he wasn't sociable enough. You're askin' an impossibility. No man can be a student and get up the rattlin' sermons he did, and put in his time trottin' around callin' on the sisters.

"'Now, let's apply business sense to this problem. That's the way I run my store. Find out what the people want and give it to 'em, is my motto. Now, people ain't comin' to church unless there's somethin' to draw 'em. We've tried preachin', and it won't draw. They say they want sociability, so let's give it to 'em strong. They want attention paid to 'em. You turn my friend here loose in the community, and he'll make each and every man, woman and child think they're it in less'n a month. If anybody gets disgruntled, you sic John Henry here on 'em, and you'll have 'em come right back a-runnin', and payin' their pew rent in advance. Then,' I continued, 'that ain't all. There's another idea I propose, to go along with the pastor, as a sort of side line. That's tradin' stamps. Simple, ain't it? Wonder why you never thought of it yourselves, don't you? That's the way with all bright ideas. People drink soda water all their lives, and along comes a genius and hears the fizz, and goes and invents a Westinghouse brake. Same as Newton and the apple, and

Columbus and the egg, as the feller says. All you have to do is to give tradin' stamps for attendance, and your church fills right up, and John Henry keeps 'em happy. Stamps can be redeemed at any store. So many stamps gets, say a parlor lamp or a masterpiece of Italian art in a gilt frame; so many more draws a steam cooker or an oil stove; so many more and you have a bicycle or a hair mattress or a what-not; and so on up to where a hat full of 'em gets an automobile. I tell you when a family has a what-not in their eye they ain't goin' to let a little rain keep 'em home from church. If they're all really too sick to go, they'll hire a substitute. And I opine these here stamps will have a powerful alleviatin' effect on Sunday sickness. And then,' I went on, waxin' eloquent, and leanin' the pastor against the wall, so I could put one hand in my coat and gesture with the other and make it more impressive, 'and then,' I says, 'just think of them other churches. We won't do a thing to 'em. That Baptist preacher thinks he's a wizz because he makes six hundred calls a year. You just wait till the colored brother gets to haulin' John Henry here around town and loadin' him up with rapid-fire conversations. That Baptist gent will look like thirty cents, that's what he'll look like. And the Methodists think they done it when they got their new pastor, with a voice like a bull o' Bashan comin' down hill. Just wait till we load a few of them extra-sized records with megaphone attachment into our pastor, and gear him up to two hundred and fifty words a minute, and then where, oh, where is Mister Methodist, as the feller says. Besides, brethren, this pastor, havin' no family, won't need his back fence fixed: in fact, he won't need the parsonage, so we can rent it, and the proceeds will go toward operatin' expenses. What we need to do,' I says, in conclusion, 'is to get in line, get up to date, give the people what they want. We have no way of judgin' the future but by the past, as the feller says. We know they ain't no human bein' can measure up to our requirements, so let's take a fall out of science and have enterprise and business sense.'" J. P. Wamsley reached for a match.

"Did they accept your offer?" asked his companion. "I am anxious to know how your plan worked. It has many points in its favor, I confess."

"No," replied J. P. Wamsley, as he meditatively puffed his cigar, and seemed to be lovingly reviewing the past. "No, they didn't. I'm kind o' sorry, too. I'd like to have seen the thing tried myself. But," he added, with a slow and solemn wink, "they passed a unanimous resolution callin' back the old pastor at an increased salary."

"I should say, then, that your invention was a success."

"Well, I didn't lose out on it anyhow. I've got John Henry rigged with a new bunch of whiskers and posin' in my showwindow as Count Witte signin' the peace treaty, in an elegant suit—all wool—at $11.50."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Thirsting for the Springs. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A. 12mo, pp. 208. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Twenty-six brief outline treatments of Scripture texts, all directly practical for the religious life. This one on "How to Know God Better," from Col. 1. 10, "Increasing in the knowledge of God," is a fair sample. "I want to speak tonight about growth in spiritual knowledge. How can we strengthen our grip of spiritual realities? How can we enter more penetratingly into the unsearchable riches of Christ? How can we get at life's marrow, at its pith, its real good, its God? These questions suggest the subject of our meditation. I want to recall two or three helpful counsels which indicate to us the way of larger growth in the knowledge of God. (1) '*Be still, and know that I am God.*' Stillness is one of the conditions of knowledge. This stillness is not the opposite to noise and tumult, but the opposite of excessive and perspiring movement. We use the same variation of the figure in our colloquial speech. We advise men to 'take things a little more quietly.' The counsel does not suggest the abatement of clamor, but the relaxing of intensity, the slackening of speed. 'Be still,' release the strain, moderate the speed, ease down a little! Surely this is a very pertinent warning for our own day. How many men and women are living at high pressure, the high pressure which is indicative of perilous strain. No man gets the best out of life whose life is on the stretch. Even the best violin needs to have its strings occasionally relaxed. Its music will fail if the strain is persistent. And life fails to reach its highest ministries if strain and stress are persistent. The principle applies to every department of our being. Physical strain is antagonistic to the highest good. Mental strain is not productive of fruitful solutions. To leave a bewildering problem, and to ease the mind by giving it temporary leisure, is often the first and best step to its ultimate unravelment. And is there not too much strain in the life of the spirit? There is one line in that great and beautiful hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' which I always feel is somewhat of a discord, 'Hangs my helpless soul on thee!' I do not like the stretch and the strain which are suggested by the words. It reminds one of the picture with which we are all familiar, and which is found adorning the walls of so many homes. There is a wild and tempestuous sea, and a rock rising out of the deep in the shape of a cross, and clinging to the cold rock there is a figure of a woman, with agonized face and streaming hair, holding on for bare life. I do not like the picture. There is nothing to corroborate it in the New Testament Scriptures. The New Testament picture is not that of a poor, weak soul clinging with half benumbed hands to a cold rock, but of a soul resting in the hands of the Christ. But I am afraid the picture is descriptive of too many lives among the followers of Christ.

We want less stretch, less strain, less feverishness, more rest. We are not called upon to be always on the rack. It is not demanded of us that our lives should abound in strain. If life is to be fruitful, and increasing in divine knowledge, it must settle down into a more steady rest. I have often paused at a word in the book of the prophet Ezekiel, in the wonderful passage which portrays the living creatures with the mystic faces and wings: 'When they stood, they let down their wings.' That last clause expressed the counsel of the psalmist. We need to let down our wings, to check our rapid movement, to 'be still.' 'Be still *and know*.' How can God give us visions when life is hurrying at a precipitate rate? I have stood in the National Gallery and seen people gallop round the chamber and glance at twelve of Turner's pictures in the space of five minutes. Surely we might say to such triflers: 'Be still, and know Turner!' Gaze quietly at one little bit of cloud, or at one branch, or at one wave of the sea, or at one ray of the drifting moon. 'Be still, and know Turner.' But God has difficulty in getting us still. That is perhaps why he has sometimes employed the ministry of dreams. Men have had 'visions in the night.' In the daytime I have a divine visitor in the shape of some worthy thought, or noble impulse, or hallowed suggestion, but I am in such feverish haste that I do not heed it, and pass along. I do not 'turn aside to see this great sight,' and so I lose the heavenly vision. If I would know more of God, I must relax the strain and moderate the pace. I must 'be still.' (2) '*If any man will do his will, he shall know*.' That is suggestive of location and outlook. It indicates standing ground and consequent vision. I was walking the other day through a lovely wood in the North Riding of Yorkshire. My vision was bounded by the trees to the right and to the left, and the undergrowth which stretched about my feet on every side. One who knew the wood took me a few paces from the beaten track to a little square of elevated platform, and a woodland panorama stretched before me in bewildering beauty. The native knew the standing ground whence the vision could be obtained. And here is another standing ground: 'If any man will do'; and here is another panorama—'he shall know!' I am to stand in the doing, and I shall experience the knowing: I am to stand in the middle of a deed, and I shall find the vantage ground for surveying the things of God. We have too often looked for visions in the midst of arguments. Here we are counseled to look for them in the midst of obedience. Go and do an act of mercy, and in the midst of the doing look around for God, and you shall have some vision of his glory. In the life you shall find the light, for 'light is sown for the righteous.' Go out and try to reclaim a fellow man, and in the midst of the saving ministry look about for the Redeemer, and you shall have some vision of his glory. Plant your feet in obedience, and your eyes shall gaze upon the unfolding glories of the mind of God. 'If any man will do his will, he shall know.' (3) '*He was known to them in the breaking of bread*.' When was he made known? 'In the breaking of bread.' Then he employed the occasion of an ordinary meal to make himself known to them. It is a beautiful suggestion. The commonplace shall break open and reveal to us the King. If

I invite him to come into my house and share with me the common life of the common day, through the humdrum life he will make himself known to me. If he be invited into the kitchen, then through the common ministries of the house he will give revelations of his glory. If he be invited into the office, then through all the mechanical details of the monotonous day we shall see his appearing. If he be invited into the study, then he will redeem the work from formality, and dry duty will be changed into delightful fellowship. If I invite him to share my pleasures, my very joys will be rarefied by the light of his countenance. He is willing to make his revelations through the humble things of the ordinary day. He will make himself known to us 'in the breaking of bread.' (4) '*I count all things but loss . . . that I may know him.*' What am I prepared to pay for my knowledge? What did Paul pay? 'The loss of all things.' He looks as though his discipleship had cost him home and kinship and inheritance. But nothing was allowed to count in comparison with the knowledge of Christ. Nothing else was allowed for one moment to intrude its allurements. Ease, money, fame, were counted as 'dung' that he might know Christ. I do not wonder that this man had visions, and heard things which could not be put into speech! I do not wonder that his letters abound in doxologies as he contemplates the unfolding glory of his Lord! Have I an altar of sacrifice in my life? What am I prepared to offer upon it? Have I shed any blood? Have I ever tired myself out for Jesus? Have I been willing to be misunderstood for Jesus? Have I been willing to stand alone for Jesus, and suffer apparent defeat? If my discipleship has brought me into these deserts, then I know the meaning of the gracious promise which announces that 'the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' If we would know the Lord, we must be 'ready to be offered.' The altar must be always built, and we must be prepared for sacrifice. If we know 'the fellowship of his sufferings,' we shall know the radiant glory of his resurrection." On Rom. 8. 1, "Them that are in Christ Jesus," the following is part of Jowett's comment: "Here is a mystical relationship, fraught with every kind and quality of beneficent, practical issue—'them that are in Christ Jesus.' What is the principle enshrined in the phrase? The principle is this: One personality is rooted and embedded in another personality, and receives from it an effluence which determines the trend and color of its life. One is *in* the other. Well, is that principle altogether in the clouds? I find examples of its application on every side. Wherever I turn I find illustrative instances: teacher and scholars, master and disciples, fountains and rivers, one personality inserted into the personality of another, and receiving the determining gifts of thought and inspiration. If I turn to the sphere of *politics*, I find fountains and rivers, vines and branches. I find what is called 'the Manchester School,' a body of politicians whose political life is primarily rooted in the personality of Richard Cobden, from whom they derive the color of their thought, the spirit of their policy, and the character of their ideal. 'They that are in Richard Cobden.' If I turn to *literature*, I find societies of men and women gathered in loving fellowship round about the personality of individual men.

Here is a Ruskin Society! Ruskin is known among them as 'the master.' The disciples seek to acquire the master's thought, to perpetuate the master's spirit, to incarnate the master's ideal, to give it embodiment in schemes of practical enterprise. 'They that are in John Ruskin.' It is not otherwise if I turn to the *regions of art;* I find whole schools of men inhaling the breath of artistic life from the thought and spirit of another. I find the principle operating even in spheres *ecclesiastical.* 'Puseyite!' That sounds indicative of master and disciple, of fountain and river. Wesleyan! That is suggestive of an ecclesiastical root with multitudinous branches. 'They that are in John Wesley.' All these are illustrative of a predominant principle that one man's life becomes the fountain of other men's rivers. In Cobden! In Ruskin! In Turner! In Wesley! '*In Christ!*' I feel the utter unworthiness and inadequacy of the illustrations. I only offer them as hints, suggestions, sign-posts, and even a rough and crumbling sign-post may point the way to the golden city. Well, now, if we are not altogether strangers to the principle in common life, let us see what are the implications of the supreme fellowship expressed in the words of my text. 'In Christ Jesus.' On man's side, what are the elements in the gracious union? What does it involve? How can any personality be rooted and embedded in the personality of the Christ? How can a man become 'in Christ'? First of all, *it implies the choice of Christ.* A man must choose his center. He must make up his mind as to what shall be the center round which his life shall revolve. He must determine his leader, to whom he will pay reverence and obeisance. Now that is an intellectual choice, and Christianity always appeals to the intelligence. It puts no premium on blindness. It offers no reward to those whose eyes are closed in guilty sleep. From end to end of the Christian Scriptures the clarion is sounding to awake. 'Awake, awake, my soul.' 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Jerusalem!' 'Awake, thou that sleepest!' 'Now it is high time to awake!' That is the note of the Christian religion. It calls for wakefulness, for mental alertness, for the exercise of a bright and vigorous intelligence. 'What *think* ye?' says the Master. Put your intelligence to work that your choices may be sound. Don't go on blindly! 'What think ye?' Is it a challenge to the intellect? Look about. Exercise thy powers of observation. Investigate the alternatives that present themselves. Inspect the creations of mammon. Look closely at the works and workmanship of Christ. 'What think ye?' Make up your minds. Choose your center. Register your choice. But to be 'in Christ' means more than the choice of a center; it implies *the surrender of the will.* My brethren, it is no use our seeking to evade this supreme demand. The treasuries of the Christian religion cannot be entered through the ministry of merely intellectual exercises. If we do not surrender the will, we can never even faintly appreciate the spirit and genius of the Christian religion. Mental activity will bring a man up to the gate; he can only enter by moral sacrifice. Not through the weighing and assaying of grammatical usages, not by a penetrating exegesis, are we going to pass into the fellowship of Christ, but by the all-covering ministry of a surrendered life. I know that this is familiar to

everybody; why, then, do we not do it? I will give you the answer in the words of the noblest gentleman it has been my honor to know, a man whose personality was refined into such hallowed beauty and chasteness that all his judgments are attended with peculiar significance and weight. Henry Drummond once said: 'What do I think keeps men from becoming Christians? Some special sin which they prefer to Christ. I think some *one* definite sin. In every life, I believe, there is some one particular sin, outstanding only to oneself, different in different cases, but always *one* with which the secret history is woven through and through. This is that which the unconverted man will not give up for Christ.' I will leave the quotation with this one remark, that a man must be prepared to surrender that one thing before he can come into fruitful fellowship with Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

Is Christianity True? By NINETEEN LECTURERS. 12mo, pp. 400. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Blatchford, the infidel socialist, printed in his paper, The Clarion, a series of attacks on Christianity, and published a book entitled God and My Neighbor, the closing words of which were: "Is Christianity true?" Rev. S. F. Collier, superintendent for over twenty years of the great Wesleyan Mission in Manchester, England, arranged a series of Sunday afternoon lectures in Central Hall in reply to those attacks. The lecturers chosen were men of distinction and of various denominations, each specially qualified for his particular theme. The case for Christianity was presented from nineteen different standpoints. The workingmen of Manchester crowded the great hall, listened with close attention, and on invitation asked intelligent questions at the end of each lecture. Thus the antidote to the poisonous untruth put forth by Blatchford was made to reach the very class among whom his socialistic and irreligious sheet circulates. Dr. J. H. Moulton says in the preface to this volume: "We claim that these lectures prove Christianity true, not by mere historical and philosophical argument as to the distant past. We believe Christ to be alive, not on the sole word of five hundred brethren who fell asleep eighteen centuries ago. We bring eyewitnesses to prove that his servants, armed only with his message, can go to the cannibal savage and transform him into a gentle and civilized man—that his Book can speak today in hundreds of tongues and effect wonders which all the world's literature has failed to rival—that in the slums of the great city Christian workers are quietly going their rounds of mercy, winning the drunkard and the gambler and the prostitute from their degradation and breathing new hope into the hearts that were in the grip of despair. 'The good Lord Jesus has had his day,' say some; but here among us its morning hours are not over yet. We believe he died and rose again long ago, because his death has visibly brought life to those whom we know, and his living glory shone reflected in the eyes of thousands who thankfully tell their tale to all who will hear."

Part of the lecture on Prayer is as follows: "There are seven distinct elements in real prayer, even as there are in this light. In what

we call 'white' light, there are seven prismatic colors always blended. They are the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. You cannot get rid of them; they are always there, and in that order. Even so true prayer includes these seven elements, and always in their true order. First, Adoration. For no man can truly pray, unless in some degree he realizes that he is praying to God, and God who is God must needs be adored. After adoration there comes, or should come, Thanksgiving. For the apprehension of the greatness of God must be immediately followed in thought by the recognition of his goodness. Then comes, alas! our only too clear recollection that as mortal men we have but ill requited that goodness, or, to put it in one word, the conviction of Sin. Thus the need for Penitence follows upon the recognition of the goodness of God. But after Penitence, necessarily and always, Resolution; for penitence without resolution is vain and false. That which real repentance dreads most of all is the repetition of the sin. Then, and only then, is the time or place in true prayer for what our friend calls begging—though we may prefer to call it petition or request. It is only after adoration and thanksgiving, confession and self-consecration, that there is any place for petition in prayer. There is no more misleading conception of prayer, than that which one too often meets with—as though it simply meant that God was flooding this world of ours with indiscriminate blank cheques for every one to fill in according to their fancy. That may be a pious imagination, but it is not Christ's doctrine of prayer, nor is it even the truth as to that element of 'petition' concerning which the apostle says that 'if we ask anything according to his will he heareth us.' The will of God herein is made plain as the light of day. If, in reality, we would approach him, it must be in his own appointed way. And the final authority as to that way is neither theological invention nor religious custom, but the clear teaching of the Bible itself. Even after Petition there are two other parts in prayer. For Intercession, wherein we plead for others, is as valid and as necessary in all true prayer as any sincerity or earnestness on our own behalf. And yet there is another element, and that is Submission. For this means the final recognition that after all our entreaty, and assuming all possible sincerity, seeing that we plead with God, we acknowledge that his wisdom and love and decision must ever be better than anything we can ask, either for others or ourselves. Let us repeat these seven elements, so that they may ever be remembered: Adoration, Thanksgiving, Penitence, Resolution, Petition, Intercession, Submission. If we would speak of prayer truthfully, we must mean all these. They can, indeed, be all put into one term. We may speak of them all together as 'Communion with God,' and prayer, to be prayer, is never less than that." Of the power of Christian love to produce exalted and heroic character, this illustration is given: "Christianity begets an abiding enthusiasm for humanity. This is one of the most striking things that the mission field has to say in regard to Christianity. Let me tell you of a man I knew in India—George Bowen by name. He was a classical scholar of distinction, and was at home in four of the principal languages of Europe. For years he revelled in poetry and philosophy,

in romance and controversy, in all those languages. He was, besides, a fine musician; could compose as well as perform. In his early manhood Bowen was a philosophic skeptic and a rank pessimist. At last, however, there came to him a great experience, which made him feel the need and ultimately see the truth of immortality. From that point he was led on, until one night he sat down and wrote these words: 'If there is One above all who notices the desires of men, I wish he would take note of this fact, that if it please him to make known his will concerning me I should think it my highest privilege to do that will wherever it might be and whatever it might involve.' It was a cry out of darkness, and not long after that Jesus Christ became to George Bowen the peace and enthusiasm of his being. There soon grew up in him a new sense of obligation to humanity. He was led to leave wealth for poverty, to turn from the society of the cultured and friendly that he might care for the needs of the ignorant and prejudiced, to renounce a luxurious home for a mud-walled hut. He went to India, and for forty years, without one single change, he dwelt among the people of that land. Persecution, epidemic, and fierce enervating heat could not drive him away from the crowded streets of Bombay. For forty years the thin, frail man spent himself in varied and unwearied self-denial, among a people who were persistently irresponsive and many a time violently hostile. During that time he would accept no alleviation of his self-imposed hardships, and would permit himself to receive no human honor. He was consumed with a passion for bettering the people among whom he lived, and he laid down his life on their behalf. That is the enthusiasm for humanity which the foreign mission enterprise in a hundred cases proves to have been developed among those who have embraced Christianity." In the lecture on "The Witness of The Bible Society" to Christianity is the following: "Some good men have trembled because they thought the Word of God was in danger. But what has been the effect of progress in modern thought so far as the Bible is concerned? The reverent search for truth, whether in the field of science or of literary criticism, has been a help; of this no one ought to be suspicious. The disparagement of it by good people might do irreparable harm to the very cause they are anxious to defend. For instance, it was useless to oppose the attempt to give to the English-speaking people a more accurate rendering of the Scriptures into English. Soon after the publication of the Revised Version, a high dignitary met Mr. Horace Hart of the Oxford Press, and asked how the Revised Version was faring. 'I suppose,' said he, 'it has affected the sale of the Authorized Version?' 'Yes, it has,' replied Mr. Hart. 'What a pity,' said the clergyman. 'Oh, no,' replied Mr. Hart; 'it is a very good thing, for it has sent up our sales of the Authorized Version.' The results of honest scholarship, in this as in every case, helped to stimulate Bible-reading." Here is part of a letter written by three converted Tibetans in the little native congregation at Leh, in Little Tibet, 11,500 feet above the sea—written to thank the Bible Society for sending them the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue: "By your serving Jesus Christ our Saviour with all your mind and soul, you have not only caused us

unintelligent ones great joy but you have made us also wish from the bottom of our hearts to serve our Lord to our best ability." Such is the power of the Scriptures to awaken, enlighten, and transform.

On the question of Divine Goodness, there is this: "It is not just to charge all the misery and wrong of the world upon God. Most of it is due to human and not divine action; that is, most of it is preventable, and does not exist in the nature of things. All preventable suffering and pain are contrary to the will of the heavenly Father. If we abstract from human life the suffering and misery caused by man, by his folly, greed, and selfishness, we remove at least three fourths of it, and the portion left may be justified. Much suffering ascribed to God is not due to God at all. Disease, for instance—epidemics, plagues, pestilences, hereditary maladies—cannot be laid to the charge of God; they are the direct or indirect results of human folly and sin, individual or social. Yet Mrs. Annie Besant renounced belief in a good God when she became a Secularist, because her child suffered agonies from whooping-cough—a malady plainly caused by human neglect of the laws of health and sanitation! What could be more irrational! Medical science teaches that disease is man-made, not God-made, and that where purity, cleanliness, sanitation, sobriety, intelligence, science, and a social conscience coexist nearly all the diseases known to man will disappear. Wherever Christ, the typical ideal Man, appeared, sickness and disease departed. Poverty, miserable tragic poverty, is no 'divine institution.' Nine tenths of it is of human origin, due to unbrotherliness, injustice, and greed. It is 'always with us' because individuals and society will not take the necessary steps, long since indicated by Christ, to remove it. Maurice Maeterlinck, than whom no man has written more powerfully upon the subject of the 'essential injustice of things,' admits that the three great scourges, poverty, disease, and mental weakness, are due to human injustice and folly and not to nature, and therefore need not exist, and that 'the relic of mystery will very nigh go into the hollow of the philosopher's hand.'" On the power of Christ's example and influence to inspire to a better life there is this: "I have been told of a man in Brighton, a small shopkeeper, who, whenever he is tempted to do something that is mean or deceitful, as I dare say small shopkeepers frequently are, just steps into a little room behind and looks at a picture that hangs there of F. W. Robertson, his old pastor of Trinity Church in Brighton, and he goes back to his counter and to his account book fortified to do the thing which he knows to be honest and straight, even though he loses by it. If that is the power of a mere human pastor, who has been dead now many years, shall not the power be immeasurably greater of him who is the Shepherd and the Bishop of our souls? If a man who is but a fraction of the truth and a mere channel of the Life Divine can have so much influence over us, how much greater shall be the power of Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person?" Once when the writer of this notice was in the office of the secretary of war in Washington, looking at the portraits on the walls of the office, the then secretary of war said to him, "When I want my backbone stiffened, I take a look at Stan-

ton's face looking down on me from the wall." These lectures are believed to have done much good among the workingmen of Manchester.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Social and Religious Ideals. By ARTEMAS J. HAYNES, M.A. 12mo, pp. 168. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

Brief fragments which are called essays, but which read like extracts from sermons. They speak to the religious and social needs of the new age in the modern dialect. They are such as this: "The gospel for young men is the gospel that appeals to their love of the adventurous. The call that quickens them to instant response is not the call to a happy life, but the call that gives them some wide field on which to test their powers. Well did Garibaldi know the human heart when he issued the proclamation that thrilled the young men of Italy: 'In return for the love you may bear your country, I offer you hunger, and thirst, cold, war, and death. Whoever accepts the terms, let him follow me.'" And this: "If we would attain *happiness*, we must first attain *helpfulness*. I have read somewhere this definition of happiness: 'Happiness is a great love and much service.' Not love alone, for that may be a sentiment as intangible as the mist that fades before the morning breeze. Not service alone, for that may be sheer drudgery. Happiness springs from these two things put together—'a great love and much service.'" And this: "Where in all literature will you find another such wildly impossible piece of writing as the second chapter of the Acts? As we read the record of that seemingly lawless upheaval of spiritual power, we do not wonder that the onlookers 'were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this? Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine.' Full of new wine indeed! It was the wine of a new presence and new power in life; the wine of a great love filling their days with tireless effort to create a heaven on earth and filling their nights with dreams of that heaven attained. Yes, these 'devout men out of every nation' were full of a wine that was new—intoxicated with the quickening, soul-refreshing sense of God." And this one, entitled "A World-Shaking Adventure": "Always in the ears of the apostle Paul sounded the tramp of armed legions. Seldom do you find him discussing with men the question of their personal happiness. There was no tame and colorless conventionality in the gospel that Paul preached. It was a world-shaking adventure, an audacious attempt to remake human society. Paul's scheme was on so vast a scale that men's imaginations caught fire. Because he set seemingly impossible tasks, men girded themselves for what they knew would be a struggle to the death. Had Paul preached a gospel of personal happiness, he would never have impressed his age. But when, as to the men of Ephesus, he cried out: 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places' —that was a soul-stirring reveillé which brought men by the thousand

to his standard." And this bit: "All about us is scattered loveliness of form and color. Between the splendor of earth and sky and that which the old Hebrew called the beauty of holiness, there must be some connecting link. Between the exquisite loveliness of a June morning and the sainthood of character set forth in the words, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' there must be some natural affinity. Loveliness of form and loveliness of character belong to one perfect whole. The true artist must be religious, and he who is truly spiritual must enter into the rapture of the things that are seen. That piety is false which does not cause the heart to sing and the eye to glisten as it looks upon the wonders of earth and sea and sky." And this, entitled "The Only Road to the Ideal": "The world today suffers no lack of aimless dreamers, of people who spin out of themselves high theories and smile patronizingly at old-fashioned folk content to work in the harness of a thousand centuries' making. But sneer as they will, the old-fashioned people are still the salt of the earth; they are still the people who believe in the homely, sober virtues and practice them, who feed the hungry, clothe the naked, exact no more than is due them, who refrain from violence, tell the blunt truth, and live contentedly in the place where God has put them. Wherever one turns in the complex life of today, in business, in politics, in society, in the church, he finds hosts of men who have lost their grip upon the stern truth that the road to the ideal is straight along the highway of the plain virtues to which old-fashioned people cling." This is on the belief in immortality: "There has never been a time in the history of the race, it is safe to say, when men have realized the possibilities of manhood as they do today. We believe, as no previous age has believed, in the expansiveness of human nature, and hence in its perfectibility. We believe that God has made us on a scale so large that only immortality can afford an opportunity adequate for the development of all our latent powers. Our horizon is widening because our sense of reality is deepening. As there is a light prepared for the eye formed in darkness, as there is a sound for the ear built in silence, so there is a reality to meet the prophetic groping of the human soul. . . . There is a wealth of significance in the fact that men in all ages of the world have believed in the future life and that the best men have believed in it most. Nor is there any sign that the race is outgrowing the belief. It is more deeply rooted today than ever before in the history of the world. He who ponders upon the past must stand amazed in the presence of a belief which has lived down a thousand generations of death. When Carlyle says that the study of the French Revolution saved him from atheism we see that it was the conviction of an underlying and eternal purpose in events that saved him. He who reads with open eyes the history of the world must see that there is a plan at its heart. According to Lord Kelvin, it took two hundred million years to make some of the rocks under our feet. And to what end? The clue is in the word 'man.' In him the world process comes to consciousness. He embodies the meaning of it all. And that the meaning should be no wider than the span of his earthly existence is simply unthinkable!" There is this on the distinction between

faith and belief: "Religious faith is a thing quite different from theological belief. Religious faith is the free movement of a man's moral nature; dogma at its best is only an intellectual exercise. It was a tragic mistake the church made when it changed the meaning of faith from the spontaneous impulse of the loving heart to a verbal or mental assent to certain doctrinal statements. No word in our language has been so abused as this word 'faith.' As used in the classic Greek by Plato in his discussions of the lower forms of knowledge, the word meant an act of the mind; and occasionally it has this meaning in the Bible. But Christ used the word in a very different sense. With him faith was a free act of the heart. Christ told the woman who was a sinner that her faith had saved her, and we know that this faith spoken of by him had no theological background; it was the simple outgoing of her heart and will to him who drew her with a mighty love. To see him, to desire him, and to take him, so far as may be possible, into our hearts—this is faith, and this is the power that saves." And with that extract couple this on "How Men Became Christians in Jesus's Time": "The great religious struggle of this century is a struggle to get back to the simplicity that is in Christ. Becoming a Christian in Christ's time meant simply personal trust in a personal Christ. It should mean nothing else today. There were but two things necessary in Christ's day to become a Christian. The first was the recognition of Jesus as Lord. Unless he was worthy to be followed, why should they follow him? Unless he had a claim on their allegiance, why should they be loyal to him? Unless he could make them better men and open up to them a new life, why should they leave their nets upon the shore? A recognition of Jesus as their Lord and Master, that was the first requirement. And what was the second? Read the classic passage from the New Testament: 'And walking by the Sea of Galilee he saw two brethren, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets *and followed him.*'" Here is a bit on learning how to pity: "There is a verse in the book of Jonah which strangely moves one who reads it understandingly. God is represented as saying to the prophet: 'Should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city; wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; *and also much cattle?*' God cares—cares for the children, cares even for the cattle. The sob and dumb agony of a world that travaileth in pain is in that last clause. The cattle and the horses and all broken beasts of burden—God loves them! He knows when they are hungry, he knows when they are in pain, he knows when men abuse them. Here also the words of Jesus come to us with peculiar impressiveness. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.' To my mind the surest evidence of the divine worth of our Christian religion is to be found in its attitude to the whole wide world of suffering creatures that cries out for pity. Rightly to relate ourselves to that great underworld of creation which can speak to us only through

its patient suffering, this, it seems to me, is to offer acceptable worship unto God—

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,—
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Here the preacher offers his people a creed for the New Year: "To do our work as it is given us by God; to live simply and show hospitality of heart and home; to face each coming day with courage, indignant over wrongs, watchful in the interests of justice, and striving earnestly to achieve the ends of a higher patriotism; to heed the voice of conscience, render obedience to the law of right, practice a becoming self-denial, and in every emergency do the plain duty that lies next our hand; to show sympathy without sacrificing honor; to extend mercy without violating justice; to forgive, where men repent of wrong; to pity the unfortunate, knowing how weak are our own purposes; to be brothers unto one another, thinking kind thoughts, speaking gentle words, and practicing the gracious ministries of helpfulness; to love all things that are beautiful, whether of the world without or of heaven within; to bow reverently before the sacred mystery of life; to worship God as the source of our being, and the fountain of all good; to confess our sins, implore divine forgiveness, and pray for strength against temptation; to be humble without self-depreciation, and holy without self-righteousness; to remember the past with gratitude, endure the present with cheerfulness, and await the future with patience—let this be our New Year Creed." And now our readers know what sort of a book this is better than we could tell them.

The Marks of a Man. By ROBERT ELLIOTT SPEER, M.A. Crown 8vo, pp. 197. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.00, nét.

These five lectures are the eleventh course on the Merrick Foundation at Ohio Wesleyan University. Their general subject is "The Essentials of Christian Character," the essentials named being Truth, Purity, Service, Freedom, Progress, and Patience. From the lecture on Truth we extract this: "A certain self-confessed liar and legally convicted adulterer of our day, who wears his hair long and professes art and conducts a snippet of a periodical, says that the martyrs showed a lack of humor in dying for the truth, when a trivial lie would have saved them. The martyrs, however, looked at both falsehood and adultery from a different point of view from this creature's." Also, the suggestive lines:

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

In the lecture on Purity is this on the lasting stain and misery of contact and acquaintance with evil: "I knew a man who was urged once to go down and see the seamy side of life in New York. He went. A friend

who was a newspaper man showed him what there was to see. I asked him when he came back if it had been a good experience. It had been such an experience, he told me, as he would gladly give a hand to obliterate. But the knowledge was his now and he could not rid himself of it. That is the mischief about memory. The harder we try to forget, the more tenaciously does the detested object cling. A man cannot will to forget. That is equivalent to willing to remember. There is no supremer folly than to think that we can acquire knowledge and then be as free as we were before. All knowledge binds, and the needless knowledge of evil not only destroys power, it imposes slavery. Mr. Kipling has put it in a song:

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrows over seas,
Sings a gentleman of England, cleanly bred, machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.

We have done with Hope and Honor, we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth,
God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien land enfolds us
And we die and none can tell Them where we died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost their way,
Baa, baa, baa;
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa-aa-aa;
Gentlemen rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

Ignorance is freedom from all this. Men, young or old, do not need to know the worst, or to feel the slavery which the knowledge of the worst brings. And ignorance is not only freedom from slavery. It is freedom for work. When the mind is loaded with evil knowledge it is incapable of activities and services for which the pure mind is free." In the same lecture is the following in controversion of the notion that a life of sin is full of zest and piquancy. "Nothing is more deadly monotonous than evil. It is always the same stale story. In a notable sermon, Dr. W. R. Richards discusses what he calls 'the monotony of sin,' and he imagines some ancient Babylonian visiting modern New York and being taken about to see the sights. His host shows him the great buildings and bridges and engineering achievements and the man from the ancient time is filled with wonder and surprise. And then in the evening the New Yorker, who had reserved the exhibition of sin in its most seductive and fascinating guise to crown the day, is nonplussed when the Babylonian yawns and exclaims: 'Oh, there is nothing new here. We had all this

in Babylon three thousand years ago.' Indeed, there is nothing new in sin. Its new forms are simply revivals of old forms. All there is in sin was in the first sin. It has been a story of stale repetition ever since." In this connection we may quote from Langbridge, an English poet, his terse and vivid verse which pictures the insidious entrance of sin into the heart:

Who is it knocks so loud?
"A little harmless sin."
"Come in," we answer;
And all Hell is in.

From Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, is copied this most notable memorial inscription:

Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B.,
who at all times
and everywhere gave his strength
to the weak,
His substance to the poor,
His sympathy to the suffering,
His heart to God.

In the noble lecture on Service is this: "The great movements in the world, the forces that are really shaping the nations and determining the whole future of the world, are not the forces that are making the tumult or the disturbance, but the forces that are doing their work in silence of power. Last winter Mr. John G. Milburn, one of the leading lawyers of New York city, was speaking at a meeting of the Williams Alumni Association regarding the comparative ineffectiveness of the sort of work that public men were doing in the world. He spoke especially of the futility of legislation, of the fact that most of the statute books are graveyards of acts that might as well never have been passed at all, and said that these things amounted to almost absolutely nothing in really shaping the world. The great work of the world was done by mothers in the homes, teaching little children; by school-teachers in obscure country districts, shaping the ideals of honor and truth of little boys and girls; the great work of the world was that done by the moral forces content to work in silence and obscurity." To this is added what Dean Wayland, of the Yale Law School, said one night at Northfield, speaking on Round Top of his envy of those who were engaged in the religious work he saw carried on in the Moody meetings there. He spoke of his own profession of the law, a profession which he graced and honored, but about which he expressed a good deal of regret that night, as he measured its possibilities against the mightier and grander possibilities of using a whole life in one of the great moral movements of the world today. He contended that the men who did the world's greatest work were the men who buried their lives in the great moral and spiritual movements that are transforming, uplifting and saving the world. In agreement with these words of a great lawyer, Robert E. Speer, speaking for himself, says: "If I were not a sort of guerrilla preacher, I would go into the regular ministry, because I believe that the ministry of the church offers to men the finest opportunity open

to any man to make his whole life tell in distinctively spiritual service. And if I could not go into the Christian ministry, I think I would be a teacher, because it seems to me that those two professions, with least incumbrance, with least impediment, with least secular hindrance, release the whole of a man's moral force upon the moral characters of men and women around about him, and give him the opportunity to make his whole self felt in the way in which a man's life can accomplish most for the good and upbuilding of the world." In the same lecture, magnifying the glory of Service, Mr. Speer says: "I suppose there was scarcely any man in his time, or perhaps in ours, who more held the worship of the young men of the world than Chinese Gordon. Huxley used to speak of him as one of the two greatest men he ever met, a man of a sort of divine and superhuman unselfishness. What was it that made him great? I will tell you. There are three monuments to Chinese Gordon. There is the statue that stands in Trafalgar Square, with the poor, sad face turned toward the help that was not to come. There is that magnificent inscription on the stone in Saint Paul's that I suppose many of you have read. And then there is one other monument finer still. It is a life figure of Chinese Gordon seated on a dromedary, planted in what will some day be the center of the city of Khartoum. It is now in the great gardens just back of the palace. And in that great statue the face of Gordon is not turned toward the Nile, by which he might have escaped; it is not turned toward Egypt, through which help too late was on its way; it is turned, with the face of the dromedary on which he is mounted, out toward the great desert, whose voice he alone heard, whose opportunities he alone saw." The real greatness of Gordon was that "more than all his race he saw life face to face, and heard the still small Voice above its thunder."

Speaking of the radiant and transforming power of Christian influence, Mr. Speer says: "I heard Professor Peabody in Appleton Chapel, at Harvard, some years ago speaking on the words of our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount, 'Ye are the salt of the earth. . . . Ye are the light of the world,' and he told of a horseback journey which his friend Professor Thayer and he had taken across Asia Minor down to the Mediterranean Sea. For some days they had ridden along through a desolate country, now and then passing through villages which were mere collections of half underground hovels. The children played in rags and filth in the streets. The women fled half clad at the approach of a man, and all was poverty and wretchedness. Then one day they suddenly drew rein in a village of a totally different character. The homes were neat and thrifty; the children clean and intelligent; the women, neatly dressed, stood unabashed in their doorways, and a general air of well-being and self-respect prevailed. Professor Peabody said that he and his friend at once noted the difference and exclaimed upon it. On inquiry they learned that this new village was just fifty miles away from the nearest mission station, which had been established just fifty years, and whose influence had radiated out at the rate of about a mile a year, working transformation where it came. But who saw it move across the

desert? What hand could have felt it? It was absolutely nebulous and intangible, that moving influence; but none the less powerful on that account; rather on that account all the more powerful because irresistible in its progress and in the subtlety and persistency of its action." Noting that Service requires the costly spending of life itself, it is related that when Quintin Hogg, the founder of the Polytechnic Institute in London, who had devoted a great fortune to that enterprise, was asked how much it had cost to build up such an institution, he replied: "Not very much—simply one man's life-blood." That is what all service costs. The redemption of the world cost our Saviour's life-blood. A fine bit of the literature of Christian enthusiasm is that story of the splendid gay scorn of discomfort shown by a stalwart Swede who was going as a missionary to India. Some of his friends tried to dissuade him by telling him it was frightfully hot there. "Why, man, it is 120 degrees in the shade," they said. "Vell," replied this Swedish copy of Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, "ve don't always have to stay in te shade, do ve?" Wise words were those that Oliver Cromwell wrote in his Bible: "If I cease becoming better, I shall soon cease to be good." Was there ever a nobler farewell spoken to graduating students by a venerable teacher when he was about retiring from active service at the end of life, and they were about entering upon their life's service in the world, than the words of good old Professor Simpson to his students in the medical school of the University of Edinburgh, as he handed the graduating class their diplomas and with that act closed his own public and professional life? "It may chance," said he, "that some July day far down the century, when I have long been in the ether, one or other of you will talk with child or grandchild of the years when the century was young. Among its unforgotten scenes there will rise before your mind the memory of the day when at last you burst the chrysalis shell of pupilage to lift free wings into the azure. You will recall the unusual concurrence of the simultaneous leave-taking of the University by the graduates and their promoter. 'We came away,' you will say to the child, 'a goodly company all together through the gateway that leads to the rosy dawn. He passed out all alone through the door that looks to the sunset and the evening star. He was an old man,' I forehear you say, 'not in himself a great man. He had been the friend of great men and came out of a great time in the nineteenth century, when there was midsea and mighty things, and it looked to the men of his generation as if old things had passed away and a new world begun. And he told us that the great lesson he had learned on his way through life was the same that the disciple who leaned on Jesus's breast at supper taught to the fathers, the young men, and the little children of his time, when he said, "The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."'" Happy the medical college or any other college that has such a man as Dr. Simpson at the head of its faculty of instruction! And happy the students who listen to such lectures as these by Robert E. Speer!

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 8vo, pp. 377. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, illustrated, $2.00, net.

The morning after you arrive in Rome go up to the heights of the Janiculan hill, stand on the terrace in front of San Pietro in Montorio, and look across the Tiber at the city spread beneath your view. There lies the heart of Europe and the chronicle of man's long march to civilization. As you look down you feel the presence of all the centuries of European history, a score of civilizations dead and lying in state beside each other; and in the midst of their eternal monuments mankind still swarms and labors, after all its strange experience still intent to live, still busily weaving the remote future out of the immemorial past. From the platform of San Pietro in Montorio, do not fail to go on to the colossal equestrian figure of Garibaldi which rides high and grandly against the Janiculan sky-line. Close to this statue raged some of his fiercest battles. A few steps will bring you to the Porta San Pancrazio. Standing under the arch of that gate, you look out of Rome westward along a country road which runs straight for two hundred yards and then forks. There you see the entrance to the grounds of the Pamfili-Doria. Enter that garden and you see a slope of grass with a path running up it to an ornamental arch. Within the brief space between this hilltop arch and the Porta San Pancrazio, a distance of some four hundred paces, Italy poured out her best blood. On that narrow white country road and up that green slope were mowed down the chosen youth of Italy, the brave young patriots who would have been called to make her laws and write her history and her songs, when her day came, only that they judged it necessary to die there and then in order that her day might surely come. Here it was that Italy bought Rome, at the price of this brave young blood. Here at the San Pancrazio Gate, in 1849, Italy's claim on Rome was staked out and paid for in costly fashion. Twenty-one years passed, and then, in 1870, Italy under Victor Emanuel marched in and took possession of the city for which she had paid the crimson price. Somewhat in this style the author introduces his book which tells of the brief yet momentous period when Mazzini ruled Rome and Garibaldi defended her walls against French armies. The story of the Siege of Rome is a thrilling and pregnant episode in Italian annals, vividly told in Mr. Trevelyan's glowing volume; after which he pictures Garibaldi's escape from Rome and narrates the events of his march across Italy chased by the French, Spanish, and Neapolitan forces across Umbria and Tuscany into the network of four Austrian armies, out of which hostile surroundings he disentangled his little band of followers and led them across the Apennine watershed to the Adriatic seaboard. Pursued again by the Austrians, who killed or tortured all whom they caught, he found a refuge on the friendly neutral territory of the little hill Republic of San Marino, where he disbanded the bulk of his forces. Eluding the Austrian armies, he, with a little band of followers who refused to leave him, reached the coast and embarked at midnight from

Cesantico on fishing boats for Venice. To avoid Austrian gunboats he was compelled to reland among the lagoons and marshes north of Ravenna, accompanied by Ugo Bassi, the priest, and a dozen other comrades, wading ashore with his dying wife in his arms. There within a few days his brave Anita died and the whole band perished except Garibaldi and one other. Then he was hunted by the Austrian troops like a wild beast in the marshes and pine forests of Ravenna, but like a man of destiny, holding a charmed life, escaped across the whole breadth of Italy to the Western coast, and embarked in the Tuscan Maremma for a land of refuge, where he could await his great day of recognition as the liberator of Italy. After many years that day of recognition and acclaim seems now to have reached its zenith. The name of Garibaldi shines like a fixed star inextinguishable forever in the firmament of modern Italy. Last May the old hero's granddaughter, Italia Garibaldi, a teacher in our Methodist Episcopal Sunday school in Rome, made an address of welcome to the world's Sunday School Convention held in the beautiful hall of our church building, in the capital of united Italy. At sight of her on the platform, the vast convention went wild with enthusiasm, applauding with cheers and tears. Then her father, General Ricciotti Garibaldi, son of the old hero chieftain, himself a soldier of modern Italy, expressed to the throng of Sunday school workers from all parts of the world his profound gratification that in his beloved Italy the day of bullets was past and the day of Bibles had come, and the message he gave to that great representative Protestant convention was: "We men have formed the unity of Italy geographically and politically. It is for you to form the unity of Italy morally." The opportunity for the regeneration and complete liberation of Italy under Protestant Christianity is simply superb and wonderful. This is Garibaldi's year. In June of this year the Italian Senate voted that July 4, Garibaldi's birthday, be made a national holiday, to be celebrated annually as Garibaldi Day. A short time ago a Romish abbé in Giardini, Italy, who ventured to disparage Garibaldi in a sermon, was obliged to appeal to the police for protection from the people of the village who attempted to mob him for his insult to the memory of their national idol. Such is the devotion of Italy to its hero. Among modern patriots there is no more picturesque, heroic, and fascinating figure than Garibaldi, whose career, as told by Trevelyan, is so romantic, marvelous, and almost incredible that one reviewer of the book before us thinks it probable that some advanced higher critic of Italian history, a thousand years hence, will gravely and learnedly prove that Garibaldi was a myth and the improbable story of his life purely legendary. The greatest day ancient Rome ever saw was when the mighty apostle to the Gentiles entered her imperial gates; the triumph processions of emperors bringing home their captives from bloody victories were base, tawdry, and despicable compared with the entrance of the tentmaker of Tarsus, advance courier for the King of kings. The greatest year modern Rome has given us is 1907, the centenary of Garibaldi's birth, when by decree of the Senate he is proclaimed national hero, and when the mighty

forces of world-wide Protestantism assemble and take possession of the eternal city. Garibaldi, born in Nice, first saw Rome in boyhood when taken there by his father. Even then his imagination had begun to be inflamed by the dream of a liberated, united, and regenerated Italy. The second time he saw Rome was in 1848, when he went there armed to defend the short-lived Mazzinian republic against the French allies of the Vatican. The third time he entered the gates of Rome was in 1870 when, an old man done with battles and adventures, he followed into the city the soldiers of King Victor Emanuel who had forced an entrance to set up in Rome the throne of a united Italy, an Italy freed forever from the dominion of the Papal power. And now, in perpetual bronze, he sits on his horse aloft on the Janiculan Hill, looking down serenely on the new Rome and the new Italy he fought and suffered to make. Another fascinating theme for the sculptor would be an equestrian statue of Anita, Garibaldi's wife, the fearless South American amazon, whose daring equaled that of her guerrilla husband, and who suffered and died for Italy as truly as he fought for it. Her sacrificial wifely devotion made his marriage as romantic as anything in his history. She is not unworthy to sit beside him in eternal bronze; somewhere in Rome or Ravenna she should be monumented as one of Italy's willing martyrs. As to Garibaldi's religion, the truth is said to be this: as to the sort of God represented by the tyrannies and cruelties of a church which claimed to be God's chosen representative, he resentfully declared himself an atheist; but he spoke reverently of "God, the Father of all nations," and of "the mighty power of a living God" seen in nature, and of "God, the soul of the universe," and of "the great Spirit of eternal Life." No one can wonder that he abhorred the religion of those whom he regarded as enemies of Italy and of mankind. Mazzini, the other great figure in the brief life of the Italian republic, is described by our author as a man of almost superhuman virtue, of an other-worldliness which suffering and self-surrender had suffused through his whole being, so that those who met and listened to him felt the divine in man. While Garibaldi was growing into a hero and a warrior on the uplands of Brazil, Mazzini was being purified into saintliness amid the squalid furnishings and surroundings of a cheap lodging house in London. It was his saintly self-renunciation that cast such a spell over the Roman people in 1848 that they obeyed his behests in spirit and in letter under pure constraint of his nobility. Years before that, Carlyle wrote thus to the London Times: "I have had the honor to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years, and I testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind; one of those rare men, unfortunately few, who are worthy to be called martyr-souls, who in silence piously understand and practice in their daily life what is meant by martyrdom." So Carlyle wrote of the man in spite of the fact that he regarded Mazzini's schemes for Italy as "impracticable rosewater imbecilities." These two men, Mazzini and Garibaldi, were the life and soul of the republic of 1848-9, whose history was as passionately heroic and as brilliantly roman-

tic as it was brief. How the young men of Rome were inflamed with patriotic devotion and martial valor by Garibaldi, may be seen in the account given by one of them of his own mesmerization. This young Roman, going out one day with two or three artist friends simply to see what was going on, came in sight of Garibaldi recruiting enlistments in a public square of Rome. Hear his story: "I had no idea of enlisting. I was a young artist. I was there by accident and listened out of mere curiosity. But oh, I never can forget that day when I saw him on his beautiful white horse in the market place, with his noble aspect, his calm, kind face, his high smooth forehead, his light hair and golden beard. He reminded us all of nothing so much as of our Saviour's head in the art galleries. I could not resist him. I forsook my studies. I went after him. Thousands of young men did likewise. He had only to show himself. We were fascinated and worshiped him; we could not help it." This was no passing emotion of a susceptible and impulsive youth. It was the birth in him of a devotion to Italy and her liberation as enduring as it was spontaneous and passionate. He fought under Garibaldi in the defense of Rome, where hundreds of his comrades fell; and eleven years later, still inspired with the same great passion, he was fighting again in Naples under the dictatorship of Garibaldi for the same glorious cause. His enlistment under an inspiring leader is paralleled and more than matched in nobleness today by the gallant young men in our churches, schools, and colleges, who, catching sight, not of a face which resembles pictures of the Saviour but of Christ himself, and listening to his call, are enlisting in his cause. As the Son of God goes forth to war, they follow in his train. It seems to us inevitable that, as that great hymn sounds forth in our churches the question, "*Who* follows in his train?" thousands of spirited and high-souled young men and women will answer, "*We'll* follow in his train!" In that spirit have the missionaries of the Christian centuries answered and gone forth. Only in a similar spirit of devotion can the free kingdom of God be spread abroad over the world, or the work of Christ be done anywhere. Another noble figure in the Italian Republic was Ugo Bassi, of Bologna. Bassi was a Roman Catholic priest of the Barnabite order, who became profoundly impressed by the wrongs of Italy and by the sins of the papal church, to which he belonged. He was revered by the Bolognese as a saint, and had long before been known as such by the cholera-stricken population of Palermo to whom he ministered with utter self-renunciation during a terrible period of plague. His praise is worthily sung in Mrs. Hamilton King's historico-religious poem, "The Disciples." In Bologna, in the Easter season of 1848, this priest preached a crusade calling the youth of Italy to arms for the first Lombard war, to cast off the tyranny of Austria. Trevelyan calls this the first Easter of Italy's hope. In the great square in front of the church of San Petronio, the people of Bologna gathered and listened while Ugo Bassi, like a new Savonarola, preached from the steps of the church, stirring the crowd to such a fury of moral and political enthusiasm that men offered their lives, mothers urged their sons, and those who could not go to war

offered their wealth. Once when Bassi was preaching a girl who had nothing else to give to Italy's war, cut off her beautiful long hair and handed it to him. When Garibaldi and his legion of a thousand men were encamped at Rieti, Mazzini sent Bassi to act as Garibaldi's chaplain. There Bassi said, "Italy is here in our camp; Italy is Garibaldi." Between these two, the soldier and the priest, there grew up a strong friendship, and until the martyrdom of Bassi they were constantly together on the march and on the battlefield and in camp. At Garibaldi's request Bassi put off his clerical garb and permanently adopted the red shirt which was worn by Garibaldi and his staff. On the battlefield this priest ministered to the wounded, following the ebb and flow of the conflict. Once during a battle, Bassi rode close up to the enemy's lines and, sitting on his horse in a shower of bullets, addressed them on the wickedness of fighting against their country. Hoffstetter, the Xenophon of the Retreat from Rome, describes this militant friar as follows: "One saw the enthusiast in Bassi at first glance. His mild eyes and high forehead, his waving hair and beard, his inspired language, and his contempt for death struck us all with astonishment. No one's hand did me so much good to shake as his. He was passionately devoted to the general who represented to him the hopes of Italy. More than once he said, 'Nothing would give me greater joy than to die for Garibaldi.'" Garibaldi's courage was a calm disregard of death as of something that had no power to touch him; and so, indeed, it really seemed. Bassi's courage was a sort of recklessness as of a man who saw the impending ruin of hopes too dear to be outlived. Bassi clung to Garibaldi in defeat and flight, pursued in Northern Italy by Austrian and Papal troops, until forced to part from him in August, 1849, in the marshes of the Po, leaving Garibaldi with his dying Anita. Shortly afterward he was caught by the enemy, and carried bound in an open cart to Bologna. Everywhere priests by the roadside who saw the cart pass, jeered him with shouts of "Preach your war against Austria now, will you?" On reaching Bologna Ugo Bassi was dragged to execution, like Browning's *Patriot*, through the streets of the city where his noblest triumphs of fame and popular success had been won. Praying aloud to God for the liberation of Italy from the rule of the foreigner and the tyranny of the Papal church, he fell pierced by Austrian bullets. The people regarded him as a saint and a martyr, and his grave outside the gate became such a place of pilgrimage that the Papal authorities dug up the body and hid it away. But they could not make the people forget him, and now his statue stands in Bologna as Garibaldi's stands on the Janiculan hill in Rome. And Italy is forever free. Garibaldi, having made an incredible escape across Italy to its western coast, found safety on the sea; stopped a few hours at Nice to see his motherless children, and then sailed to Tangier, where the British consul gave him hospitality. In 1850 he came to America, where in obscurity he earned his bread for years as a candlemaker and later as a farmer, until the time came for him to return to Italy to be hailed as "Captain of the People" and to crown his career with the glory of his Sicilian campaign. A most romantic book is this of Mr. Trevelyan's, but no more so than the facts of the history it narrates.

The Modern Pulpit. By LEWIS O. BRASTOW, D.D., Yale University. 12mo, pp. 451. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

This study of homiletic sources and characteristics by an eminent professor of Practical Theology is a volume of no little interest and significance. It is more fundamental and comprehensive than the author's previous book, Representative Modern Preachers, which we noticed at the time of its publication. This book is a large venture in a field little worked. The author does not claim to have done full justice to all the pulpits of all the churches; that were plainly impossible; but he has selected naturally enough from among representative preachers those with whom his acquaintance and his studies made him most familiar. Five chapters arrange the contents of the book: "Preparative Influences of the Eighteenth Century," "Prominent Influences of the Nineteenth Century," "Prominent Characteristics of Modern Preaching," "Modern Preaching as Represented by Different Nationalities and Religious Communions"—I. *The German Pulpit.* II. *The Anglican Pulpit.* III. *Preaching of the English Free Churches.* IV. *Scottish Preaching.* V. *The Preaching of the United States.* The book is characterized by fullness of knowledge, soundness of judgment, catholicity of spirit, and a marked appreciation of the evangelistic. Among the influences named in the first chapter as operating for the reform and betterment of preaching in the eighteenth century are German pietism with Spener as its great representative, the Puritan movement in England with Baxter and Bunyan and Owen and Howe and Doddridge as leaders, and the Wesleyan Revival. From Dr. Brastow's account of the German pulpit in the eighteenth century, we take this statement by Reinhard, the Dresden court preacher, of his conception of what preaching should be: "Clear order, parts firmly knit into one whole, interesting to the hearer and pertinent to his condition, practical in reference to the interests of life; language suitable, that is with clearness for teaching, a pictorial quality for description, strength for admonition, power for persuasion, and tranquillity for comfort. Preaching should move every side of the nature. It should speak to the understanding clearly, to the feelings stimulatingly, to the conscience awakeningly. The style should speak to the ear, full but not bombastic, resonant but not rhythmical. Thus one would speak with high simplicity, noble dignity, and beneficent warmth." We quote also the significant saying of Rieger, a Biblical, evangelistic preacher of South Germany, whose supreme aim was to arouse men to a consecrated and active Christian life: "One should go to God's house saying, 'I will go to the awakening hour'; and should be able to say on returning home, 'I come from the hour of awakening, and am awakened, aroused, strengthened, bettered, and am made thankful, willing, joyful.'" Herder of Weimar was a Biblical preacher of a different type. He held attention to the immense wealth of Biblical literature and opened up the eternally fresh fountains of Biblical feeling and sentiment. He showed how plainly it appears in the Bible, from the first word, "Let there be light," to the last, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." One Will, one Power, one Spirit has led the ever-rising, God-willed course of mankind. This is one of his sayings

to preachers: "Leave your physics and metaphysics at home; step reverently in the halls of glory, of all human culture, into the temple of the revelation of God; learn to read the Biblical writings, not as if they were modern books, but with the consciousness that they were written in an Oriental spirit and in a language strange to us, and they will seem to you not like an antiquated book of fables and tales nor like a book of dogmatic legislation. Rather will you find in them how the divine Father has nourished and guided upward his children. I have far greater desire to know and apply the divine in those writings than to grub over questions as to the sort of it and of the manner of its entrance into the souls of the writers." Herder's soul was filled with the great thoughts, emotions, and visions that fill the Bible, and he made it a new and living book to the men of his age. He said: "I became a theologian only out of love to the Bible. In it I find the purest word of God, his speech to the children of men, the whole full Christian truth." In harmony with this is his conception of the preacher's function: "He is not a teacher of wisdom and virtue, but a preacher of religion, God's speaker, a prophet, who deals with what has life in itself—with piety, with the soul, with God." Another Biblical preacher, of still a different type, was Lavater of Zurich. Of him Dr. Brastow says: "He apprehended Christianity emotionally. His preaching was full of passion and dramatic power." Lavater's conception of preaching was: "To make a sermon that pleases a great crowd, that is admired and bruited about,—that is of very little account in itself. But a sermon that really edifies, really interests the heart and penetrates it with warming power while it illuminates the understanding as well,—a sermon that leaves a lively searching sting behind it, that follows the hearer and long after in hours of temptation comes up as it were dancing through the heart,—a sermon that stirs all the flesh in revolt against it and yet pleases, that cannot be kept out of the mind nor refuted,—a sermon which however found fault with is yet approved by the heart,—*that* sermon is the work of the wisdom and the spirit and the power of Christ." Among the factors influencing the pulpit in the nineteenth century, Dr. Brastow names and explains the development of physical science, the progress of modern philosophy, the development of historical and critical science, literary developments, the awakening of the religious life of the churches, and the influence of the complex and intensely practical character of modern life. Among the prominent characteristics of modern preaching he mentions and describes its experimental quality giving positiveness of tone, sharpness of outline, and spiritual quality; its historic and Biblical basis; its critical and discriminating character; its practical character, ethical and humanitarian; and its formal qualities, as seem in its variety of form, its suggestiveness and unelaborateness, and its literary and rhetorical elements. Probably the most interesting chapter in this book to most readers will be the last, which studies and characterizes the modern pulpit in Germany, in the Church of England, in the English Free Churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Unitarian—the Scottish churches, and the preaching of the United States in the different denomi-

nations. Dr. Brastow thinks that English Methodism discloses more fully than American Methodism the power of the Wesleyan tradition: it is at once more tolerant of intellectual freedom, more hospitable to new interpretations, and at the same time more aggressively evangelistic, as well as more flexible and adaptable in its methods. Of Wesleyanism, the author says: "It is preëminently the religion of the spirit, the religion of the inner life, the religion of fervid emotion, the religion of practical self-denial and principled unworldliness, the religion of philanthropic and missionary enterprise." Considering the preaching of the United States, Dr. Brastow thinks that the product of American preachers is, as a rule, less sentimental and affectionate than that of the German, less fervid and rhetorically brilliant than that of the Frenchman, less dignified and churchly than that of the Anglican, less biblical, less sympathetic, and less evangelical than that of the English nonconformist; but that it is more thoughtful and after its kind instructive. Among the Congregational preachers of our country described in this book are Lyman Beecher, Charles C. Finney, E. N. Kirk, George Shepard, Phelps and Park of Andover, H. W. Beecher, Horace Bushnell, R. S. Storrs, George A. Gordon, and Frank W. Gunsaulus, of whom it is written: "His style of preaching is much more impassioned, both in rhetoric and in oratory, than that of Dr. Storrs, and one may venture to suggest that *he discloses the beneficent effects of early nurture in the Methodist Church*." Among the Presbyterians noticed are Albert Barnes, William Adams, R. D. Hitchcock, President Patton of Princeton, Charles H. Parkhurst, and Henry van Dyke, who is called the pulpit artist of Presbyterianism. Among the Baptists are Francis Wayland, William R. Williams, E. G. Robinson, William N. Clarke, President Faunce of Brown University, R. S. MacArthur, and Russell A. Conwell. Among the Protestant Episcopalians are Bishop Hobart of New York, Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, Bishop Doane of New Jersey (although a greater than he is his son, Bishop Doane, of Albany), Alexander H. Vinton, whom Phillips Brooks called "the great presbyter of the church," Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., Bishop Huntington of Central New York, William R. Huntington, William S. Rainsford, David H. Greer, and that giant Great-Heart, Phillips Brooks, who surpassed all other preachers of the Protestant Episcopal body in all its history. The American Methodists noticed are Summerfield, Durbin, and McClintock, with Bishops Simpson, McCabe, Vincent, Foss, and McDowell. A tribute is paid to Dr. Buckley as preacher, debater, platform orator, detective, and editor. THE METHODIST REVIEW is referred to as "holding rank among the best theological periodicals of the country." And on page 404 we read that as a conquering religious force Methodism "has taken the place of supremacy among all Protestant communions." That statement from a Congregational theological professor notifies us how arduous is the task, how solemn the responsibility, and how mighty the inspiration we of today have to maintain for our communion that "place of supremacy" which those who preceded us have, by the great blessing of God, achieved for the Methodist Church.

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1907

Art. I.—THE CATECHISM OF SIR OLIVER LODGE

The ship is at sea far from the shore she left, far from the shore she is making for.[1]

In the Hibbert Journal for July, 1906, there appeared a notable article by Sir Oliver Lodge, the principal (since 1900) of the University of Birmingham. Apparently this article was occasioned by the stress of the educational situation in England, and the writer's immediate aim was to suggest a catechism for the use of teachers—"to indicate some of the heads of what, were I a teacher, I should endeavor to weld into the lessons in an unobtrusive and perhaps imperceptible fashion." A religious catechism framed by "perhaps the first scientist alive" naturally started a very marked interest. This interest widened and soon made feasible the publication of the catechism in an enlarged and more permanent form, a book of 144 pages, entitled, The Substance of Faith Allied with Science.[2] From any one of several standpoints this catechism is worthy of careful consideration, and from the standpoint of apologetics it is, I think, the most important utterance since Canon Gore edited and then surprised us with the Thoughts on Religion. In the fall of 1895 the late Professor Calderwood, of the University of Edinburgh, said to me, with a seriousness I never shall forget: "This morning I have been

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[1] Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the Bishop of Salisbury after the publication of Essays and Reviews.

[2] Printed in the United States by the Harpers in March, 1907.

reading a book called Thoughts on Religion. It is a posthumous work of George John Romanes, the naturalist. You *must* read it, and as soon as you can! It has convinced me that we should try to reach these men of science; we should study them and appreciate them, and should make every possible theological concession to them, and so aim deliberately to win them to Christ. If we only do this, modern science will some time make for us the perfect defense of the Christian religion." As I read with a growing dissatisfaction Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism I kept thinking, "What would Professor Calderwood say now?"

Let us get before our minds the pith of this catechism. In doing this I will rely, not upon the bare questions and answers, but upon these as they are illuminated by both the author's explanatory comments and his more ample statements in recent pertinent discussions. But (and this should be emphasized) even with all this care I am not certain that my presentation of Sir Oliver's teaching will be full and fair at every point, for in some places his statements are to me either contradictory or indeterminate.

The Pith of the Catechism.

I. God. Concerning the Divine Being the teaching of the catechism is similar to that of John Fiske, namely, God is a *quasi* Person. In our limitation and need we are *permitted* to think of God in an anthropomorphic manner. "It is impossible to define such a term as 'God,' but it is permissible reverently to use the term for a mode of regarding the Universe as invested with what in human beings we call personality, consciousness, and other forms of intelligence, emotion, and will." (Comment on Clause v; should be closely compared with comment on Clause xi.) In the "Creed" of the catechism this divine *quasi* Person is termed a Father: "I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist."

The most exacting test, however, is to be found at the point of divine immanence. What is the teaching of the catechism at that point? To say that Sir Oliver Lodge is a monist is of no definite worth, for there are monists as far apart as Professor Bowne is from Professor Haeckel. The important question is

this: "Does Sir Oliver Lodge's conception of monism amount to an ultimate pantheism?" It surely does, if I understand him. Again and again (as in various excellent statements concerning man's freedom) he *seems* to protect the reality of man's separateness in personal being, but sooner or later it turns out that this protection is for "practical purposes" and is never truly fundamental. (The Substance of Faith, pages 40, 45, 84, and 85. To be compared with a passage on page 658 of the Hibbert Journal for April, 1906. Also read the article "Mind and Matter" in the Hibbert Journal for January, 1905.) This so-called "practical view" satisfies many today, but I am not satisfied. It is nothing but the pantheist's way of flinching when he cannot explain man's total experience under the terms of his own theory.

II. The Fall of Man. In the usual manner of the evolutionist, the fall of man is regarded as a necessary feature in the normal process of development. That is, the fall was "a fall upward." Clause II reads, question: "What, then, may be meant by the Fall of man?" Answer in full: "At a certain stage of development man became conscious of a difference between right and wrong, so that thereafter, when his actions fell below a normal standard of conduct, he felt ashamed and sinful. He thus lost his animal innocency, and entered on a long period of human effort and failure; nevertheless, the consciousness of degradation marked a rise in the scale of existence." Again, in the criticism of The Riddle of the Universe (page 330) we find this: "A fall it might seem, just as a vicious man sometimes seems degraded below the beasts, but in promise and potency a rise it really was." Here the ethical kernel of the case is missed entirely. Sharp discrimination should be made between man's *getting* a conscience and man's *disobeying* conscience after once he has it. A *capacity* for disobedience is of the utmost worth, but *the intentional act* of disobedience has absolutely no value, whether human or cosmic. There can be no "fall upward."

There is the same confusion of things superficially related, and the same lack of moral discrimination, in Sir Oliver Lodge's conception of evil. In The Substance of Faith (page 49) there is this, and much more like it: "The term 'evil' is relative: dirt,

for instance, is well known to be only matter out of place; weeds are plants flourishing where they are not wanted." We are instantly reminded of Emerson's saying, "A weed is an unappreciated flower." But this view of relative evil, or evil as "a warped good," is as deceptive as folly. What are they talking about, anyway, cosmic evil or personal evil? If the latter, the *outward expression* of evil must be distinguished from the *inner spirit* of evil. The one is *relatively* wrong, the other is *absolutely* wrong. Take the spirit of falsehood. Can you make that into a piece of righteousness by placing it in a perfect relation? No; it is so absolutely wrong that Anselm could say, in his daring manner, "It does not follow that if God would lie, it would be right to lie, but rather that he were not God."

III. Christ. Let us begin with the view of the Trinity as outlined in "Notes on the Creed." This view is modalistic. In the universe there is immanent a Power which is not only personal (by permission) but also benevolent. Of this immanent Power there are "three aspects or personifications": first, in creating and sustaining; second, in sympathizing and suffering; third, in regenerating and sanctifying. In the first aspect the Divine Power is discovered in cosmic relations; in the third aspect the Divine Power is discovered in human relations ("Deity at work in the consciousness and experience of mankind"); in the second aspect the Divine Power is plainly manifest in the person and life of Immanuel.

Or, the conception of Christ in the catechism can be given in another way. When we think of the immanent Power as benevolent, as one vast Loving-kindness, about us like an elastic envelope, and ever working out our supreme good, we term this Power the "Grace of God." This "Grace" is manifest in the laws and processes of nature, also in the course of mankind ("the guider of human history"), but is specially manifest in Jesus Christ. He is the "Grace of God" radiantly incarnate. Thus to hear Christ is to hear the very word of God. "The spirit of Beethoven is incarnate in his music, and he that hath heard the Fifth Symphony hath heard Beethoven." (Part of the passage explaining Saint John 14. 9.) As this "Grace of God" is but the coming

into outward fact of God's real *nature,* and as this "Grace" is in Christ completely, Jesus Christ is himself an actual revelation of the *nature* of God. Clause xv reads: "I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and has since been worshiped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world." Notice how the word *"immortal"* is used in place of the word *"eternal";* and also how the creed suddenly turns into church history! We are to believe that Jesus Christ *"has since been worshiped"!*

IV. The Atonement. In what sense, though, is Christ "the Saviour of the world"? To answer this question there is given in the catechism a most indigent form of the moral-influence theory of the atonement. Indeed, I do not recall another setting forth of the atonement quite so poverty-stricken in Christian quality. The point is so crucial that I would better quote at some length:

> The clear and undoubted fact is that the founder of the Christian religion lived on this earth a blameless life, taught and helped the poor who heard him gladly, gathered to himself a body of disciples with whom he left a message to mankind, and was tortured to death as a criminal blasphemer, at the instigation of mistaken priests in the defense of their own order and privileges.
>
> This monstrous wrong is regarded by some as having unconsciously completed the salvation of the race, because of the consummation of sacrifice, and because of the suffering of the innocent, which it involved. . . . Others attach more saving efficiency to the life, the example, and the teachings, as recorded in the Gospels, and all agree that they are important.
>
> But, in fact, the whole is important. And at the foot of the cross there has been a perennial experience of relief and renovation. Sin being the sense of imperfection, disunion, lack of harmony, the struggle among the members that Saint Paul for all time expressed, there is usually associated with it a sense of impotence, a recognition of the impossibility of achieving peace and unity in one's own person, a feeling that aid must be forthcoming from a higher source. It is this feeling which enables the spectacle of any noble, self-sacrificing human action to have an elevating effect; it is this which gropes after the possibilities of the highest in human nature; it is a feeling which, for large tracts of this planet, has found its highest stimulus and completest satisfaction in the life and death of Christ.
>
> The willingness of such a Being to share our nature, to live the

life of a peasant, and to face the horrible certainty of execution by torture, in order, personally, to help those whom he was pleased to call his brethren, is a race-asset which, however masked and overlaid with foreign growths, yet gleams through every covering and suffuses the details of common life with fragrance.

This conspicuously has been a redeeming, or, rather, a regenerating agency; for, by filling the soul with love and adoration and fellow-feeling for the Highest, the old cravings have often been almost hypnotically rendered distasteful and repellent, the bondage of sin has been loosened from many a spirit, the lower entangled self has been helped from the slough of despond and raised to the shores of a larger hope, whence it can gradually attain to harmony and peace.

The invitation to the troubled soul, "Come, and find rest," has reference not to relief from sin alone, but to all restlessness and lack of trust. The atonement removes the feeling of dislocation; it induces a tranquil sense of security and harmony—an assurance of union with the Divine Will. (Clause xv; pages 104, 105, and 106.)

V. The Essential Element of Christianity. The real culmination of Sir Oliver Lodge's "scientific creed" is in his belief that the essential element of the Christian religion lies in its doctrine of a *"human God."* Here again it is better to quote largely, inasmuch as Sir Oliver's view deceptively plays with astonishing magic around the verity of the gospel. It brings to mind what I once saw on Lake Michigan: a ship in the sky, sailing upside down toward the moon! I will quote from an article on "Christianity and Science" in the Hibbert Journal for April, 1906:

I believe that the most essential element in Christianity is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, not outside it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the incarnation. The nature of God is displayed in part by everything, to those who have eyes to see, but is displayed most clearly and fully by the highest type of existence, the highest experience to which the process of evolution has so far opened our senses. . . . This perception of a human God, or of a God in the form of humanity, is a perception which welds together Christianity and pantheism and paganism and philosophy. . . . But, whatever its unconscious treatment by the sects may have been, this idea—the humanity of God or the divinity of man—I conceive to be the truth which constituted the chief secret and inspiration of Jesus: "I and the Father are one." . . . The divinity of Jesus is the truth which now requires to be reperceived, to be illumined afresh by new knowledge, to be cleansed and revivified by the wholesome flood of skepticism which has poured over it. It can be

freed now from all trace of groveling superstition, and can be recognized freely and enthusiastically: the divinity of Jesus, and of all other noble and saintly souls, in so far as they, too, have been inflamed by a spark of Deity; in so far as they, too, can be recognized as manifestations of the Divine. . . . God is One; the universe is an aspect and a revelation of God. The universe is struggling upward to a perfection not yet attained. I see in the mighty process of evolution an eternal struggle toward more and more self-perception, and fuller and more all-embracing Existence, not only on the part of what is customarily spoken of as creation, but in so far as nature is an aspect and revelation of God; and in so far as time has any ultimate meaning or significance, we must dare to extend the thought of growth and progress and development even up to the height of all that we can realize of the Supernal Being. . . . Such ideas, the ideas of development and progress, extend even up to God himself, according to the Christian conception. So we return to that with which we started: The Christian idea of God is not that of a Being outside the universe, above its struggles and advances, looking on and taking no part in the process, *solely* exalted, beneficent, self-determined and complete; no, it is also that of a God who loves, who yearns, who suffers, who keenly laments the rebellious and misguided activity of the free agents brought into being by himself as part of himself, who enters into the storm and conflict, and is subject to conditions as the Soul of it all; conditions not artificial and transitory, but inherent in the process of producing free and conscious beings, and essential to the full self-development even of Deity. . . . Infinitely patient the universe has been while man has groped his way to this truth: so simple and consoling in one of its aspects, so inconceivable and incredible in another. Dimly and partially it has been seen by all the prophets, and doubtless by many of the pagan saints. Dimly and partially we see it now: but in the life-blood of Christianity this is the most vital element. It is not likely to be the attribute of any one religion alone; it may be the essence of truth in all terrestrial religions, but it is conspicuously Christian. Its boldest statement was when a child was placed in the midst and was regarded as a symbol of the Deity; but it was foreshadowed even in the early conceptions of Olympus, whose gods and goddesses were affected with the passions of men; it is the root fact underlying the superstitions of idolatry and all varieties of anthropomorphism.

(Compare with The Substance of Faith, pages 92 to 96.)

VI. Personal Interpretation. Now I will give a succinct personal interpretation of precisely what this catechism means in its bare pith. It should be clearly understood, however, that I do not aim to be exhaustively equitable; I do not aim to bring out the lofty religiousness of the author or to notice every point which is morally wholesome and charged with Christian senti-

ment. My only aim is to strip this catechism down to its ultimate pantheism:

1. In existence there is *One Eternal Power.* For pragmatic ends we are *permitted* to regard this Power as a loving Person.

2. The universe is this Eternal Power in objective self-development.

3. Man is this Eternal Power at a certain stage, the moral stage, of this objective self-development.

4. Sin is a feature necessary to the introduction of this moral stage. Sin is the first appearance in moral consciousness of the "yelp of the beast"; an experience essential for progress toward a perfect moral manhood.

5. Christ is *the archetypal man.* He is the forerunner of the moral consummation. He shows how the entire moral movement will eventuate when "the man is quiet at last." In fundamental psychology, though, Jesus Christ is not different from any other man.

6. As the forerunner, Christ (by his character, sympathy, teaching, and brave death) aids men to master temptation, to escape "the feeling of dislocation," and thus to achieve harmony and moral peace. This inspiring aid of the forerunner is our Saviour's Atonement.

7. As this stage, or moral movement in mankind—a stage, we ever need to remember, consummated by Jesus Christ, who is by supreme incarnation the archetype of perfected man—is—is a part of the self-development of the Eternal Power, "God," we certainly have "Deity in humanity and humanity in Deity." The vivid and complete and energetic appropriation and promulgation of this fact of a "human God" is the most striking characteristic and the most essential element of the Christian religion.

In the London Spectator, December 22, 1906, there is an editorial appreciation of Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism. This "faith of a scientist" will, the editorial affirms, tend to confirm the faith of those minds who, needing external religious authority, can no longer fully find it in the church, and even suspect that it has changed residence and is now with the men of science. "A voice from the other camp confessing that essential Christianity which

they ardently desire to believe, and do diligently practice, but the truth of which is too often overshadowed for them by a suspicion that the scientific men do not believe it, can alone confirm their faith. In the name of such men—and their number is neither small nor decreasing—the Christian churches should thank Sir Oliver Lodge." But we want to know, before we give thanks, whether this catechism *is* a voice confessing "essential Christianity." Evidently, Sir Oliver Lodge himself sincerely believes so, for he offers the catechism as an irenic basis, a "fundamental substratum," preparatory to sectarian creeds, and actually formed out of the common mass of "material on which the great majority are really agreed." I would not venture to estimate how many Christian men I may speak for; but I hope that there are yet a good many followers of our Lord who know pantheism when they see it, and who will instantly reject it as, not merely foreign to "essential Christianity," but even false from any Christian standpoint whatsoever. More deeply regarded, however, this catechism should not be taken as a sporadic item. *It is one case in an epidemic.* My own experience with the catechism is very instructive. At first (because I had been influenced by certain Christian laudations of Sir Oliver Lodge in the higher journalism) I supposed that I was about to enjoy a profound confessional utterance similar to Romanes's Thoughts on Religion. Very soon I gave up that view. Then, I tried the catechism as a western expression of "the Oriental tendency in mystical man," such an expression as came out in Emerson's essay on the Over-Soul. ("Somewhat higher in each of us overlooks this by-play, and Jove nods to Jove behind each of us.") After further reading I was obliged to give up my second notion of the catechism also. Then, after several days of questioning, it suddenly dawned upon me: "Why, this is the same thing—both religiously and philosophically the same thing—as that which Mr. Campbell has more bunglingly given in his New Theology. And both are the same thing as that which Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy has more shrewdly, *more marketably,* given in her Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." In every instance the monism is pantheistically conceived. Monism *can* be conceived otherwise; but these writers

(the scientist, the preacher and the charlatan) do not use the sane checks, and so they "just empty their vials into the ocean." In every instance, too, there is the same reason apparent why the sane checks are not used, namely, *there is no profound regard for man's actual condition of responsible sin.*

This leads me further. *This* monism, this *pantheistic* monism, is itself peculiar, however formulated. It is not a pure philosophy, merely trying to explain the universe in terms of universal integrity. No, it is but one form of what I will call the Modern Christian Humanics. I term it Christian because it is an outcome of Christian history, because there is about it a Christian atmosphere, and because there is in it a Christian motive. This motive is morally to help men. In an effort to do this the religious nature is appreciated and then Christianity is related to that nature. But no repentance is required, no conversion is expected; the plain fact is that the Christian religion is *accommodated to the unconverted man.* In apprehending truth the religious consciousness is used in place of Christian consciousness. The result is not an integral part of Christianity; not even an infinitesimal potency of Christianity; but rather an alluring imitation. Dr. Kuyper has termed it a "Morgana in the Christian domain."[1] The fascination and consequent pervasion of this mirage is readily understood when once we notice its three elements of appeal: (1) It fits into the dominant theory of evolution; (2) it makes no severe moral requirement of the modern man, who hates to repent; and (3) it looks like Christianity. It pronounces many of the Christian phrases, it makes some of the Christian promises, it has much of the Christian spirit. "Tell me, was it strange that as the Morgana was greeted by Reggio's inhabitants so modernism was hailed by the thinking spirits of our age with applause both loud and long, yea, with a shout of joy and admiration?"

We now reach the *crux* of our task. For many months one question has burned in my mind—this: *"How can we dissipate*

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[1] A Fata Morgana; two articles of the utmost importance by Dr. Abraham Kuyper; translated from the Dutch by Dr. J. H. DeVries, and published in the METHODIST REVIEW March-April and May-June, 1906.

this modern mirage of the gospel?" I have no fear for the Christian faith in the face of any open attack, such as that of Spencer's agnosticism, or that of Haeckel's frank materialism. I do not seriously fear Socialism even in its anarchistic phase. And, whatever may have been the case in former years, I do not now fear the rationalistic method in the criticism of the Old and New Testaments, as represented by the radicalism of Cheyne and Schmiedel. In fact, any form of out-and-out rationalism is too manifest to be dangerous. But I do fear this philanthropic Humanics which studies man "by guessing at the half and then multiplying by two"; which aims to save man without ethical suffering and without any Christian experience, and to furnish an interpretation of life and death and things to come, all without any consciousness of sin forgiven through the atonement of Jesus Christ. I confess it; this mirage, appearing now even in the most unexpected places, disturbs. I fear it greatly. I dare not say or think that our Lord cannot turn the deceptive thing into an ultimate providential good, still I dread it just as a tired and thirsty man dreads a longer journey in the sands of Sahara.

Before attempting to answer my question I need to say something about the mediating theologians, those men who for years have been honestly trying to harmonize Christianity with the *Zeitgeist.* Notice the great landmarks in modern mediation. Ritschl's Rechtfertigung was completed in 1874. Bruce's Apologetics was published in 1892, nine years earlier than that pathetic article on "Jesus" in the Encyclopedia Biblica. Then Clarke's Outline appeared in 1894. This most notable work, commended in every evangelical church by influential editors, theological teachers, and preachers, had as many as seven editions in five years. Not only so, but in this period (1874 to 1907) of almost a third of a century there have been printed and circulated more than a thousand mediating books having authority in Christian scholarship and force in plausible appeal. And nearly all of the most powerful religious journals and reviews have kept up an untimorous mediating bombardment.

Not yet is it possible to analyze this large mass of apologetic material and then fairly estimate every portion as to its spirit,

teaching, and influence. Ritschlianism alone requires a more comprehensive discussion than it has received, and the American apology is an exceedingly intricate matter. But this much we may now affirm: mediation, even if it has not actually made a contribution to the modern mirage, has certainly been powerless to dissipate it. It has had a full chance and has failed. However noble the intention, Christianity cannot be protected by the way of compromise.

To try to answer the question propounded I have been induced by my experience in the last eighteen months. Up to well-nigh the close of 1905 I believed that all the available conservative force was compact in that rigid literalism which we somewhat unjustly associate with the name of Quenstedt. This belief resulted in a certain superficial discouragement which was sometimes very evident in my lectures, articles, and sermons, for I was sure, not only that mediation had failed, but also that the literalists were wrong in method and unfaithful to the biblical facts. It is true, however, that I had a deep and growing sympathy with the *Quenstedtians* (as I will call them) because I had confidence in their Christian experience and in their Christian inability to yield to the *Zeitgeist*. If one of their books showed any sign of renewed power, I read it eagerly and was as glad as a child over a gift. In short, it seemed to me that the really reliable Christians were leading a forlorn hope with antiquated weapons and arbitrary maps of the country. But since November, 1905, I have had furnished to me a large amount of new evidence, and I now know that scattered over the world there is a growing company of conservative men, many of them young men, who hold every essential Christian doctrine without a word of mitigation, and yet do not need any rigid literalism to make secure their faith. If these *unapologetic Christian essentialists* can only find a feasible way to join their forces, if they will give themselves to a serious propaganda in books and journals and schools and churches, they can with God's favor dissipate the Fata Morgana, I verily believe.

Olin A. Curtis,

ART. II.—THE PRESENT WIDESPREAD UNREST IN INDIA

NOT since the dark days of the mutiny, just half a century ago, has there been such widespread unrest and deep disaffection among the people of India as at the present time. The prevailing discontent has attained such proportions and assumed such a threatening aspect that the government has been constrained to interfere with a strong hand for the repression of its outward manifestations. One of the greatest of the provinces of the empire, Bengal (disregarding for the moment the recent division), is seething with disaffection to the ruling power. In certain parts, an alarming development of religious strife between Hindus and Mohammedans has taken place within the past few months, threatening to become the fruitful parent of permanent bitterness and estrangement among peoples that have hitherto dwelt together in measurable amity. In the Punjab, the seditious spirit has expressed itself so strongly as to compel the government to interpose with drastic measures to prevent the spread of disaffection. A century-old enactment, which invests the governor-general with power of deportation without trial or warning of any kind, has been suddenly and unexpectedly put in operation, and two of the leading agitators are now thinking upon their ways in the fort at Mandalay. The suddenness and swiftness of the blow have produced a wholesome effect upon sedition mongers generally, although the summary action of the authorities is bitterly condemned by the native press from one end of the land to the other. A few months ago, the editor of a leading native newspaper in the Punjab was prosecuted for endeavoring to produce racial animosity between subjects of his majesty and to promote sedition, with the result that he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment and a heavy fine. This case created much excitement throughout the whole Punjab province, and every section of the country expressed indignation at the prosecution and sympathy with the convicted editor, for it was felt that certain Anglo-Indian journals, which it is claimed had done quite as much by extravagant lan-

guage to fan the flame of racial hate, were allowed to go scot-free. The conviction of the editor of The Punjabee led to a great outbreak of local anger, and in the rioting which followed Europeans were maltreated and certain mission buildings badly injured. By an impressive show of force and the deportation of the chief agitators referred to above, the government succeeded in quickly restoring order; but the time has been one of great anxiety to the powers that be in view of the territory affected and of the fact that evidence was forthcoming to show that some Sepoy regiments had been tampered with.

In attempting to analyze the nature of this widespread unrest we find its principal element is a rapidly growing impatience of Western or foreign rule, accompanied by the deepening conviction among educated Indians that they are quite capable of administering the affairs of their country independently of foreigners. Up till the present the agitation has confined itself to the demand for a larger share in the administration, it being well understood that Swaraj, home rule or self-government, while the goal in view, is not at present within the range of practical politics, nor likely to be for some time to come. For the most part, the existing hostility is not against British rule *per se,* nor to the king-emperor's person and authority, but rather to the administration of Indian affairs by the government of India. The government in recent years has become intensely bureaucratic, and as it has developed in this direction, officials of nearly all classes have been withdrawn too largely from that close contact with the people which was so helpful a generation or two ago in uniting the rulers and the ruled in sympathy and friendship. Unquestionably the European official classes have lost sympathy with the people to a very large extent in recent years. This has attracted attention in more quarters than one. When the Prince of Wales was banqueted in the Guildhall after his interesting and successful Indian tour of eighteen months ago, among various sensible remarks made by him was one which struck a particularly deep note. He expressed the hope that India would receive more of the personal sympathy of its rulers. He put his finger on India's hurt. She does not receive the warm, personal sympathy of those who are doing so much

for her in many ways, but who at the same time are receiving so much from her. India is well entitled to the best moral and spiritual things with which it is in the power of Britain to enrich her, for Britain partakes largely of the "carnal things" of India. Many millions sterling of British capital are invested in this land, for which in most instances India returns a better interest than can be had in the home land, and the commerce of India has been of immense value to Britain, adding incalculably to its wealth. India affords remunerative employment to thousands of Britons both in the public service and in commercial life, paying them the largest salaries and providing the most generous pensions drawn by civil servants or commercial employees in any country in the world. What a calamity it would assuredly be for Great Britain were India closed to her young men, to whom India offers a career not to be found anywhere else! On the other hand, it is simplest justice to add that British rule has conferred inestimable benefits upon India. "There has never been," wrote De Tocqueville, "anything so extraordinary under the sun as the conquest, and still more the government, of India by the English; nothing which, from all points of the globe, so much attracts the eyes of mankind to that little island whose very name was unknown to the Greeks." England undoubtedly deserves the highest praise for her splendid achievements in India. One cannot but feel that Mr. William J. Bryan blundered egregiously and did serious injustice to British rule in India by his public utterances after his short stay in this country. His interpretation of the facts was, to say the least, defective. British rule has not been by any means faultless, but on the whole it has been fair, generous, and remarkably successful considering the heterogeneous elements dealt with and the conglomerate of races and religions whose prejudices and susceptibilities have had to be unceasingly borne in mind. It has been characterized in the main by a type of justice utterly unknown previously in India, and civil and religious liberty has been enjoyed in fullest measure throughout the length and breadth of the British possessions. It is in great part true, as the distinguished French publicist, M. Filon, observes, that "the mass of facts, sentiments, and ideas, which constitute

Western civilization, forms for the Hindu a second soul, altogether external, which is superimposed on his first soul, and conceals and envelopes it. But no fusion is possible." But notwithstanding this acknowledged inability of Hindus to assimilate Western civilization in its entirety, multitudes have become imbued with the Western spirit and are today striving after Western ideals in a way that augurs well for the future. India is not the same India that England found her. The Pax Britannica has been of unspeakable benefit to the country, and there is little doubt that history will accord an unstinted meed of praise to British rule. One of the most remarkable Mohammedans that India has produced, the late Sir Sayad Ahmad Khan, in a fervent appeal to his coreligionists, said: "Be not unjust to that nation which is ruling over you. And think also on this, how upright is her rule. Of such benevolence as the English government shows to the foreign nations under her, there is no example in the history of the world."

It would be erroneous to suppose that the prevailing disaffection has reached to all classes of the native population. This is by no means the case. The feudatory princes of the empire, whatever may be their secret thoughts and aspirations, hold entirely aloof from political agitation. This is the part of highest wisdom, for they know full well what they owe to British supremacy—the unchallenged enjoyment of sovereignty over their recognized dominions—and how much they would stand to lose were India to revert to the ante-British regime. They are well aware, too, that any proved dabbling with the disloyal agitation of the time would be the sure precursor of deposal and the signal for inevitable annexation of their principalities by the suzerain power. There are about a score of important native states and some dozens of smaller ones, with a grand total population of 65,000,000, and an aggregate revenue of about $80,000,000. Doubtless there are some of these kings and princes who would prefer the old regime because of its possibilities of extended territories and absolute freedom of operation, but if there are, they maintain a judicious silence. What has been said of the feudatory princes is true on the whole of the nobility of the empire and the wealthier classes

generally. Hereditary owners of large estates, such as the zamíndárs of Bengal and the táluqdárs of Oudh, and rich possessors of real property in the chief cities, have no desire to run the risk of being deprived of their possessions by indulging in the dangerous pastime of political agitation. The British government is good enough for them, and they are quite content to let well enough alone. At the same time, here and there among these wealthy nobles of sorts may be found outspoken advocates of reform in the administration, men who voice in sober words the aspirations of New India for a larger share in the government of their country. Of these, names might be quoted of well-educated, well-poised men of high character, who feel honestly persuaded that the British government moves rather slowly in fulfilling the pledges made after the mutiny, when direct administration was assumed by the sovereign from the old East India Company. They honestly consider that the time is ripe for the admission of Indians to a much larger share in the administration of the finances and general policy of the Indian empire than the government appears willing to concede. Nor have the millions of the lower classes, the laboring poor, the ryotwári or peasantry of the country, the pariahs or depressed classes, come within the score of the present political agitation to any serious extent. They are too poor, too deeply concerned with the ever-present problem of securing daily food for themselves and those dependent upon them, to be capable of taking interest in the political developments of the day. Yet there is filtering down to these dumb millions a vague feeling that the sircár (the government) is their oppressor and enemy, indifferent to their woes and hardships, if not, indeed, the direct author of their miseries. Unscrupulous agitators are taking pains to circulate reports charging government with deliberate effort to impoverish and exterminate the people. If this continues, the most serious results may be expected. This very day's paper brings account of the conviction of a base wretch who had given out to villagers in the Punjab that the government was putting poison in the public wells and streams in order to kill off the people. An accomplice was convicted at the same time of throwing villagers into a state of wild excitement by depositing balls of flour or

similar substance in various drinking waters, telling them he was doing so by government order! Thousands of people are fully persuaded that the plague is officially spread with a view to reduce the population in the interests of the foreigners. The simple, credulous people believe what is told them, and they, too, are becoming infected with a spirit of bitter hostility to the government. The cunning agitators cherish the idea that if sedition becomes general among all classes, the hand of government will be forced and political concessions will be made which otherwise would not be granted. The classes among whom active disaffection has spread most widely are the professional classes—medical men, legal practitioners of all grades, and educationists; also sections of the commercial community—merchants, tradesmen, mechanics. A conspicuous element has been the student class, which has taken the largest part in the hostile demonstrations against government that have occurred in various parts of the country. Most influential, as might naturally be expected, is the native press, the liberty enjoyed by which, as many thoughtful people believe, is grossly abused, to the manifest injury of the state. The government meets the suggestion which is frequently made—to suppress the most mischievous of these native journals—by the plea that it is better to allow the opinions of the disaffected element to find expression in this way, thus affording opportunity of finding out what is going on, than to have sedition passing secretly from mouth to mouth, leaving the authorities largely in ignorance of what is transpiring.

It would take more space than is available to set forth in order the many causes which have led up to the state of things at present existing. All that can be attempted is a brief survey of the leading contributory influences. First, there is little doubt that the introduction of Western education and its spread throughout the country among certain classes, have had much to do with the creation of the spirit now prevalent. In 1835, owing to the powerful advocacy of Lord Macaulay, then a member of the governor-general's council, it was decided by Lord William Bentinck that the great object of the British government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives

of India, and that all funds appropriated for the purpose of education would be best employed on English education alone. This principle has never been wholly departed from, though more attention has been given of late to primary vernacular education than was formerly the case. Later, in 1854, came the famous educational dispatch called "India's Educational Charter," which paved the way for the organization of a Department of Public Instruction and the establishment of great examining universities at the presidency cities. The facilities for obtaining a college education in India are exceptionally good, but of the many thousands of immature young men who avail themselves thereof, very few pursue the course out of a love of learning for its own sake, or with anything like an adequate conception of what a liberal education really implies. The great aim hitherto has been to pass the prescribed examination by hook or by crook, so as to secure the coveted government position for which the university degree is supposed to be an all-sufficient qualification. Thus was developed a wretched system of cramming, a great evil which, with other kindred evils, is in a fair way to be remedied. One can rejoice in manifest signs that a new educational era has actually dawned in India. It is easy to see how influential Western education must necessarily have been during the past half century and more in awakening national aspirations and kindling the patriotic spirit. How could it be possible for intelligent men to have been brought into contact with Western history and literature without having their patriotic instincts aroused? It would have been the height of unreason to suppose that fifty years' familiarity with European history and the story of the struggles of two millenniums for freedom and independence in many Western lands, America included, should not have resulted in creating honest desire for independence in thoughtful Indian minds. No; men of even mediocre abilities and comparatively restricted outlook could not drink for a couple of generations at the springs of Anglo-Saxon history without a thirst being created for fuller political life. In one important respect the present agitation, looking as it unflinchingly does toward self-government, is the most flattering tribute that India can pay to its rulers. The complications which now

confront the government of India are very largely the direct outcome of the educational policy which in the best interests of the people was entered upon deliberately more than half a century ago. It is to the lasting honor of British rule in India, that though it could be plainly foreseen what the result of giving the people the benefit of Western education would most certainly be, the rulers never faltered in their benevolent purpose freely to place such superior advantages at the disposal of those who could use them. India has abundance of vitality, as the world will discover in due season, but up till the present it has been passive rather than active. It is the transition, somewhat suddenly, from the passive to the active stage that has brought about the present difficulties. A reiterated cause of discontent among educated Indians is the alleged failure of government to fulfill the pledges made in the Royal Proclamation of 1858, when the direct administration of India was assumed by the crown. That proclamation promised admission into the public service to all qualified persons, irrespective of race or creed. A revision of the rules in 1870 had for its declared intention to provide "additional facilities for the employment of natives of India of proved merit and ability." But notwithstanding these assurances, Indians, it is charged, are not advanced to positions of trust and responsibility for which they claim to be qualified. It is also asserted that the holding of the competitive examinations in London, success in which secures admission to the Indian Civil Service, places Indians at a serious disadvantage and acts as a positive discrimination against them, in direct violation of the queen's proclamation. Of course much depends upon what the terms "qualified persons" and "proved merit and ability" imply. The government holds that there are qualifications other than the merely intellectual, in which, by the way, Indians are by no means lacking—qualifications which they consider to be indispensable for rulership: moral stamina, virile manhood, ability to grapple with emergencies, and to act with timely vigor and prudence in times of special crisis, which are of frequent occurrence in India. These qualifications, it is contended by government, and we are bound to admit, are not possessed by the majority even of educated Indians. It ought to be said in

vindication of the attitude of government on this question, that Indians *are* advanced to positions of trust and responsibility in large and ever-increasing numbers. There are Hindu and Mohammedan judges on the various High Court benches, drawing precisely the same salaries as their European colleagues receive, $16,000 per annum. Hundreds of important judicial positions are filled by Indians, positions for which they seem to have special aptitude. They also fill the positions of commissioner, collector, etc., all highly paid, with excellent pensions guaranteed. But the higher executive positions, for wise and lawful reasons, as it seems to most thoughtful people, are reserved for Europeans, as we believe they must be for a long time to come, until the racial antagonisms and bitter religious jealousies which now prevail shall have ceased to exist, and the moral education of the literate classes is more advanced than at present. It would be simply a suicidal policy at the present time to place Indians in some of the positions for which they proclaim their fitness and are loudly clamoring. Account must also be taken of the infusion of more advanced Liberal ideas into the body politic a generation or so ago, when Lord Ripon became viceroy. A great impulse was given at that time, the early eighties, to the whole question of self-government, by the introduction of elective municipalities. The avowed policy of Lord Ripon's administration was the development of the spirit of self-government among the people. His efforts in this direction and in sundry attempts to revise the law so as to bring Europeans charged with crime under the jurisdiction of native magistrates and judges like all others, precipitated a conflict between Europeans and Indians, so that race spirit ran alarmingly high and bad feeling that remains in part until this day was engendered. Europeans of all classes, official and nonofficial, strenuously and successfully resisted the attempt to extend the jurisdiction of the rural criminal courts over Europeans and Americans, irrespective of the race or nationality of the presiding magistrate. The charge is freely and persistently made by the native press that European criminals, when the opposing or injured parties are Indians, are treated with unjustifiable leniency, especially in cases of maltreatment of Indians by British soldiers—cases of lamentable fre-

quency. Probably there has been ground for this charge in occasional instances; but on the whole it is a charge which it would be difficult to establish beyond doubt. I am disposed to think that allowance is sometimes consciously or unconsciously made by European judges for the effect of the inhospitable climate upon the irascible temper of Europeans, and that most judges take into consideration the effect which long terms of imprisonment must necessarily have upon their health. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that there should be the slightest foundation on which to base the charge of unfairness, for the general confidence in the righteous impartiality of British justice is undoubtedly one of the most important elements of the stability of British rule. To be historically impartial, it must be noted that the domineering and contemptuous attitude of Europeans, both civil and military, toward Indians, is very largely responsible for the present strained and unhappy relations. Of course there are numerous honorable exceptions, but the fact must be admitted that the majority of Europeans in India treat their Indian fellow-subjects with scantiest courtesy, to put it as mildly as possible. Indians are a patient and most long-suffering people, deserving of great credit for their forbearance in this respect. As a rule they are unduly subservient, a fact that has been taken advantage of to a reprehensible extent. But the subservience which has been so marked a characteristic of Indians in their intercourse with foreigners is fast disappearing. I notice a great change in this respect within the past ten or twelve years. Indians of all classes are far less deferential to foreigners than formerly, and this I regard as a healthy sign. They are far more ready to stand up for their rights as well as to resent ill-treatment of any kind, a decided change for the better, indicating a hopeful development of character that will bear valuable fruit in other directions in time to come. As an evidence of the change that is taking place, it is common now to hear Europeans express positive hatred of those "impudent natives" who presume to resent the cuffs and blows and contemptuous treatment to which they have been long subjected. Great indignation is manifested by Europeans because Indians are learning to defend themselves by physical retaliation, but more espe-

cially by process of law, against all infringements of their personal rights. All this tends to alienate and estrange rulers and ruled still more widely, and to increase the general unrest. The more direct cause of the present acute outbreak of disaffection may be set down to Lord Curzon's strenuous administration. A really strong ruler, one of the greatest India has known, Lord Curzon, brought things to a focus by forcing several unpopular measures to a consummation. His administration tended to strengthen the bureaucracy, and it was very evident that he held the leaders of Indian thought and political life in ill-concealed contempt. He certainly took no pains to conciliate them or to secure their confidence and approval. Indeed, it would not be unjust to one for whom the writer cherishes large admiration, to say that he rather flouted native coöperation. None but Englishmen, in Lord Curzon's estimation, were equal to the situation in India. Undoubtedly he was a just and upright ruler, but inflexibly resolved upon having his own way notwithstanding the counsel of men of wider experience than himself. I am free to express the opinion that most of the important measures adopted during his viceroyalty bear the impress of real statesmanship and have the promise and potency of benefit to the empire in the long run. But some of these measures were hurried through in an almost unseemly manner in the face of such widespread opposition that it would have been good policy to have gone more slowly and modified them for peace's sake. First came his bold revision of the higher education policy, which provoked a storm of fierce indignation among the educated classes, especially of Bengal. There can be no question that the Universities Bill which he carried through in the face of intense opposition is bound to improve the standard of education throughout the country. But it has served practically to annihilate the smaller private or independent colleges throughout the land, institutions which were sources of livelihood to hundreds of disquieted educationists, hotbeds of impossible aspirations on the part of thousands of students who are only too ready to play a mischievous part in current politics. The bill has also made university education much more difficult and therefore more expensive, and it is evident that this must have greatly angered the community from

which students come. Besides, the educated classes, rightly or wrongly, concluded that at bottom Lord Curzon was inspired by a political purpose which threatened disadvantage to the better and more ambitious classes, and that in trying to "limit the output" of the universities he was actuated by a Machiavellian desire to restrict the number of those who in the future might too keenly compete with Englishmen for employment by the state, and who, if not provided by the government with positions commensurate with their opinion of their abilities, might prove a positive danger to the state. The hostility of the educated natives to his educational policy was bitter and universal, but its force was broken by the consideration that the Universities Bill undoubtedly contemplated a higher standard of education for the country, more nearly approximating the best Western ideals. Then came the unfortunate Bengal partition scheme to fill up the measure of the indignation and wrath of the better classes. This scheme has stirred the upper and middle classes of Bengal, and incidentally of the whole country, as nothing that has happened in many years has sufficed to do. The viceroy's ostensible plea for partition was the inability of any man occupying the position of lieutenant-governor effectively to administer the affairs of a province containing some 85,000,000 of people, though he himself, as the Bengalis did not fail to remind him, ruled over 300,000,000. He also insisted that under the then existing conditions, the 25,000,000 or thereabouts of Mohammedans in Bengal were so largely outnumbered by Hindus as to be at a serious disadvantage, which could be remedied only by partition. By his proposals one province would continue to give a preponderance to Hindus, but in the other province, the Mohammedans would have a much better chance. But the Bengalis would have none of his partition and they girded themselves with wonderful zeal and enthusiasm to resist his plans. It should be stated that the Bengalese objection to partition was based upon several considerations, chiefly of a selfish character. It broke up the solidarity of the aspiring and politically scheming Bengali people and prevented the united effort on which they had reckoned in their future operations. It deprived professional classes of the metropolis of valuable sources

of income, especially diverting lucrative legal business from the capital. It limited the patronage and influence of the more aggressive newspapers. It increased the expense of managing the large estates of the landed gentry who reside chiefly at the capital as a class of absentee landlords. The malcontents fully believed that the strenuousness of their opposition to partition would have constrained Lord Curzon to abandon his scheme. But they did not know the man they had to deal with, and their dismay was equaled only by their wrath when they saw that the scheme was legally consummated. Their hopes revived with the advent to power of the Liberal party, from which they expected consideration. But they were doomed to bitter disappointment; John Morley refused to cancel the partition. Then began such an agitation as India has never witnessed. Just about the time it began, the Chinese boycott of American goods had demonstrated to the world how effective Asiatic sentiment when aroused could be. Remembering also the Irish Nationalist methods of agitation, the Bengalis instituted a campaign of boycott of English goods, hoping that by touching England's most sensitive point—her pocket—the desired concession would be obtained. But here, again, they were doomed to grievous disappointment. The boycott was only moderately successful. The secretary of state remained inflexible. Partition was declared to be final. The agitators girded themselves more resolutely for the conflict, the press became more noisily virulent and defiant, religious feeling was pressed into the service, and soon the cry of *Swadeshi* (patronage of home products to the exclusion of foreign) resounded through all parts of the land, and *Bande Mataram* (Hail, Motherland) became the recognized national war cry of the Hindus. The marvelous triumph of Japan over Russia made a profound impression upon the educated people of India. It furnished a striking proof that Europeans, after all, are not invincible, and that Asiatics, under favorable conditions, are equal to a conflict with Western powers. The Japanese triumph suggested, as well it might, that if India could be free from foreign domination to work out her national destiny, she might attain to as proud a position as Japan. These conditions helped to inflame the minds of Hindus to an extraordinary

degree and intensified the bad feelings engendered by Lord Curzon's unpopular measures. Very fortunate at this time for Britain that her relations with other nations, especially with Russia and Japan, are on such a good footing, or the disaffection in India might cause her serious embarrassment. To add to the unrest, certain administrative and revenue measures recently put in operation in the Punjab, or proposed (increasing land rentals and other obnoxious proceedings), were instrumental in arousing bitterness toward government in that important province, on the loyalty of which so much depends. Agitators took advantage of the general situation to foment discontent, as noted above, and in a short time the condition of affairs became really serious. It looked for a time as if troublous times were upon us. But the government authorities were fully prepared and did not hesitate to apply severe measures when the danger became apparent. It is well at this time that the Mohammedans are found sympathizing with government. For some time past the Mohammedans have been feeling that the Hindus, among whom education is far more widespread, have been crowding them to the wall and preventing them from getting their full share of the loaves and fishes. They welcomed the Bengal partition scheme because it promised them a better chance, and they stoutly refused to participate in the boycotting of English goods. This naturally exasperated the Hindus, and the result is intense discord between the two communities. It is commonly believed by the Hindus that government deliberately undertakes to provoke enmity between the communities, on the principle *divide et impera.* We do not believe that government stoops to such baseness as to foment discord between its subjects in order to enable the executive to cope more effectually with disaffection, but government must be relieved, and is no doubt glad, to find the Mohammedans on their side in this emergency. Were it otherwise, were the two communities throughout the land in united opposition to government at this particular time, a state of things compared with which the mutiny of 1857 would be mere child's play would be inevitable. Britain's tenure of India would be more seriously challenged than ever in the past.

By way of a dispassionate survey of the complicated situa-

tion, which contains elements of a character to awaken grave anxiety, one must, as an American, sympathize with all true aspiration for political independence. That there are men at the front of the present agitation who are animated by true patriotic motives cannot be doubted. But, on the other hand, it is abundantly manifest that the dominating object is to secure the advantage of the classes rather than to promote the wellfare of the masses. The cry of "India for the Indians" may sound very plausible in the ears of outsiders, but when we pause to inquire What Indians? the cry loses much of its charm. The term means the Hindu aristocracy, the higher castes, with never a thought concerning the low caste millions. It is impossible to sympathize to any large degree with a small minority of men who are all intent upon advancing the interests of their own privileged communities while the vast majority of the ignorant and poverty-stricken people are not considered at all. The educated men of the higher castes chafe under their subordination to foreigners—"*we* of the ancient civilization, of the profound philosophy, of the venerable religion, of the proud Aryan race—that *we* should be under the domination of Westerners," etc. It does not require profound statesmanship to enable one clearly to apprehend that the country is far from being prepared for self-government. Apart from the lack of men endowed with the requisite moral qualities for leadership in the state, it would be absolutely impossible to establish stable self-government while vast communities of bigoted religionists are ready to fly at one another's throats. Anarchy of a most disastrous type would be the inevitable result of any experimentation in the direction referred to. Hindus and Moslems can never be fused into anything worthy of being called a nation. To this writer at least it is manifest that there must first come a common language for India, and with that a common religion, before the conception of an independent, self-governing India can be realized. As a missionary, one regards these recent developments with mingled feelings of gratification and anxiety—gratification, that the lethargic people are waking up and catching the new spirit that is abroad in the world, that the "divine discontent" which has done so much for other peoples is taking hold

of them, and that they are reaching out after what they consider to be higher and better; anxiety, because they have not the spiritual vision and the moral preparation which people ought to have to justify such high aims as self-government.

What one hopes to see in the not distant future is a greater willingness than now exists on the part of the British authorities to share the burden of government freely and in a sympathetic way with Indians who are capable of serving their country. The proud, haughty, self-complacent, patronizing attitude of Europeans toward Indians must be changed, or the positive hatred of Europeans which in recent years has developed so alarmingly among educated Indians and is gathering strength daily, will spread among the masses and eventually overflow in an irresistible torrent of destructive wrath.

The pleasure-loving, overbearing section of the European community, who speak and act as though India had been created for their special benefit, bid fair by their thoughtlessness and folly to involve England in the loss of its greatest dependency. It is matter of thankfulness that the prevalent bitterness is not at all directed against Christianity. Naturally, when agitation against foreign rule exists, some prejudice there must be against the foreigners' religion, but it has not taken violent shape anywhere. I think it would be safe to say that at no time has the presence of missionaries been less objected to than at the present time. It is felt that their sympathies are truly with the people of the land in all their lawful aspirations. So far as it is possible to judge at present, the missionary enterprise stands to gain and not to lose by the developments likely to take place. The Church of Jesus Christ is bound to play a most important part in the creation of the new India that is to be.

J. E. Robinson

ART. III.—CICERO AND PAUL

WHEN I first read Cicero's letters I was thrilled, especially by those touching his proconsulate in Asia. In reciting the stages of his progress in the occupancy of his office he makes mention of so many places with which I found myself totally familiar; not only familiar with them as a student of classical history and geography, but familiar with them because I had learned them in reading the itinerary of Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ. And I confess, though it is years now since I first read those Cicero letters to his beloved Atticus, and often as I have reread the letters, I cannot yet dispossess myself of the old-time thrill that marches through my blood like beating drums. That Cicero of Rome and Saul of Tarsus, each in the occupancy of his office—no mean office—each as a Roman citizen, each as a statesman in his own sphere, that these men in the occupancy of their several offices crossed each other's track—I am not quit of it, I will not be. I would impart to hearts a little of the thrill that came and comes to mine when I consider Marcus Tullius Cicero, greatest Roman orator, and Saul of Tarsus, greatest Jewish citizen, going from same province to same province, one man on his own business, the other man on God-Christ's business; the one man working solely for himself, the other man working solely for Somebody else. Cicero served a year in the proconsular office. His proconsular part of Asia was Cilicia, which embraced not only Cilicia but Pamphylia, Lycaonia, part of Phrygia, the Island of Cyprus, and territories of the province of Asia not positively known. Cilicia had as capital city Tarsus; and at Tarsus Saul was born. So that Cicero, greatest of the Roman orators, was proconsular prince over Cilicia, in whose capital was born the greatest of Hebrew orators. Cicero landed at Ephesus. Cicero marched through Syria, through Cilicia, through Cappadocia, came to Iconium, marched to Lycaonia, took his army through Galatia, and, finally, came down to Tarsus, native city of Saul, thence to the Isle of Rhodes, came thence to Athens, went, homesick, hurrying toward Rome; and in the neighborhood of Rome

he died, slain by the sword of Mark Antony, friend of Cæsar. And in Rome Saul of Tarsus died, slain by the poisoned sword of the emperor Nero. Two men, two pilgrims, two statesmen, two orators.

Let the cities, localities, or governments Cicero touched or governed be set down in a list so that we may have a bird's-eye view of his Asiatic itinerary. His recital of his goings and comings has been given with painstaking exactitude in his letters to Atticus. Cicero was nothing if not verbose. He spared no words, which has been an inestimable boon to the succeeding ages, because his gift of prolixity has afforded us the most precise view we possess of the Roman world. He spent ten whole days in Athens, "having made," as he tells Atticus, "my journey through Greece with great applause." He was ten days in sailing from Athens to Delos. He proceeded from the port of Athens, the Piræus, in a Rhodian vessel which he thought little of, it being undecked and not calculated to resist the waves. He came by Zoster, Cea, Gyarus, and Scyros en route to Delos, and was met by an astonishing multitude at Samos, and landed at Ephesus on July 22, expecting to reach his province by August 1. He reached Laodicea on July 31; thence he came to Lycaonia. Three days he spent in Laodicea, three at Apameia, three at Synnada. He says Cassius is in Antioch with his whole army, that he himself is in Cappadocia at the foot of Mount Taurus. He reviewed the army near Iconium, he received pressing messages from the Parthians, he entered Cilicia through the passes of Taurus (from the north) and came to Tarsus on October 5: thence "I went to Mount Amanus," which divides Syria from Cilicia. "My name was respected in Syria," he naively remarks. "I went from Tarsus into Asia, I cannot tell you with what admiration of the cities of Cilicia and, above all, of the Tarsians." He held sessions of state in Pamphylia and Lycaonia. He comes via Rhodes to the Piræus once more, and his year of Asiatic banishment is ended. So here is the catalogue of places he has named or visited which touch the spark of our Scripture memory: Athens, the Piræus, Rhodes, Samos, Ephesus, Antioch (in Syria), Laodicea, Cappadocia, Parthia, Lycaonia, Iconium, Cilicia, Tarsus, Syria, Asia, Pamphylia.

We seem to hear the steady tramp of Saul of Tarsus as he went across the Roman world.

Now, whatever estimate you may retain concerning Cicero, you cannot leave him out of the history of Rome. If you belittle him, as Mommsen does, in the greatest history of Rome written, if you load him with panegyrics, as Middleton does, still you must reckon with him. You cannot write a history of Rome and leave Marcus Tullius Cicero out. He was born one hundred and six years before Christ and was assassinated in the year 43 B.C. He lived in the most eventful half century of Roman history. He was a contemporary of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar—the first triumvirate—and it is bruited abroad, but with how much truth we cannot say, that Cicero might have changed the triumvirate of Rome into a quaternity. He was fast friend of Cato. He was sworn friend of Cassius, the murderer of Cæsar. He was heart friend of Brutus, whose stab was the last stab that walked into the heart of Cæsar and left it dry as a broken bottle in the sun. You cannot escape him. He was not the greatest man in his day, but he was the most versatile man in Rome. I take it he was the greatest man Rome produced, save Julius Cæsar only, who was a Hercules. All other men only reached to this Hercules's belt. Cicero was an orator. We lads and lassies who studied Latin in the schools know that. The oratorical gift of Cicero chimes through the centuries. He was a writer of books on philosophy. He was a writer of the most noted series of letters that come down to us from the noon of the Roman world. He was the greatest epistolary master that ever lived. Though books on books of his letters have been spilled into the seas, wrecked upon the violent waters of the centuries, yet we have over a thousand letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero, which constitute to the present the ablest biography of Rome yet written. I have read many of the histories of ancient Rome. I have gone nosing around in the nooks and crannies of that ancient day when the men upon the seven hills of Rome mastered the earth and put their arms around the then known planet and were the first authentic masters of the mighty world, Europe, Asia, and Africa; and I confess that for the inside history—for the downward look that

sees the floor and for the upward look that sees the ceiling, and the outward look that sees the streets and mobs and armies of men and women, and the enduring look that sees Rome as it was—those letters are without peer, and ring ever with unconscious fidelity. The Cicero letters are the most masterful exponents of that day and life. This man, therefore, you cannot sneer down. You may think him weak, weaker than water; let that pass. You may think him to lack political conscience; let that pass. You may think him to be unspeakably garrulous; let that pass also. You may think him to be unspeakably vain; let that also go. Yet across that landscape, gone long since, when you look to see the personalities who towered high as the Alps, among the faces which are indelibly limned against the blue of the far-off Roman sky is that of Marcus Tullius Cicero. An excellent face, a clean face, chiseled out as by the sculptor's chisel; lips that seemed as if they were only the door through which the raging words might rush in torrents toward the sea. And that man, who enthralled Rome with his eloquence of speech in the two masterful languages of the then world, Latin and Greek, and spoke not only classical oratorical Latin but wrote books in the Greek of Athens and the Latin of Rome, that man whose friendship Julius Cæsar and Pompey courted, that man who was fêted and loved for the time by the men who would kill Cæsar and over his corpse march to supremacy—that man we cannot shunt from the scene. We must listen to his voice. He was one of those types of men that knew he had two hands for a purpose. He knew that no one thing ought to include a man's life, but to be a man was to have room for a world; therefore, though he was a statesman, though he was a consul, though he defeated Catiline's conspiracy, though he had many callings, though his law business was pressing and very lucrative—though he was so busy—he had time to write multitudinous letters; he had time to be the greatest stylist of Roman literature; he had time to talk and say those words which bulk large in Roman letters; he had time to buy up libraries, ample for that time; he had time to buy statuary at the hands of his friend Atticus; he listened to the Roman world and said things which interpreted the life of the then world to the

now world. Whatever your antipathies toward Marcus Tullius Cicero, you cannot wipe his name from Roman history, nor can you push him out of the doors of Roman literature. We have learned much of our Latin from him, as we have from the Commentaries of great Cæsar, where the words seem as a soldier marching to the fray, where we saw races die and felt their gasp for breath. And we pass from this writing of the battle-mooded Cæsar into that quiet mood of the stylist Cicero; and yet while we hold conference with him we seem to be breathing the air of Rome. We saw the sky of Rome's great capital. We walked with him down to the sea, and heard him converse with the leading spirits of his age. And Cicero was a man bulking great in Roman letters and in Roman oratory and in Roman statesmanship. He had his faults. He had many faults. He had great faults; and yet when we consider whose son he was, namely, Rome's son, and remember that there were scarcely a dozen men alive in Rome exempt from graft, and that to this great end Christ came along the roadways of the world and whitened our lives and taught us that a man had to be clean as a woman in morals, then recall that in such an era this man Cicero was clean. He was a beautiful father. He loved his son and planned for him, which was a Roman characteristic. He loved his daughter; and when Tullia dies his heartache is poignant enough to make us feel his anguish yet. With all his foibles and all his faults, you cannot be oblivious to Marcus Tullius Cicero. After he had been consul, and after he had saved the life of Rome, and after he had been banished for sixteen months, he made his way back to Rome amid welcome such as seldom comes to man. After he had been given a proconsulate in Asia he was homesick to see Rome as no man in Roman history ever was. Dante wandering away from Florence, gloomed like a cloud because he could not see his city streets, was blood relative of Cicero, who when he is out of sight of Rome, and cannot see the capitol, is as homesick as a child. And the patriot is bigger than the cosmopolitan; the man who has lost the art to love his home and his nation, so that absent from his flag and shore he is not like a child absent from his mother, seems to me not big but little. This man Cicero loved Rome so

that when he was away from it he was homesick, and when in Asia all he asked, in his letters to Atticus and to all his friends at home, was, "Bring me home again." And all he asked for in the proconsulate was that it might be brief. And so he came unwillingly, but not unwittingly, and landed at Ephesus and came to Iconium; came to Lycaonia; came to Pamphylia.

Inquire what was Marcus Tullius Cicero's business, and with what sort of pageant did he come to this business? Well, let us consider it. He came as a representative of Rome. He was a Roman. And we have read that to be a Roman was greater than to be a king. And to be a proconsul was greater than to be an emperor. And this man, when he landed, deputations of citizens of Asia met on the seas and did not misname him, but called him great. And when he came to Ephesus the people crowded out to meet him and fête him. He was a clean ruler, though he made much money in his political office, which is a matter known in our own day, and he held such cleanness of political sway in his proconsular service as was unknown in the annals of Rome. But, mark you, he was a king, though he came not because he would but because he must. He had vanity, but his absence from Rome slew even his vanity. He came, and great deputations saluted him. He came not as a man whose life was in jeopardy, but as a man who jeopardized the lives of many. He came as the exponent of Rome. He came to crush out common citizens. He came, and his coming was ruthless in the Roman fashion. He came for his own aggrandizement, to lord it over the East. This was his first consideration. I am not speaking unkindly nor untruly, but simply in the name of fact. He came to Asia to rule it, to be its autocrat. He came, in a second regard, to see if in his brief period of office he might win a triumph. He wanted to be "imperator." Like many another man, he had been a success in one thing and desired to be a success in another thing. He had been allowed to be an orator, and now he designed to be a general. He had won a kingdom, and it gave him an opportunity to try his hand at holding the sword, and his sole desire in battle was not so much to aggrandize Rome as to aggrandize Cicero. He told his friends that he wanted in Rome to be saluted, "Imperator." And

when on the fields the ragged voices of his soldiers called, "Cicero, imperator," then those stolid features of Marcus Tullius Cicero broke into a smile and he laughed out loud. And he turned on some free tribes in Cilicia. Because nobody made war on him, and he couldn't get to be a general very well fighting nothing, he thought to pick on some defenseless citizens in the hills, which he did without much danger and with large success. And he marched to their mountain fastnesses and hammered their gates down and broke their walls level with the dust, and on a certain Saturnalia day—namely, a day of festival—sold the prisoners into slavery and put into the pocket of the Roman world past half a million dollars of Roman gold. That was Marcus Tullius Cicero's business. And by and by, having done this year of service, he marched down to Cilicia, set sail from Tarsus with a happy heart, passed Rhodes, came over to Athens, and hasted on his way back to Rome a general, to have a general's triumph! Clean as this man was regarding money matters, he had the superior lust for name. To win the name of "imperator" at the Roman capital he would wipe out freedom from the Cilician mountains. Such was the career of Marcus Tullius Cicero in the proconsulate of Asia.

Paul, apostle of Christ, was the widest traveler we have note of in the Roman world of his day. The points of his journeys are here set down, that we may see how prodigal this man was in the simple item of travel. He was in, or touched in his journeys, the following places: Jerusalem, Judea, Tyre, Cæsarea, Ptolemais, Antipatris, Sidon, Damascus, Syria, Antioch, Seleucia, Phrygia, Laodicea, Colosse, Pontus, Pamphylia, Pisidia, Antioch, Attalia, Perga, Cappadocia, Cilicia, Tarsus, Lycia, Myra, Patara, Caria, Miletus, Cnidus, Lydia, Thyatira, Sardis, Smyrna, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Trogyllium, Mysia, Troas, Pergamos, Adramyttium, Assos, Cyprus, Salamis, Fair Havens, Galatia, Lycaonia, Iconium, Derbe, Lystra, Parthia, Paphlagonia, Bithynia, Thrace, Macedonia, Illyricum, Philippi, Neapolis, Apollonia, Berea, Amphipolis, Thessalonica, Corinth, Cenchrea, Achaia, Athens, Chios, Samos, Rhodes, Clauda, Melita, Lesbos, Mytilene, Rhegium, Puteoli, Rome, Asia, Ionia, and it is more than probable

he journeyed to the western part of southern Europe and came, as his heart desired, to Hispania. Mark you this man Paul. We know him blessedly well. He is the most potent personality in the New Testament—always excluding Jesus, who is divine, and owns the New Testament as he owns the stars and the heavens and the earth. This man was born in Tarsus in Cilicia. He lived about half a century after Cicero. He was born a Roman citizen, though he was a Jew by blood. Born at Tarsus, lived there, went to Jerusalem, was educated there, became a Pharisee of the Pharisees; heard about the sect called Christians, was angered by them; was no half-way man, was no namby-pamby man, was no mugwump, went to slay the Christians, met Christ, saw him once, on the Damascus road, marveled at him much; loved him so that afterward he gladdened to say, "I am a bond servant of Christ," and, in the event, died for him. And we have thought to track this man Paul and track this man Cicero. Both marched through Cilicia, both marched through Syria, through Tarsus, through Pamphylia, through Cappadocia, through Galatia, through Lycaonia; and this man is marching for the one purpose of aggrandizing Marcus Tullius Cicero; and this man Paul, who used to be Saul of Tarsus, hath on his breast—and his arms hugged around it, and the blood streaming down it—a cross! And as he marches through Syria and through Cilicia, and as he goes to his own home town, Tarsus, and as he goes to Galatia through the mountain passes, as he falls among robbers, they always see a lonely soldier, not with a sword but with a cross. And when the day is dark and dull toward night he stands upon the fringe of the town and holds the cross on high and calls: "Behold the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And I can hear him yet. And when he goes down the lonely highways, where the robbers linger and wait for him, he smites them with the cross and calls: "The cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And as he marches along the mountain fastnesses, and as he goes solitary along in the starry night, he goes holding up the cross, and men can hear him giving hallelujahs and singing psalms; far away can hear his calling: "The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And so we witness the one man, Marcus Tullius Cicero, went to stand for Marcus Tullius

Cicero, and the man Paul went to stand for Christ. The one went to enrich himself and to glorify himself, and the other went to impoverish himself and to glorify Christ. And one man went for the ego and the glory of self, and the other man went to slay the ego and to eradicate self. And he is going into Ephesus. Did you mark that? This Paul had a voice, and for years went to and fro preaching the gospel. And he went to the town of Ephesus and preached there day and night, with tears, and visited from house to house. And I think I will say what is in my knowledge to say, and what is in my heart to say, that the parting of Paul from the brethren out beyond Ephesus is one of the most heartbreaking episodes that ever spilled out of the breaking heart of literature. Paul went to Ephesus for the glory of himself? No. Is he met by great companies and great welcome? No. Is he greeted by applauding throngs? No. He goes into the city alone, or with one man. He goes into the city not to be supported by public bounty, but earns his board by tentmaking and his fingers are often bleeding from the wiry fibers. Paul, what do you do? "Earn my board, that I may give my strength for Him." And you shall see him at Lycaonia. If you will read in the narratives of Cicero, you will read that he marched through Iconium; but if you will read in the narratives of Paul, you will find that his footprints are marked with blood, because he was stoned in a certain city, and dragged out for dead, but after awhile he got up and walked back into the city that stoned him and left him for dead. And he is going about talking about Another, whose name is Christ. He is working for his board that he may tell the name of Christ. He is working his own passage that he may tell the name of Christ. He is on shipboard that he may preach Christ. And wheresoever he pilgrimed Paul and Another came to town. Wheresoever Paul pilgrimed two men came to town, Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, and Paul the apostle of Christ. And a voice said, "Christ," and the voice was Paul's. And once people came to worship Paul, and he said, as he tore his garments: "God forbid! Worship Christ." Not as a random arrow from a random bow do we study Paul and Cicero, but they represent the difference between the dispensation of Rome and the

dispensation of Christ—heathenism and its civilization, Christianity and its civilization; the business of the one the aggrandizement of itself, the business of the other to demolish self and to love and glorify Christ.

And Paul was at Tarsus, his birthplace. And Paul was at Syria. And he went through Asia. He knew Asia Minor better than any governor. He walked most of the way, whether he had money or not. And finally, when his heart hungered to come to Rome, not for his own glory but because his heart ached to name Christ in Rome, he appealed to Cæsar. Not that he cared for Cæsar's office or for the Roman capital, to walk through streets crowded with history, but because he wanted to bear his cross and wear it there. He came to Athens, came on a voyage, and what he did in Athens was to march up Mars' Hill and say: "Him whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." And he came to Rome, and was glad as a lover who comes near to the woman he loves; though when they brought him he was in chains, and he had been shipwrecked, and the garments he wore were stained and sea-soaked, and chains dangled from his wrists. And he came up to Rome, not as Marcus Tullius Cicero did, with great *eclat* and callings of the throng, but he came with his chains to the prison. And he was so glad that you may hear him calling aloud with rapture: "Home, home, home." And they thought he said, "Rome, Rome, Rome." And he was a messenger who knew there was a short-cut to the kingdom of God and in that prison he was to lift up the cross and say: "The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was in his own hired house. They by and by put him in the Mamertine prison, chained to a Roman soldier. The prison cell was damp and dark. The windows were only slits with bars across. And he sang songs, not as interludes or preludes, but all the time kept singing: "His name is Christ. His name is Christ." And once men came and said: "Who are you?" And he said: "Paul, a bond servant of Jesus Christ." And one day they fetched him out; and he came with steps that leaped and ran as a man running to the triumph awaiting him, for a crown. And he ran toward the hill and leaned his head down to the block for the blow of the ax, and they smote hard—and two chains

dangled at the dying man's wrists, but on the dead man's face there was a smile of rapture.

Down near the coast line of Italy, borne of slaves, is Marcus Tullius Cicero, and he is fleeing for his life. And behind him come clamoring the horsemen of maddened, drunken Mark Antony—who has forgotten much, but not his lust for Cicero's blood: and at last Cicero leans his head out of the carriage and sees the sword, and says: "Strike!" It was the manliest word he ever drew breath to utter. But Paul was not caught fleeing from his enemies, but toward them; and when he stood upon the hill, about to die, he held up the cross and said: "The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And the men said: "Be still; be still!" And he said: "Men, you know not what words you utter. I glory in the cross of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose bond servant I am. Amen." And he leans his head to the ax.

Cicero lived for self and self-applause and self-enrichment and self-service. And Paul lived not for himself, but unto God. Good night, Marcus Tullius Cicero! Ah, brother Paul, good morning!

W. A. Quayle.

ART. IV.—PROSPERITY THE TEST OF NATIONAL CHARACTER

THE early days of the history of the American people were for the most part full of hope, but they were full of hardship. We had our struggle with wild beasts, with the aborigines, and with the wilderness. Even down to the days of the Civil War only the surface of the continent had been pecked with the pick and tickled with the hoe. There was very little downright poverty, but neither was there the abounding comfort of the many nor the boundless luxury of the few which have come to characterize the last half century of our national existence. For more than two hundred years life was simple and measurably irksome and difficult, but during that period what is best in American character sank its roots deep into the soil of the fatherland. The Civil War crowned with the promise of ultimate success the political struggle for the making of the nation. Thenceforward a great volume of released human energy leaped to the exploitation of the unparalleled natural resources of forest and field and mine. We plunged at once into an age of mechanical invention. The telephone and the telegraph became the nerves of industry, and the great railway systems the arteries of commerce. The peoples of the earth have poured the enterprising surplus of their populations upon our welcoming shores. Native born has shared with foreign born the privileges of wealth and freedom, and all, in sharing the plenty of America, have come to share in some measure the spirit and the ideals of a common country. But this is only one side of the shield. Our unparalleled prosperity itself has put a strain upon individual and upon national character frequently too great for us to bear. Men never saw before such sudden increase of the passion for success. And it has taken the form in America of the passion for wealth just because the surest avenue to fame and position in this industrial age is the accumulation of money. American men of spirit and energy value wealth not that they may hoard it and gloat over it as the miser gloats, but because wealth is the "open sesame" to place and power. It

is not immoral to strive for wealth. It is well within the sphere of wholesome human nature to love power. But never has vice shown itself more clearly as the excess of virtue than in the insidious influence of money madness in undermining in many instances American foundations of individual and of national character. We have developed an inglorious passion for unearned wealth, a discreditable desire to chase the easy dollar. Bucketshop vies with bucketshop; graft from the kitchen and the stable to the throne room of the insurance president; the floating of specious and fraudulent corporate enterprise, for which there is almost unrestrained license in one state or another in America; the excessive overcapitalization of many kinds of honest business, which may necessitate the dishonest milking of the community for generations in the interest of dividends and profits, and which is always accompanied by a more or less speculative management of great properties instead of a straightforward business operation of those properties; the seizure of the political life of the country for commercial purposes; the lack of civic self sacrifice. It is only recently that it has been possible to put one's finger upon a decently governed city in the United States of America. Corruption, inefficiency, and greed have been the law of our municipal life, the result of an unholy alliance between business and politics. On the one hand, the political "striker" holding up progress in the interest of his own pocketbook; on the other hand, the baleful influence of the public service corporation hungry for another franchise; fighting the political devil with fire as being, on the whole, the only element of which the devil stands in fear when the supply of holy water gives out. And the personal vulgarity and vanity which have been fostered in the midst of our financial fury: the great insurance president who fitted up his office with the autocratic absurdity and extravagance of a Louis Quatorze —ninety thousand dollars of trust funds for elaborately carved and gilded chairs and other gewgaws of a lavish and irresponsible monarch. Is it any wonder that the people of America came to eye with suspicion both the sound business instinct and the democracy of such folly as that? And the indifference to ideals other than those of mere material success—how sorry the specta-

cle! The pompous Chicago pork-packer whom Lodge, of Massachusetts, publicly named in the Senate, had a son who unfortunately developed a fondness for books, and in an unguarded moment his father allowed him to go abroad and study at a foreign university. Suddenly he summoned him home, and the pork-packer was asked why the young man had been called back. "Oh," said he, "I let him go abroad for awhile. He wanted to write a book. But he has got something better to do than that. I can hire men to write books, but he has got a big packing business the like of which is not in the world. He can't waste time in studying and writing books." To such dead level of vulgarity and contempt for the best American ideals had the pork-packer fallen. He is one of the more sordid and thoughtless representatives of that relatively small group of trust magnates and railway managers who, along with an indifference to the higher ethical ideals of the republic, have exhibited a coarse defiance of popular opinion and the law; who have attempted to create unnatural monopolies in the business in which they are engaged, to weave themselves and their doings in a web of secrecy as dense as darkness, who have entered into collusion with the railways to secure the illegal rebate, and by this and other means have crushed their competitors with the same unmoral nonchalance with which a man would step on a fly. These individuals have been rudely awakened in the last five years by a great executive to find, to their wrathful chagrin, that they hold no chattel mortgage on the goods of the nation. It is sometimes said with a sneer that the President of the United States acts as if he had rediscovered the Ten Commandments. He has, for some people, and a new look at the old code of right and wrong has been a wholesome tonic, too. These dangers of industrial prosperity grow out of an imperfectly restrained economic initiative, and no man of sense questions the evil. But it is to this same free initiative—every man leaning on himself and keeping what he produces—that we owe the great social blessings of foresight, industry, and of honesty, too. For one of the great bulwarks of integrity was set up in this world when with the institution of private property man came to perceive that, if he expected to enjoy peaceably the fruits of his own

labor, he must recognize this as the right of every other man. He must be square with him. And yet in our time we are in danger of being swept from this historic mooring of integrity by a great wave of prospective gain which is just now passing across the land. Shall we, then, eliminate self-interest, eliminate free economic initiative, by revolutionary process? Not if we walk by the light of experience and in the rational pathway of social evolution. Rather, step by step, shall we eliminate unjust privilege and curb individual initiative in those fields where it is necessary in the interest of equality of opportunity for every man. We may even in a considerable number of instances be obliged to alter the content of private property—which has frequently been done in the past—and some things which are now private property may become public property. But we shall, if we are wise, take great care how we weaken free economic initiative; how we weaken those great primary human virtues of self-reliance, industry, and foresight which are at the base of national progress. Governmental initiative and individual initiative are not antagonists of one another. They are complements of one another. But, if it is a question which we are to lean upon, let every man lean on himself. To lean hard on government, as the socialists would have us do, is to pauperize the individual, to paralyze progress, to put out the light of hope. Government may do something for us in America, but it should not be our chief reliance. There is a force older than government, stronger than human law, which is working toward better things. Human nature itself is in process of evolution. And unless we crush out individual economic initiative and human development by some hard and fast system of socialism, and return again to the pit whence, as a race, we were digged, the mental and moral evolution of the nation will go on, and human desire and human nature will be slowly modified in the direction of justice and equality and altruism in industry just as they have been modified in that direction in political democracy. It is probable that the second generation of men who hold accumulated wealth in this country will effect a change in this respect which will be evolutionary but which will be so marked as to seem to be revolutionary. But it will be sim-

ply the rising to regnancy once more of those great underlying qualities of integrity and of character which have been developed through preceding generations of free initiative and of mental and moral progress. Everett Colby has taken his father's railway money to fight corporate rule in the state of New Jersey. Theodore Roosevelt has had the backing of his noble father's moderate wealth in his fight against injustice and inequality between man and man, and the number of such instances will probably be greatly increased. The reaction is already upon us. Instead of going bodily over to socialism, and leaning upon Uncle Sam until we get to be as lean as he is himself in his published photographs, the free energy of some of us will aid Uncle Sam in curbing the selfishness and greed of others of us; but our chief reliance will, after all, be in that great ethical and rational advance of a whole people toward social solidarity; a solidarity not artificially created by government and human law, but a solidarity which was decreed before the morning stars sang together, and which is being inexorably worked out by a process of natural law of which the best human government is a very imperfect and feeble instrument. There are many evidences that this surface defilement which everywhere appears does not yet touch the springs of American character. They are still deep and pure. Every year the evidence grows that the rank and file of the American people more and more see things as they are. The charm of dishonest success is broken. Never in this generation in America have we had such acuteness of public judgment, such strength of public intelligence, such community integrity as at this hour. The two most influential and unquestioned political leaders, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, are such because they represent first of all, the tremendous moral force of the nation. It was that force, and no other, which called them to place and power and keeps them there. Whatever else may be wrong about them, and whatever discrimination one may be inclined to make between them, the nation believes that they have clean hands and pure ideals of public service. And it is this keen public judgment and the influence of an enlightened and purified public opinion which are behind our present national legislative program for the curbing of business wrongs. It is a

clearer moral vision which is lighting the public will on its way to the uprooting of municipal abuses, the dethronement of the old-time political boss, and the enthronement of a purer leadership and a purer democracy. It would not be surprising if this moral drift toward a sounder national character were to carry with it our great captains of industry. These men have not often been misers. There have never been such generous givers in the world as Americans who have accumulated wealth through the capitalistic system of industry. Our colleges, our libraries, our museums, our scientific enterprises, our churches, our hospitals, are monuments to that. But it is easier to be generous than it is to be just, and the democratic conscience is becoming highly sensitive to injustice and has no use for generosity which is not tempered with exact justice and the spirit of public service. It is said that we have few great lawyers in the old sense, like Story, and Webster, and Evarts, whose eminent abilities were laid upon the altar of their country. But we have Elihu Root and William H. Taft, who have risen to the best that is in them now that the nation is their client. It would not be surprising if the great corporation managers and corporation lawyers should begin to employ such powerful, but sometimes crude and unmoral, energy and ingenuity as they possess in the promotion of law and justice.

There is no more perfect evidence that the American character is standing the test of plenty and prosperity than our now historic attitude toward the people of Cuba and toward the poor, oppressed, and ignorant inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. We have burst the bonds of our traditional policy of isolation and have dared to be strong for the weak. We have swept away the vestiges of ancient wrong. With a patience that has never wavered, with an unselfishness that has been dimmed only once, and that by the refusal thus far of the Senate of the United States to open our American markets to the limited quantities of Philippine products, with a wisdom that is rare in the history of nations, we have established for these island dependencies schools and laws and freedom. Great communities of political children have been thrust upon our care by the strange fortune of war. We are training these political children in the fundamental principles of

self-government and self-control. If there ever was altruism among nations, the evidence of it can be found in the modern foreign policy of America. In China, in South America, throughout the world, to employ those fine words of Secretary Root before the Pan-American convention: "We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire. We wish for no victories but those of peace, for no territory but our own, for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves." The Anglo-Saxon blood at home and abroad is a blood that does not allow itself permanently to fall into disgrace. We need not share the fears of the sainted Senator Hoar and others of our countrymen, that the entrance of America into world politics will be disastrous to the nation. Before the English occupation of Egypt nearly every thoughtful man in England looked forward with dread, believing there would be a great spread of public corruption. But the tone of British politics has been elevated as never before. It will be so with us. We are already feeling in the moral upheaval at home the reaction of our ideals of altruism and honesty and efficiency of administration abroad. And year by year, and decade by decade, as we are placed in delicate international situations, we shall have the tact and the integrity to do the right. American character will rise to responsibility, will "greaten with the act of freedom and strengthen with the weight of duty."

The Puritan and the Pilgrim did not live their somewhat narrow lives in vain. They have bequeathed to this nation a backbone of absolute fidelity to conscience which is standing us in good stead when the days of crisis come in public character. And as Teuton and Celt and Latin and Slav mingle here, and contribute still other essential qualities to the American type, the conscience of the Puritan will leaven all with moral self-control, which is the sheet anchor of individual and political liberty.

F M Davenport

Art. V.— THE GROWING OF A SERMON

We have it from ancient and respectable authority that the poet is born, not made. This is true in what it affirms, and partly true in what it denies. The same may be said of the preacher. But the preacher's chief product is a growth. Corn and wheat are growths, productions of nature, and yet we speak of raising corn, of growing corn—yes, we sometimes say we "make a crop." No man can *make* a blade of grass, much less an ear of corn, and yet man has so much to do with its production that we unconsciously, in the very language employed, give him large share therein. Thus it is in some measure with a sermon. It is a growth, and yet a man has so much to do with its production that we very commonly say he made it.

In order to the growing of a sermon we must have the right sort of seed, and seed which is vital. Even though you have the right kind of seed, if the germ has never been fertilized, or has lost its vitality, you may plant it in the best of soil, and under the most favorable conditions, but it will never sprout. The text is, of course, the principal sermon seed—but, as is the fate of most rhetorical figures, this one fails to meet all our requirements in this case, for there must be numerous other seed-thoughts for a complete sermon. The gathering and preserving of seed is always very carefully attended to by the judicious farmer. The largest, most perfectly filled, ripest ears of corn are sorted out at the time of harvest and laid away with great care. The choicest seed pods and heads of annuals are carefully culled by the florist and preserved for future flower beds. "Men of the soil" who grow things out of nature's heart are ever on the alert for the best seed. Likewise "men of the soul" who must grow sermons out of brain and heart should ever be on the alert for the best sermon seed—not keeping watch merely for the text; that of itself is worthy the best effort. The ideal sermon grows from a large accumulation of materials. To liberal culture the ideal preacher has added vast stores of general knowledge. He has become a genuine lover of truth wherever found. Early in his ministry he was tempted to

read solely for the immediate making of sermons, and consequently his sermons were forced growths or not growths at all. Necessity knows no law. We may as well learn at once that the ideal sermon is not reached the first year in the ministry. At first, I say, he read for next Sunday's material. He thought, and thought hard, because he must have something ready. Now he reads and thinks for the sake of truth and the rich stores thereof which he may appropriate for future use. The precious seed truth which he gathers and pigeon-holes away in his brain becomes accustomed to the soil, becomes assimilated, actually becomes a part of himself, so that when it springs forth at some future time it is a flower bearing the fragrance of his own life. The people know very quickly whether or not sermon thoughts have really had time to take root in the preacher's mind. The sermon that smells of Saturday night's oil instead of the "beaten oil" betrays itself by its crudeness. Every young man at the very beginning of his ministry should form the habit of sermonic seed accumulation. Notwithstanding that during the early years he will be compelled to read and think largely for immediate results, he can establish the habit of hoarding for future use. Callowness and crudity in the young man may be excusable, but not in the mature preacher. Quotations from commentaries, bookish exegesis and bookish illustrations will only be tolerated for a time, but depending upon them will make trouble for future years. Have upon your study table, always accessible, a good-sized substantially bound blank book. Whenever a germinant thought comes seize your pen and write it down. Such thoughts will come out of your special course of literary reading, out of your cursory scanning of current fiction, even out of the five-minute glance given to the morning paper, out of nowhere and from manywhere. Thought-compelling suggestions entirely foreign to the sermon on which you are just now engaged will frequently send you to your treasure book, and without any damage to present preparation you will scribble down a page of matter that will set you on fire at some future day just when you are in need of inspiration and help. Have also a special vest-pocket notebook and let nothing escape you. Besides your notebooks have a generous file of long, narrow cards. Place on

the end of a card in plain letters the name of any new subject on which you find any thought worth recurring to in any book you read. Jot down the name or the initial of the volume, together with the page; and, if the book is your own, mark the line or paragraph. Gradually your cards will get heads, and you can arrange them so that all the heads can be seen at a glance. You can pick out any subject you desire, either for adding new memoranda or finding something needed on that particular theme. Everywhere, and all the time, gather and store up material. Much of it you will never use, but that matters not. The mere fact of the gathering enriches your mind and gives you increased facility. Most of us take several church papers, probably we preserve only one of them; certainly one should be carefully filed, but the half dozen, more or less, will be destroyed after they are a week old—or, if you follow my suggestion, after they have been clipped. "No religious paper destroyed until it has passed under the scissors" should be a law in every preacher's home. With this end in view you will read the papers with pencil in hand. You cannot clip it now, for others will wish to read it. But you can mark it for future slaughter. Even the dailies and irregular strays and pamphlets will sometimes get thus disfigured, to the real enrichment of your cabinet. The scissors editor has been mercilessly ridiculed and the scissors preacher is even more contemptible, and of course I am not advising the transfer of these clippings to your sermons, but I am advising you to clip anything and everything that has genuine value, and store it away as seed thought for the future. As to how you shall store it deponent sayeth not, but agents without number are ready to supply every man according to his individual preferences. Cabinets of bewildering variety are everywhere offered, but, for a few dimes, you can make and arrange a series of large envelopes which will meet every requirement.

Another very essential requisite to the growing of a good crop is thorough preparation of the soil. The brain and heart of the preacher constitute the soil from which the genuine sermon must grow. Habituate the mind to sermonizing. Mind is not matter, but it works by means of the brain, a material instrument, and

very readily becomes accustomed to certain paths along which it travels with both pleasure and speed. The accountant sums up long lines of figures with ease. The mathematician makes calculations of dizzying, exhausting intricacy and comprehensiveness with a facility almost marvelous. Practice, discipline, cultivation—these establish a tendency. We see the poetic tendency, the philosophic tendency, and certainly he whose most sacred duty and privilege it is to preach the Word should have the homiletic tendency. He must have it or sermons will not grow readily and with vigor. The mind thus prepared gives warm welcome to every workable thought that falls into it, and transmutes it into sermon material. It analyzes and methodizes as naturally as a root sprouts downward and a blade upward. It constructs without conscious effort, and with far less effort than the ordinary mind brings these roughly drawn plans into perfection of form, and gathers about them the material necessary for completeness and adornment. Having this habit thoroughly developed, a great wealth of material will be caught and assimilated. Argumentative material will be captured in passing. Illustrative material will flow in from every quarter. The difference between the preacher who possesses this habit of mind and the one who has it not is abundantly manifest when they face the work of immediate preparation. With one it is the waving of a wand and beholding the sermon come forth in beauty and strength. With the other it is the heavy, disagreeable, exhausting labor of circumstantial compulsion. In one case it is the welling up of a living spring, in the other a dead lift from dark and unknown depths. No matter how sermonically well trained the intellect may be, unless the heart of the preacher is warm, the sermon will not grow. He must maintain fervor of soul. While this is not merely a matter of the will and cultivation, it is possible to greatly develop it thereby. People differ very widely by nature. Some very excellent Christian men seem to have but little spiritual insight, others see far into the heavenlies without apparent effort. The same is true of preachers. It ought not so to be, for the spiritual leader, of all men, should be possessed of spiritual vision. Having this he sees beyond the earthly horizon. Faith becomes sight. His

heart glows with the warmth of eternal realities, and he is in the mood to sermonize. He is dwelling upon divine things, and, being consciously acquainted with them, he writes or formulates out of a fullness of heart-consciousness which gives substance to his words. They have clearness because he is an eyewitness. Then in the hour when he is about to begin to prepare a sermon, even presupposing all that has been above recommended, the preacher should have a special, an immediate, spiritual quickening. Sometimes this will come spontaneously, almost before the study door is closed. Happy the man to whom this is a common experience. The pen is seized with avidity, if that is his method of preparation. With heart aflame and brain athrob he writes with constantly increasing momentum. If thought preparation be his method, the congregation soon sits before him, and faster than words could be uttered he forms them, and fixes them, in at least a general way, for the approaching occasion. If it comes not thus, as it will not to many of us often, and to none of us always, we should seek it. To undertake to write without it will be to fail, or, at best, make but indifferent progress. How shall you seek it? This is not a question that can be easily answered. Every man will need to study his own case. Prayer is the first and most reliable means. Not mere words, or, if in silence, mere formal thoughts, but paramount, o'ermastering desire; the whole being going out to God until you are lost to present surroundings and the Triune God fills your study. Such praying is not entirely a matter of personal option. Many a minister has at times bowed himself over his study chair, until utterly wearied in body, longing for light and warmth but finding neither, and has finally risen from his knees, with dark face and stony heart, utterly unable to account for his abnormal deadness. But such times will not be numerous in the devout man now seeking a special quickening. Ordinarily, such a man will not look up through his closed eyes many minutes before he will see heaven opened. Lethargy of soul gives place to overflowing spiritual joy. Intellect acts with almost superhuman rapidity, and the will marshals all the forces of his being for the work in hand, which now becomes a joy instead of a task. Now he will do good work. "Bene orasse est bene

studuisse," said Luther. "It is incredible how much force and vitality is imparted to the clergyman by deep, earnest supplication," said Erasmus, a man eminent for learning and logical power, whom no one would suspect of mysticism. The mightiest intellects have ever been the most eager for this supernatural arousing. Even Augustine exhorts: "Let our Christian orator who would be understood and heard with pleasure pray before he speak. Let him lift up his thirsty soul to God before he pronounce anything." And please bear in mind just here that no man can be at his best in preparing a sermon, either by writing out in full or thinking it out beforehand, unless he be sufficiently aroused to enable him to see his congregation before him. The manuscript over which no hot heart yearned during the writing will melt no hearts when read or delivered memoriter. That thought outline which wakened no shout in the soul of the "man in the study" will win faint response from the "man in the pew." Suppose you have tried to pray and failed. Be not discouraged. Others have had similar experiences. You are not forsaken of God. Have at hand always some intensely devotional poetry. The church hymnal contains some choice selections. Faber's hymns are excellent. Pick up the best you can think of. Turn to the one you have marked most frequently. Read it. Read it aloud. The sound of your own voice will help to scatter the dumb devils who are seeking your life amid the spiritual gloom. Read another and another, and in all probability your soul will soon begin to sing and, whether you know music or not, your lips will try some heart-filling song there in the seclusion of your study, and, behold, the darkness has disappeared! Now you can pray, and then write. You are now of the number who can say: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Having closed your study door and obtained the needed mental and spiritual quickening, you are now seated, pen in hand, to produce a sermon. If you have already chosen your subject, an important step has been taken, but for the purpose of these practical suggestions I assume that you have not. You say, What shall I preach about? Bearing in mind the three principal elements which should enter into that choice, namely, the needs of the

people, the harmony and continuity of your work, and your own desire or inclination, you set seriously to work to choose. Several subjects seem attractive. One in particular meets the third requirement. You would like to preach upon that, and you are well aware that a preacher can best do that which he loves best to do, but as you consider the matter you see that just now such a sermon would be out of harmony with the regular cumulative plan of your pulpit ministrations. Another subject which embodies both the second and third elements is tried, but you are soon conscious that your congregation is not in need of that particular sort of food just now. Finally, you get one that you feel sure is timely, and as you turn it over your heart warms to it and you fix upon it. A text is soon chosen and critically examined in every language of which you are master. If from the New Testament, you will find Greek, Latin, and German Testaments very valuable and suggestive. Let commentaries alone. Shun books of plans. Proceed to make a rough draught of an outline. Write down the text in full. Follow it by the word "Introduction." If something appropriate comes to you, jot down a few catch-words. If nothing offers, do not wait. By no means stop to hunt up anything. Move on! Leave a little space. Put down on the margin a big letter I. Very manifestly, some portion of the text belongs just here. No doubt the leading thought of your subject will formulate itself in your mind. Yes; that is it. The formal "topic" which you will announce for your discourse. Write it down at the top of your sheet, just under the text. And now under your large Roman I you will probably need either a letter *a* or a small figure ^{1} for a subhead. Down goes a suggestive sentence, or perhaps only part of a sentence. You cannot wait. A thought which certainly does not belong here, but which you are equally sure will be valuable near the close, must be caught and fixed before it slips away. Skip to near the bottom of the page and write it down. Work under it, if it develops. If not, leave it and come back to I. Get subhead number 2 if you can. Perhaps you need no subheads under I. Leave a small space and put down a big II. Again some part of the text fits in and some great truth stands out. Down it goes in heavy lines. A hazy

view of some historic scene which will forcibly illustrate the truth comes before you. You cannot afford to stop now to look it up. The risk would be too great. The continuity of your thinking must not be broken. Jot down a word or two and write "Illustrations." Move on. Secure other main divisions if necessary, but do not imagine that you must have them. Perhaps two divisions are all that the subject demands or will admit of. At all events, you are now pushing ahead and taking on whatever comes in your way. While the iron is hot, while the subject as a whole, though probably a very jumbled sort of mass, is in a state of fusion with your own personality, drive right on into the writing out of your peroration or conclusion. There may never come a time just like the present for doing this. Even though you do not purpose ever to write out the entire sermon, put down in black and white a page or two of the living, throbbing sentences which well up just now and plead for utterance. While your soul cries out after your people, and you are saying, "Oh, that they were now before me!" pour yourself out on paper. It is the best you can do just at this particular moment. Just here some one asks, in surprise, "Do you mean to advise us to write the last of a sermon before the first part is perfectly sketched?" I answer, Yes, if the impulse is upon you as here described; and I say, Be not bound by any hard-and-fast system of rules for sermonizing. Be yourself. Work in your own harness. Avoid coming into bondage to any one method of working. There may be some special method which for you is more workable than anything else you have ever heard about, but do not adopt some plan different from anybody else for the sake of the singularity. You have already discovered that I contemplate continuous work. Your study door is shut. Not only this, but the doors of brain and heart are shut except toward heaven and the subject in hand. Oblivious to surroundings, you work right on. Only thus can you even approach perfection. You will sometimes be interrupted from the outside. This you cannot always avoid. But you must not interrupt yourself. Of these interruptions from the inside most men stand in greatest danger. Some little ache or pain, some feeling of weariness, some other enticing line of thought—how easily one cuts himself off! Thus

the power is gone; the heart cools, the intellect slackens speed, the highest grade of work is now no longer possible. Mind, like matter, gathers momentum by motion. The man who gets up speed, as above suggested, at eight o'clock in the morning and drives on at a constantly increasing rate, taking no note of time until halted by the call to lunch, will have accomplished more in four hours than intermittent, snatchy effort would have brought to pass in two days. Moreover, the resultant product of the four hours is a concrete whole, moving straight on and on toward a definite end without crooks or breaks, while that of the two days is a fragmentary, disjointed, scattered affair aiming at almost anything and hitting nothing. Schiller says: "Divide up the thunder into separate notes and it becomes a lullaby for children, but pour it forth in one continuous peal and its royal sounds shall shake the heavens." Sermons composed by piecemeal, at fits and starts all along through the week, cannot be ideal sermons. They have never called out the full strength of the man. They may be logically joined together but the joints show. The sense of fusion is lacking. There is no glow.

The next morning you return to your study. A look at that crude jumble of a skeleton stirs your brain and you are soon at it again. Go now to commentaries and Bible analyses. You have made your own commentary and analysis the day before, and it is proper and wise now to turn on the side-lights. Then, as you take up the several divisions and subdivisions, go after material for argument, illustration, and ornamentation wherever you can find it. Rummage through the books you have marked; empty out your clippings—not for the sake of getting words, for you do not want those, but to start thoughts in your own brain and stir up emotions in your heart. When you start a good one seize your pen and pursue it, putting it into your outline where you think it belongs. Thus continue and soon you will have matter enough for several sermons. Now begin the work of rearranging, marking out and filling in. Some things which you placed near the top will fit better near the bottom, and vice versa. Cut and change ruthlessly. You are in cold blood now. Then take a clean sheet, and set it all down in order. If your habit is to

deliver your sermon from manuscript, you will now proceed to write it out in full. The utmost tension of soul is necessary for this. The exact counterpart of that feeling which possesses the extemporaneous orator at his best should fill the writer. He cannot write with fury without it, and he must write with fury if he would make his manuscript live. If possible, write constantly to the end. If you have determined upon quotations, skip some space and copy them in afterwards. If you are to speak extemporaneously, sometimes you will write out in full but oftener you will go over the whole "plan" in thought. Every detail will be called up and thought out. Some will do this standing, or walking about, others sitting, with the mental gaze fastened on the congregation and upon the scenes portrayed. You will go over it many times, until it becomes part and parcel of your own inmost being.

When the hour arrives you will be so surcharged that the very atmosphere about you will seem vibrant with your spirit. The people will feel it before you have spoken a dozen sentences and will realize that your sermon is a growth out of your own brain and heart.

G. E. Ackerman

ART. VI.—LINCOLN NOT AN UNBELIEVER

THE birthdays of the great should be commemorated and monuments should be unveiled to their memory in order that a nation's citizenship may remember that a country's real wealth lies in men and not in mines, in character and not in commerce. We celebrate the day of a great man's birth rather than the day of his death because the great never die. "Man is immortal until his work is done." The man who by valor and sacrifice has made himself a factor in the world's progress lives with increasing power as the years fly; hence it is the anniversary of his birth that becomes a milestone on the path of civilization. The year 1809 is most eventful in the calendar of an extraordinary century. It is remarkable as being the birth year of a group of men most influential in the great achievements of the last fifty years. It gave to poetry Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alfred Tennyson; to music, Chopin and gentle Mendelssohn; to science, Charles Darwin; to Great Britain and statesmanship, William Ewart Gladstone. It was the birth year of Samuel F. Smith, the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; and of Ray Palmer, who is immortalized in "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." But to us the year 1809, the twelfth day of the second month, was most memorable because it gave to America and to the world that superb Christian patriot, Abraham Lincoln. Every now and again the declaration is made that Mr. Lincoln was an unbeliever. In 1893, in New York city, Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, with characteristic disregard of facts, vehemently averred that Lincoln's religious belief, or unbelief, was similar to that of Voltaire and Tom Paine. Nearly every liberalistic paper in the world has claimed Lincoln as an avowed infidel. With perennial regularity someone, either from ignorance, or knavery, or for notoriety, repeats this charge in some form. It is not our purpose to burden this discussion with labored and unnecessary definitions, but to present certain well-authenticated historical facts, and to reproduce impressions left by the marvelous personality of Lincoln, which should set forever at rest the statement that Abraham Lincoln was

not a humble believer in Almighty God and in his Son Jesus Christ.

Abraham Lincoln was a pioneer of faith—faith in this republic, faith in his fellows, faith in himself, and faith in his God. As was written of the first Abraham, so it can be appropriately said of him: "He went out, not knowing whither he went." The Creator advances the affairs of nations by a succession of divine impulses. The story of the progress of the ages is but a record of the high and holy impulses which responsive men have endeavored to fulfill in their lives. Every epoch has turned upon the soul of some true man or woman who was striving to honor his vision of duty and privilege. A law of momentum prevails in the moral as well as in the physical universe. The momentum of a body is the mass plus the velocity, but in morals momentum is the man plus the God purpose. Men who respond to their high calls are sustained by this momentum; they become the products of that power, are made strong by it, and are made great because of it. All great men in history have obeyed this law of moral and spiritual momentum and have allowed the law to fulfill itself in them. Such a man was Moses when he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; "he went out, not knowing whither he went," to suffer affliction with his own people. Such a man was Martin Luther as he walked into the very jaws of persecution and death. Such men were our Puritan Fathers as they sailed out upon a wide and turbulent sea, seeking a country where they could worship God unhindered. All of these chose to be lost with God and follow the path of duty, rather than to enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of slothful and valorless living. To this list of the world's noblest men must be added America's ideal patriot, seer, and sacrifice, Abraham Lincoln. He felt himself to be in the current of a divine purpose, and he abandoned himself to its thrall and its consequences. He said: "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." His clear vision of duty probably first came to him when for the first time he witnessed the selling of human beings to the highest bidder; and he thereupon registered his vow: "If I ever have a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard. By the Eternal God!"

From that eventful hour all things seemed to coöperate to develop the opportunity for him "to hit it hard." It seemed as if the God of the republic had waited long for the coming of this man of convictions, courage, and faith. He was a man of integrity—absolutely honest and honorable; pure in life and thought. There is not a suspicion of stain upon his character. He had another indispensable element of Christian manliness—humility. Born in poverty and reared in adversity, his life was a continuous struggle. He never had means or leisure enough to give him aristocratic tendencies. During Lincoln's debates with Douglas, being brought into prominence in the nation, an Illinois newspaper mentioned his name for the presidency. He requested the editor to do so no more, giving as a reason: "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the presidency." He was always a plain man of abstemious habits. He was the people's friend—he loved his friends and never forgot them. He forgave his enemies and made them his friends. His temperance prophecy, delivered in a Washington's Birthday address in 1842, was characteristic of his hope and his personal habits. He said: "And when the victory is complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth, how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory." He possessed the prophet's instinct. In the first year of the war he said to George William Curtis, then a young but already brilliant man: "We shall beat them, my son; we shall beat them." Neither Daniel nor Joseph was braver than he, and his name is not dimmed when placed beside the noblest heroes of the ages. He once said: "The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance." In 1858 he uttered the following prophecy: "Sometimes, in the excitement of speaking, I seem to see the end of slavery. How this will come, when this will come, by whom it will come, I cannot tell, but that time will surely come." He was a man of piety. His Sunday-rest order, issued to the army, shows his reverence for the holy Sabbath. His fondness for the Bible appears in his words to Joshua Speed: "I am profitably engaged

reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man." When the colored men of Baltimore presented him with a Bible he said: "In regard to the great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to men. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated in this Book." He was a believer in prayer, and again and again prostrated himself before the great God and prayed for strength. He freely asserted, in the presence of General James F. Rusling and General Daniel E. Sickles, that the victory at Vicksburg and Gettysburg was assured to him in prayer. To Bishop Simpson he said: "Bishop, I feel the need of prayer as never before. Please pray for me"; and in that awful crisis of battles these two mighty men knelt and prayed to God for help. Lincoln was a man of sympathy. It gave men access to him and made him the brother of the race. Like his Lord, he wept with those who wept. Many a doomed man still lives to bless the name of his great benefactor who revoked the death sentence. To his warm personal friend he once remarked: "Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." He throbbed many a discouraged man into hope and usefulness by pressing him against his heart of love. He was brave as a lion and as tender as a woman. Lincoln possessed the principal quality in true manliness—courage. Courage is derived from the Latin word which means heart; courage is, therefore, a moral factor. True courage is founded on goodness. Lincoln was brave because he believed. By faith he was enabled to leap out into the dark, trusting in God to furnish a landing place for his feet. Courage and faith thus mingled lead men to do divine things. They are enabled to break through finite limitations and accomplish God's work among men. In his famous Cooper Union address his final words were: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." The world's greatest sin is selfishness, but Lincoln forgot himself. He could give, and he could give up. Character is the fine art of giving up. In self-abnegation and in giving himself

to the service for others Lincoln developed a character unsurpassed in the annals of history. On his way to Washington, in his address in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, he said: "I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not only to the people of this country but to the world for all future time." Lincoln's faith and courage made him the incarnation of the spirit of his age. Liberty was determined to produce a man whose like had not before been seen.

Her Old World molds aside she threw,
  And choosing sweet clay from the breast
  Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.

Dr. Stone, his family physician, once remarked with much feeling: "It is the province of a physician to probe deeply the interior lives of men, and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest-hearted man with whom I ever came in contact."

On his way to his inauguration Mr. Lincoln stopped over a few hours in Buffalo. An expectant multitude had gathered at the old Exchange Street railroad station. There was a deputation of leading citizens, chief among them being former President Millard Fillmore. They were there to give royal welcome to Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States. The honored guest was received with thunderous cheers. He was conducted, amid abounding enthusiasm, to the balcony of the American Hotel, where formal addresses of welcome were delivered. As the tall, serious man arose to reply he was greeted with tremendous and long-continued applause. As he referred to the grave responsibilities he was about to assume, men shouted and wept. In the course of his short address he said: "I am sure I bring a heart true to the work. For the ability to perform it I trust in that Supreme Being who has never forsaken this favored land, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people. Without that assistance I shall surely fall; with it I cannot fail." A few days before, when he left Springfield, where he had lived for twenty-five years, he said to his neighbors and friends: "I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever, I may return, with a

task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell." In the North American Review for December, 1896, ex-Senator James F. Wilson, of Iowa, writes that in June, 1862, in company with several other gentlemen, he visited the White House just at the time when the Confederate General J. E. B. Stuart had interrupted the communication between Washington and the Army of the Potomac. In the course of the conversation one of the gentlemen declared his belief that God would bring victory to the Union armies if the nation would give to slavery its death blow. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln arose and stood at his extreme height, his face aglow like the face of a prophet, his right hand stretched forth, and with deliberate but emphatic utterance said: "My faith is greater than yours. I not only believe that Providence is not unmindful of the struggle in which this nation is engaged; that if we do not do right, God will let us go our own way to our ruin; and that if we do right, he will lead us safely out of this wilderness, crown our arms with victory, and restore our dissevered Union, as you have expressed your belief, but I also believe that he will compel us to do right in order that he may do these things, not so much because we desire them as that they accord with his plans of dealing with this nation, in the midst of which he means to establish justice. I think he means that we shall do more than we have yet done in furtherance of his plans, and he will open the way for our doing it. I have felt his hand upon me in great trials and submitted to his guidance, and I trust that as he shall further open the way I will be ready to walk therein, relying on his help and trusting in his goodness and wisdom." In this way did Lincoln throw himself into the Almighty's great scheme to ameliorate mankind. His greatness consisted in being a pliable instrument in God's hands. The man who makes himself available to God is the only truly great man. In his all-night vigil

after the disastrous defeat of Chancellorsville, Lincoln waited on God for further direction. God gave him light and courage, and Gettysburg was the victorious and providential sequel.

General John H. Littlefield, who studied law with Mr. Lincoln, said of him: "The highest tribute I can pay to Abraham Lincoln is this: those who knew him best loved him best and admired him most." When Mr. Lincoln's pastor desired to call at the White House the President said that if he could come at five o'clock in the morning they would be undisturbed. When the clergyman arrived he thought he heard talking in Mr. Lincoln's office, but the attendant said: "There is no one there. Mr. Lincoln always spends this hour in reading the Bible and in prayer." A Christian gentleman, a resident of Brooklyn, in a letter written on January 8, 1907, says: "Forty-five years ago Springfield, Illinois, was not a very large place. I lived there and knew practically everybody in the town. Our family relations were quite intimate with the law partners and friends of Mr. Lincoln. I knew Mr. Herndon well. Mr. Herndon was an agnostic of the worst kind. He labored to make out that Mr. Lincoln was like himself, but those who knew the two men knew there was quite a difference. Mr. Lincoln was a man of faith. He believed in the right; he believed in good men; he believed in God. He believed in Christ as the Son of God. When I say this I think I have some reason to know what I am talking about." In another letter, also of January, 1907, another gentleman, who has been in the employ of the government for the last forty years and resides in New York city, writes: "I was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1840, within a stone's throw of the Lincoln home, seeing him daily as a child, youth, and up to manhood. My father's family and the Lincoln family were intimate friends. I cannot be mistaken when I assure you, from actual conversations with Mr. Lincoln, that I believed him to be a true Christian in all that that term implies. He had an almost childlike faith in God and Christ. He was a regular attendant and pew-holder in the First Presbyterian Church." During the dark days of the rebellion Bishop Simpson was often at the White House as a guest and adviser and intimate friend. Mr. Lincoln said to the bishop that in his youth he was

skeptical, but as the years advanced and he became more thoughtful and had a soberer view of life he became convinced that there was a personal God, that Christ was not an ordinary being, and that the Bible was of supernatural origin. Though Mr. Lincoln never connected himself with any church as a member, yet he was always a regular attendant and devout worshiper. In his Life of Lincoln Mr. Arnold expresses surprise that anyone should ever charge any lack of religious feeling to Lincoln; and says that once Mr. Lincoln said to him: "I have never united myself to any church. I found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long and complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altars, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church shall I join with all my heart and soul."

Because the glowing, trusting, sympathetic, self-sacrificing, almost divine character of Abraham Lincoln is so masterful an exemplification of the teachings and promises of Jesus Christ there can be no sufficient reason, either in justice or logic, why he should not find his classification among those people who bear the name of the lowly Nazarene. Abraham Lincoln is the apotheosis of American manhood. If our country had done nothing else than produce the character of Lincoln, this achievement would have won for America enduring fame. Let the sculptor chisel a statue and mold his features true, and let this monument of marble have a commanding site in beautiful park or marble hall. but that which will most grandly commemorate the loving life of Abraham Lincoln will be to train our children, and join ourselves with them, in assimilating the matchless spirit and magnificent Christian virtues of a man whose name will glitter with permanent glory when suns have gone out and time has forever ceased.

Charles Edward Locke.

ART. VII.—BEATRICE AND POMPILIA

A STUDY of the characters of Beatrice and Pompilia furnishes a strong illustration of the truth that the Christian faith is the only true interpreter of life, the only satisfying answer to the deepest questions of the soul. Beautiful natural and moral traits, divorced from living faith in God, cannot produce the highest type of literature, cannot interpret the real tragedies of life for a Christian age, cannot best interpret either the bad or the good, cannot picture an ideal personality. The stories from which this character study is selected have each an Italian setting. Each author based his poem upon facts described in an old manuscript. Shelley found in Rome in 1819 an account of a nameless crime committed in the year 1599; Browning found in Florence, in an old bookstall, an account of a murder trial of the year 1679. The villains in each story are from families of high rank and good standing in the church; the victims in each story are women, young, beautiful and pure. The author of the second poem was an ardent admirer of the author of the first; he pours out his heart's adoration in the lines:

Sun-treader, life and light be thine forever!
All hail! From my heart's heart
I bid thee hail! E'en in my wildest dreams,
I proudly feel I would have thrown to dust
The wreaths of fame which seem'd o'erhanging me,
To see thee for a moment as thou art.

The name of Shelley was to Browning as an eagle feather picked up on the moor, worn on his breast, making him forget the "blank miles round about." The writing of the story of Beatrice occupied less than three months; the story of Pompilia was probably six or seven years in coming to its completion. Beatrice was the victim of an incestuous, murderous father, whose death she procured or connived at; Pompilia was the victim of a lecherous husband, thirty-five years her senior, who had married her for her money, and who murdered her as she attempted to escape from her thralldom. Shelley, despite his efforts to forget him-

self, "has created his own image," as Crabbe says, "in the story of Beatrice"; Browning, in the story of Pompilia, gave to the world his greatest monument to the "influence of the personality of his wife." The first story was written for the stage; the second story was written for thoughtful reading. The first story is told in vivid pictures; the second story is told in terms of reflective thought, with keenest analysis of character and motive. The first story moves straight on, adding new interest by new situations; the second story is repeated over and over, ever intensifying our interest by the new interpretations of the same facts, with ever-changing analysis of motives, according to the mental and moral make-up of the speaker. The story of Beatrice is perpetuated by the beautiful face of the ill-fated Italian girl, copied and recopied by painter and printer throughout the world; the story of Pompilia is known to the lovers of the author, and survives the peril of oblivion which was threatened by weaving it into the heart of a poem two thousand lines long. The first story tells of a horrible crime and fascinates us with the alternating chances of escape or defense; the second story holds us throughout the two thousand lines by the intensely human interest in the causes and consequences of the crime. The first story calls forth our deepest sympathy but depresses us; the second story calls forth our deepest sympathy and inspires us with noblest ideals for humanity.

Before reading the two poems we should recall the leading facts in the life, belief, and temperament of each author. Shelley had a delicate physical organization and was little fitted for a robust life among men; Browning was physically strong and ever overflowed with "the wild joy of living." Shelley's life was one long series of disillusions; Browning could ever say: "I find life not gray but rosy." Both authors were amply provided with means of support. While Shelley was often harassed through the importunity and treachery of his friends, Browning was almost wholly free from pecuniary embarrassments. "Blame Shelley as we will," says Trent, "and he deserves blame, we shall find back of the whole sad story that terrible lack of common sense which results always or nearly always from an unpropitious environ-

ment." Shelley wrote his story of Beatrice when he was crushed by the death of his son; Browning was under the shadow of his greatest sorrow when he wrote his story of Pompilia, but he was comforted by the presence and ardent love of his son, and thus helped in his search for the word which could tell of the "one angel borne" on his heart. Shelley was an avowed atheist, or, as De Quincey puts it, "was a man who believed in God and hated him"; Browning was a Christian theist. Shelley in his earlier years could write:

> Let every seed that falls
> In silent eloquence unfold its store
> Of argument; infinity within,
> Infinity without, belie creation;
> The exterminable spirit it contains
> Is Nature's only God.

Browning, looking upon the same world with deeper insight, could say:

> This world's no blot for us
> Nor blank: it means intensely and means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

Both Shelley and Browning loved men and longed for the overthrow of all forms of oppression; both were true patriots, and felt that every wrong done to his countryman was a wrong done to his country. Both sought for a reformation of the world. Shelley could see human agency alone; Browning could see that human agency must be helped by "a reason out of nature." All fair-minded students of Shelley unite in speaking of him as a most lovable character, unparalleled in his spirit of forgiveness; he not only forgave Hogg his unspeakable treachery, but afterwards befriended him by lending him money. De Quincey calls Shelley "an angel touched with lunacy." Shelley was sincere and true, not in scrupulous exactness of statement but in honest and benevolent intention. Browning wrote of him: "It was not always truth that he thought and spoke, but the purity of truth he spoke and thought always. . . . He was both sincere and tender, and tenderness is not always a characteristic of sincere natures. . . . Had Shelley lived, he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians; . . . his very instinct for helping the weaker side

. . . his very hate of hate, which at first got itself mistranslated into Queen Mab notes and the like, would have got clearsighted by exercise. I find him everywhere taking for granted the capital dogmas of Christianity while most vehemently denying their historical basement." Similar estimates might be quoted from John Addington Symonds, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, and others. These words about Shelley's moral creed are not quoted here to make out for him a Christian character, for he did "hate God as he knew him," and "reject Christianity as he knew it," but to show that moral traits well deserving of our praises may fall short of the faith which can give the true interpretation of life. Beatrice and Pompilia reveal the faith or the lack of faith of their authors. In speaking of her father's crime and its just punishment Beatrice says:

It would have been a crime no less than his, if for one moment
That fierce desire had faded in my heart.

His death will be
But as a change of sin-chastising dreams,
A dark continuance of the hell within him.

He must never wake again.
What thou hast said persuades me that our act
Will but dislodge a spirit of deep hell
Out of a human form.

Pompilia, in speaking of her husband's cruelty, says:

For that most woeful man my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I—pardon him? So far as lies in me
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.

May my evanishment for evermore
Help further to relieve the heart that cast
Such object of its loathing forth:
So he was made; he nowise made himself:
I could not love him, but his mother did.

As Beatrice looks into the future she sees only a possible continuance of torture from the spirit of the father if she should meet him in "the wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world." She exclaims,

> If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
> Even the form which tortured me on earth,
> Masked in gray hairs and wrinkles, he should come
> And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
> His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
>
> . . . .
>
> Who ever yet returned
> To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm—
> Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now—
> O, whither, whither?

As Pompilia looks into the future she sees blessedness for herself and possible pardon for her murderous husband if he will but make amends; not amends to her, for she thanks the blow that blotted out the marriage bond that mockingly called them husband and wife:

> We shall not meet in this world nor the next,
> But where will God be absent? In his face
> Is light, but in his shadow healing too:
> Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!

There is a wide difference between Beatrice and Pompilia in their ideals of loyalty to truth. Beatrice does not shrink from downright lying when it seems to favor her escape. When faced with a letter from her lover, telling of plans for making away with her father, she was asked by the judge, "Knowest thou this writing, lady?" she promptly answered, "No!" When confronted by the hired assassin she was asked by the judge, "When did you see him last?" "We never saw him," she emphatically replied. Then the miserable assassin retorts:

> You know 'twas I
> Whom you did urge with menaces and bribes
> To kill your father. When the thing was done,
> You clothed me in a woven robe of gold,
> And bade me thrive.

Beatrice turns upon him with fierce and scathing words and terrifies him into retraction of all that he had confessed. She lets him die at the hand of the executioner, that his retraction may divert suspicion from herself. Pompilia, through all the fiery ordeal of torture from her husband, through the devilish cunning

of her housemaid, who was the willing agent of Guido, followed only the light of her own pure heart, ever declaring,

What was all I said but truth,
Even when I found that such as are untrue
Could only take the truth in through a lie?
Now—I am speaking truth to the Truth's self:
God will lend credit to my words this time.

Shelley's bitter experience of disillusion closes the heart of Beatrice to all hope in man or God:

Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope;
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon this giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us.

The believer's hope is begotten of God and maketh not ashamed; through all anguish of heart and in the presence of death Pompilia holds firm hope in God, who will some day right all wrongs. Praying for means of escape she says:

And all day I sent prayer like incense up
To God the strong, God the beneficent,
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,
Who, for our own good, makes the need extreme,
Till at the last he puts forth might and saves.
. . . . I trust
In the compensating great God.

The sufferer who trusts God and the sufferer who ignores God cannot reap the same fruits from pain, nor rise to the same sublime heroism in resignation. We realize this truth when we hear Beatrice say:

How tedious, false, and cold seem all things! I
Have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power molding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.

I am cut off from the only world I know,
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God;
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold;

and when Pompilia, looking back over her whole life, says, as of her flight to Rome, that all events, black and white, did but lead to her crown of bliss:

As I look back, all is one milky way;
Still bettered more the more remembered, so
Do new stars bud while I but search for old,
And fill all gaps i' the glory, and grow him—
Him I now see make the shine everywhere.

So shall I have my rights in after time.
It seems absurd, impossible, today;
So seems so much else, not explained but known.

Therefore, because this man restored my soul,
All has been right; I have gained my gain, enjoyed
As well as suffered—nay, got foretaste too
Of better life beginning where this ends.

Shelley was particularly pleased with the last lines of his poem and his admirers speak of them as beautiful, touching, natural; but to an intelligent Christian believer they are painfully suggestive of the shallow words of a criminal upon the scaffold. They are frivolous because they are faithless. After Beatrice had heard her brother's bitter lament over her fate, and after the guards had come for her, she says:

Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another! Now
We shall not do it any more. My lord,
We are quite ready. Well—'tis very well.

With these words ends the tragedy. Beatrice goes to her doom without a regret for anything said or done, without a hope or prayer; without a hint of serious appeal to God for justice or pity. Pompilia to the last limit of her strength breathes out praises for God's goodness in giving her the one true friend, who rescued her, and in sparing the life of her babe. The respite between the murderous blow and its fatal issue she accounts as the gift of God for the birth and safety of her boy. To her the end was the crown of all, and it mattered not what calumny had

covered her in the past. She was given a whole long fortnight filled with bliss "in which to know life a little which she was to leave so soon." Those two weeks were to "continue, broaden out happily more and more, and lead to heaven." She gives glad thanks to all, and most of all to him who "had the sense that reads the mark God sets on woman, showing she should be divine."

I withdraw from earth and man
To my own soul, compose myself for God.
O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death!
Love will be helpful to me more and more
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread
My weak hand in thy strong hand—strong for that!

My fate
Will have been hard for even him to bear:
Let it confirm him in the trust of God,
Showing how holily he dared the deed!
. . . . say from the deed no touch
Of harm came, but all good, all happiness,
Not one faint fleck of failure!

So let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

Quotations could be multiplied and their significance emphasized by words from other characters in the poems from which they are taken, but these are sufficient to show that the difference between Beatrice and Pompilia comes not only from the difference in the genius of the two authors but from the difference in their attitude toward God. "Not all the personal charm of Shelley," says Professor Trent, "can keep us from discovering at last in his poetry the incurable want of a sound subject matter." Shelley did not lay hold of a sound subject matter because he did not know the fundamental things of the Spirit, the deep things of faith." He who does not see in God," says Professor Strong, "an infinite personality, righteousness and love, can never interpret the world with its sorrow and sin." "Only the man who supplies new feeling fresh from God," says Professor Corson, "quickens and

regenerates the race, and sets it on the King's highway; not the man of mere intellect, of unkindled soul, that supplies only stark-naked thought." To the mind of a Browning the world is a book of God whose pages glow with ever richer meaning; the world is the Art god telling forth "obliquely" the infinite power and beauty; the infinitely complex experiences of a man are the broken and refracted rays of the white light of God's purpose—rays which are some day to be gathered into a firmament of stars, into perfected humanity. "Man is not man as yet." Shelley could not see God, and therefore could not see God's world. Shelley makes us see the sufferings of Beatrice much as we see the sufferings of Electra or Antigone; Browning makes us bow down before the white soul of Pompilia as "the glory of life, the beauty of the world, the splendor of heaven." Browning's creation is born of the beautiful life which he had seen and adored, and of his quickening faith in the Unseen. As we look upon the wrongs of Beatrice we note her increasing reliance upon cunning and strength; our sympathy is asked to justify her keenest satire and shrewdest self-defense. As we look upon the wrongs of Pompilia we see increasing reliance upon simple truthfulness, and faith that God will somewhere and somehow do right by all; we see the triumph of the soul through simple trust in the good God who cannot do wrong. As we look at this simple trust and faith our own faith grows; our faith in man and our faith in God; our faith in what man can be and what God is.

We have here the keenest analysis of motives; we look upon the deepest secrets of the heart, but we see secrets and motives touched by the Spirit of God. This is one well-known source of the spiritual delights which come to the preacher in his study of Browning. He studies him not for the purposes of quotation, nor merely for the wealth of suggestion and illustration found, but for the presence everywhere of a living faith and abounding optimism which keep the soul forever above the fear of the world's failure. Unbelief of any shade must ever fail to tell the soul of what is best in the world, or how to make the most out of it. "Matthew Arnold has shown us soul," says R. H. Hutton, "struggling mightily with what he called its illusions. No one has

expressed more powerfully and poetically its practical weakness, its craving for a passion it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that its heart fails to accept, its sympathy with a faith it will not share, its aspiration for a peace it does not know. . . . He finds little interest in the individual roots of character. He paints the spiritual weakness, languor, and self-disdain of the age with a certain intellectual superficiality of touch which leaves an unfathomed depth beneath the perturbed consciousness with which he deals. . . . His poems, pathetic as they often are, give no adequate expression of the passionate craving of the soul for faith. There is always a tincture of pride in his confessed inability to believe, a self gratulation that he is too clear-eyed to yield to the temptations of the heart." In contrast to this, the "subtlest asserter of the soul in song" sees God everywhere and sees man coming to his true estate by faith in God. The unbeliever, whether humble or haughty, sad or scornful, claims to appeal to the facts. To the facts let him go, only let him make his induction wide enough to take in all the facts. All the facts include all great lives: all of Christ's life, all the experiences of the great souls who have trusted Christ, all lives which have given birth to the

Hymn that sounds far, far away
To where the great God lives for evermore.

If all the facts are included in heroism, patriotism, and a consuming zeal for the welfare of man, together with a fine faculty for saying brave things in verse, Shelley had them. If all the facts are included in unquestioned moral dignity, indefatigable labors for man's education, pure and ardent domestic affection, Matthew Arnold had them. But all the facts of human experience are not so included. All appeals to facts are inconclusive which leave out the supreme fact of the spiritual life: actual communion with God, confirming all that Christ claimed to be and do. Such a realm of facts was included in the experience of Browning; from such a mind alone could come this matchless creation.

John A. Story

ART. VIII.—A CHRISTIAN EXAMINATION OF THE MORAL ORDER

ANY Christian examination of the moral order must be true to the fundamental postulates of Christian theism: the absoluteness and personality of God, and the personal freedom and immortality of man. It must recognize the generally admitted phenomena of the moral order: the moral sense in man, its constant violation in experience, and the accompanying conceptions in the mind of man—duty, sin, guilt, and punishment. Remaining true to its theistic postulates, it must relate these phenomena one to another, to the fundamental dogmas of the Christian religion, and to the persistent generalizations of science.

The moral sense is universal in man and, so far as can be ascertained, always has been. Every man has a notion of right and wrong, a sense of obligation to the right and a feeling of self-condemnation when he chooses the wrong. This is conscience, and seems to be an essential element in personality. It is inseparable from self-consciousness, and, with it, distinguishes man from the lower orders. This feeling of obligation is closely associated with the feeling of dependence upon some higher power which is common in man, his sense of the supernatural from which he cannot escape. In all reason any such inalienable conviction in the nature of man indicates a reality behind it, points to an intelligent, moral, personal Authority above man himself—that is, to God—as its source. Consequently, all theists relate the moral law in some way with God. There are three ways in which this may be done: it is from God, it is behind God, or it is in God. Naive thought makes the distinction between right and wrong to be *from* God; that is, to be the product of God's sheer will. God says such shall be right and such shall be wrong, and it is so. To others this seems arbitrary, more so than the nature of moral law will admit. God himself seems to be under the moral law, bound by necessity to be true to its dictates or be no longer God. Hence they would place the distinction between right and wrong "in the nature of things" behind God. Instantly,

however, to the philosophical theist, this does violence to the absoluteness of God. There can be no "nature of things behind God." God is the ultimate. Consequently, the best explanation seems to be that the moral law is somehow in and of God, is a fundamental principle of the very nature of God, and yet indorsed by the entire personal life of God. There is nothing arbitrary about it; there is nothing external to God about it. It is in, and of, and by him. From this it will appear that any violation of the moral sense in man is a violation of the moral law and does violence to God himself; so that all evil, and hence all sin, is really against God.

But here we must pause and see if this be indeed so. Certain it is that any actual violence to the moral law is a wrong against God, for that law is of the very nature and will of God. But is it equally certain that any violation of the moral sense in man is an actual violation of the moral law? May not conscience make a mistake? Conscience never tells a man what is right and what is wrong; it is his intuition and his judgment that does that. Conscience merely does three things: tells the man that there is a right and that there is a wrong, makes him feel that he must find the right and do it, and then gives him peace if he has done what his judgment told him was the right or distress if he has not. It is, of course, possible for the judgment to err, but conscience is infallible in its urgency toward what the judgment decides to be right. Consequently, a man that violates his moral sense does injury to the right as he sees it, and hence does violence to the eternal distinction between right and wrong, to the moral law; that is, sins against God. It is, of course, needless to observe that men are constantly violating their moral sense the world over, and always have been. Not that all men are doing so all the time, but all men have at some time or other, and perhaps most men continue it through life. It is the cause of most of the moral evil in the world and takes an innumerable variety of forms. They may, for practical purposes, be classified as vice or as crime, viewed as excessive indulgence of natural appetites or affections, resolved by psychological analysis into sensuality or into selfishness; but classify, look upon, analyze

as we will, there is, in almost every instance, behind the outward form an inner violation by a man of his moral sense—a sin against God.

The qualifying words "most" and "almost" are used because, while every violation of conscience is morally wrong, yet not every moral wrong done by a man is a violation of his conscience; for his judgment may actually be at fault and pronounce wrong right. So that there is a sense in which a man may sin without knowing it; in which case, as we shall presently see, it is not properly a sin. In the broadest generic sense sin is any violation of the moral law—the law of God—conscious or unconscious, intentional or unintentional. But the moral sense of a man condemns him only when the violation is conscious and intentional. In human justice we condemn one another only on the same grounds. We intuitively feel anything else to be injustice, and are confident that God judges likewise. Hence it is perhaps best to use the term "moral evil" for sin in the generic sense and reserve the term "sin" for conscious, intentional violation of the moral law. Certain it is that both our moral sense and our common sense hold a man responsible for sin only when he knew the act to be wrong and yet intended to do it. Sin is an intensely personal thing. A man is responsible only for his own personal act, never directly for another person's. Moreover, he is responsible only for an act of his will, and not for any condition, or state, or nature in which he finds himself—unless, indeed, such has been occasioned by some act of his own will. Sin is always an act of will. This does not mean that it must always be a deed, an outward act; but it must be an actual movement in personal bearing, if no more than the merest intention to do what is never actually done. This conception of sin, as a conscious and intentional violation of the moral law by the will of a man, is entirely in accord with all the moral consciousness of mankind and any true understanding of moral personal life. Those who speak of "original sin," meaning inherited sin, and "inherited guilt" put a different content into the terms "sin" and "guilt." The moral sense in man includes not only a notion of right and wrong and a sense of obligation to the right, but also a feeling of distress

when one has chosen the wrong and of contentment when he has chosen the right. The distress consequent upon wrongdoing is a feeling of self-condemnation and ill-desert. It is not at all a fear of the consequences of the sin; for the sinner is often glad to meet them if thereby he can be freed from his distress of soul. It is a sense of blameworthiness, a conviction that punishment would be just, a shrinking from the presence of God. This feeling is universal in man whenever he is conscious of having done what he ought not. Now, just as the notion of right and wrong points to the existence of such a distinction in the world order, and the sense of obligation indicates the reality of it, so this notion of guilt reveals the reality of the blameworthiness of sin. If we can trust our intuitions at all, we may be sure that personal sin is always culpable; man is always responsible for it, God always condemns it. It is never something which is simply inexpedient or injurious to the best welfare, it may or may not be that; it is always something which absolutely ought not to be; which violates the moral law, and deserves and receives the displeasure and condemnation of God. It goes without saying today that guilt is absolutely inseparable from sin. There may have been a time when one could say without danger of contradiction that one man can in any sense be guilty of another's sin, but that time has certainly passed. Any such assertion is contrary to the dictates of an enlightened moral consciousness. No one but a sinner can be in any true sense guilty, nor can a sinner be guilty of any but his own sin. Neither can a sinner in any real sense ever cease to be guilty. The condemnation and the punishment may be removed, or withheld, but the culpability, the desert of condemnation and punishment, ever remains. A sinner may, indeed, under proper circumstances be pronounced "pardoned," but never can he be pronounced "not guilty." Pardon is an act of mercy, not of justice. The distinction is unreal which has sometimes been made between moral and legal guilt. There can be no real liability to punishment without desert of punishment, and no such desert without sin. One may inherit the consequences of another's sin but not the guilt of it. One may suffer for or on account of another's sin, but, if words mean anything,

one cannot be punished for it. He may suffer what for the sinner would be punishment, but that for him it cannot be, for he is not guilty.

Correlative to the notions of obligation, sin, and guilt is that of punishment—suffering deservedly inflicted upon a sinner on account of his sin. The reality of punishment in human relations is undoubted; its place and function and even its existence, in God's relations to men, is by some brought into question. Punishment among men has four essential elements: discomfort; upon a wrongdoer; for his wrongdoing; and by authority. Lacking any one of these elements, it ceases to be punishment. The second and third perhaps need no further comment, but questions may naturally arise concerning the first and fourth. Is suffering an essential element of punishment? May not punishment take some other form? If by suffering is meant some form of physical discomfort, then certainly it is not an essential element of punishment. To be sure, punishment among men in the past has taken so constantly the form of the infliction of physical pain that to some minds the two are inseparable. But the movement against the corporal punishment of children today shows that there are many who feel that physical discomfort is not only not a necessary form of penalty but not the best form. A gentle reproof may be to some a more effective punishment than the most painful chastisement. Nevertheless, just at this point two important observations need to be made. The first is that not to every wrongdoer is a reproof a more effective penalty than chastisement. And the second is that, to whom the reproof is the more effective, it is so, as a matter of fact, because it means the keener suffering. And from these two observations we may make two important conclusions: First, because physical discomfort is not an essential element of punishment we must not conclude that not any form of discomfort is; but, on the contrary, experience seems to show that some form is an essential element of any penalty. Second, because it seems possible at a high stage of ethical development to do away with corporal punishment we must not therefore conclude that we can do away with all punishment; but, on the contrary again, experience seems to indicate that so long as wrong-

doing exists some form of punishment is necessary. Concerning the fourth element of punishment, its source in authority, little needs to be said. In human relations this seems to be generally recognized. Any attempt at punishment by one not in authority is resented. It is maltreatment, not punishment. Even if the person attempting the punishment without the authority is the one against whom the wrong has been done, it is, nevertheless, not punishment but vengeance. Perhaps the purest form of human punishment is this: the reproof of a son by his father for having disobeyed the father in such a way that he has not injured him or anyone else but himself. Here the penalty has taken not the form of physical suffering but the higher one of psychic discomfort—an intensifying of the sense of guilt—which is the most painful and effective sort of punishment. Moreover, it comes in perfect justice from one in authority and has in it no merely personal element of retaliation. A consideration of the true purpose or end of punishment would come better after we have considered divine punishment. Our notions of divine punishment necessarily come largely by analogy from our conceptions of human punishment. Sin brings certain consequences that the sinner feels to be just. They are not attributable to any human agency. It is both natural and right that men have always looked upon them as punishments from God, the heavenly Father, the divine moral Ruler of men. This has gone so far at times as to lead to the belief that every item of suffering in a man's life is the penalty for some sin. But, while the connection between moral evil and natural evil is undoubtedly close, yet the nature of the relation is so mysterious, and the exact penal connection in any one instance so uncertain, that as men have come to know more and more about the laws of nature they have come to look less and less upon physical suffering as penal. This tendency, in turn, has, with some men, gone so far as to well-nigh do away with the reality of divine punishment altogether. And in this it has been seconded by two other tendencies of modern thought: the tendency to diminish in one way and another the culpability of sin, and the movement away from the old notion of divine punishment, as personal retaliation, toward the notion of

mere loving chastisement for reformatory purposes. Two questions arise at this point: What is the significance of penalty in the moral government, if it has any place there at all? and, What form, if any, does the divine punishment of sin take? That something in the nature of penalty is necessary in the divine government is evident. There must be some means to the end the attainment of which is thwarted by sin. If sin were left alone, the end in view in all moral government would never be attained. Whether we call the means used punishment or chastisement will depend perhaps upon our conception of the culpability of sin. Sin, as we have seen, is a violation of the moral sense in man, a violation of the moral law, a violence done to God himself. All that is within us condemns it unqualifiedly. We may be sure that God condemns it also, and any reply he makes to it is one of unqualified condemnation and may correctly be termed punishment; that is, discomfort inflicted upon a sinner on account of his sin by one in authority over him and to whose authority he has done violence. In other words, one element in the divine punishment of sin is always retribution. Punishment may be many-tongued, but one voice at least cries out: "God is holy; he can not overlook sin!" From the standpoint of moral government the retributive element in penalty is for the vindication of that government; from the standpoint of the personality of God it is for the expression of his holiness. And yet, of course, we must not stop here. God surely is not satisfied with merely condemning sin; he will destroy it; hence the purpose of penalty is reformatory as well as retributive; there is an element of expediency in it. Nor can we stop here. There can be no shortsighted expediency in the methods of the moral Ruler of the universe. God's purpose in punishment is not merely to condemn sin, nor is it merely to reform man, nor is it even merely both together; it is both in order to the attainment of the ultimate ends of moral government. As Professor Curtis has it, "The aim in all penalty is so to express the holiness of God as to secure actual movement toward the final goal of moral government."

What form does the divine punishment of sin take? Who shall say? As we have seen, some men have thought that all

suffering in their lives was in some way the punishment of God. Others see in their physical sufferings merely calamities or trials, perhaps the natural consequences of some sin, but not ordained by God as punishment. The individual conscience must decide, and in the vast majority of men will probably decide correctly. But there is one experience common to all that men universally feel to be penal, and that is the lashings of a violated conscience. All men instinctively feel the wrath of God against them on account of their sin. There can be no doubt that sin creates a disharmony between the sinner and God. God cannot be in harmony with a sinner. He cannot look upon him with favor. He must look upon him with positive disfavor, with an intense righteous indignation that is very correctly termed holy wrath; and the sinner can not but feel this wrath that expresses the holiness of God in the presence of sin. While physical evil does not always seem to the individual to be the punishment of God, yet to the moral consciousness of man, considered as an expression of God's verdict upon a sinful race, it has always worn a penal aspect. Man generally has in some way connected the fact of sin with the fact of suffering in the world and in particular with physical death. Death in any form is something abnormal and repulsive. Sin and suffering and decay and death are, somehow, all of a kind. They are fitting concomitants, fitting companions one to the other, all contrary to the divine ideal; sin the work of man, suffering and decay and death the reluctant work of God necessitated by man's sin and expressing his attitude toward it. "The penal element in the world order is summed up in death." What form God's punishment of sin will take in the life after death we do not know and have no way of finding out. We are safe in believing that the character of our life here will determine the condition of our life hereafter, and that is perhaps the most that can be said.

The universality of sin is the most indisputable of all facts concerning the moral order. As to the nature and consequences of sin there may perhaps be some dispute, but as to the fact of the universality of sin in the world all men are agreed. There can be no disputing it. Whether we examine our own hearts,

observe the lives of others, or read the history of men in the past, we are convinced that every human being without exception does, in violation of his reason and his conscience, do that which is wrong. Men differ in their individual attitudes toward this fact, some giving it weighty consideration in their thinking and living and others making light of it, but the fact itself all unhesitatingly acknowledge. Sin is undoubtedly universal. All men commit sin. It appears in various forms of vice or of crime. All may be conceived as some form of lawlessness or of sensuality or of selfishness or of godlessness; all may, perhaps, be almost always traceable to the inordinate indulgence of some natural appetite or passion; but, however conceived or to whatever principle resolved, certain it is that every sinful act is a more or less willful disregard or even violation of the dictates of reason and conscience. These dictates may in some cases be extremely feeble, but they are present in some degree for every man, and every man lives more or less in willful disregard or violation of their persistent promptings. Now, when we carefully consider in all its significance this fact of the universality of sin, when we stop to realize that every man that lives or ever has lived has repeatedly committed sin, has repeatedly done what he knew was not only not right but not best, and that in spite of the constant warnings of reason and conscience, we are driven to the conclusion that it is human nature to sin. Indeed, in one sense, this is not so much a conclusion as it is a different statement of the same fact. All men do sin. It is human nature to sin. This seems but two ways of saying the same thing. And yet the two statements do really represent two separate facts in logical relation one to the other, of which the second is prior to the first: the nature explains the sinning and not the sinning the nature. When we say that it is the nature of man to sin, we have taken one step toward an explanation of the universality of sin. But we soon realize that it is only a step. It is an explanation that needs an explanation. When we ask, Why do all men sin? and reply, Because it is human nature to sin, the reply is indeed correct and indisputable, but immediately the question arises, But why is it human nature to sin? What is

the explanation of this innate tendency to do wrong? For all purely practical purposes of religion and morality this question is perhaps unnecessary. It is enough that we know that all men do commit sin, and are by nature inclined so to do, without seeking a speculative explanation of the plain fact. But in this discussion the fact challenges explanation inasmuch as it seems to contradict all that has been said concerning the nature of sin and guilt. Standing alone, without explanation, the fact that it is the nature of man to sin seems to relieve man of his responsibility for sin, deprive sin of its culpability, do away with guilt, and leave no place for punishment. Now, any such result is contrary not only to the fundamentals of the Christian religion but even to the clearest and deepest intuitive conviction in the mind of man. The personal freedom of man, his consequent responsibility for his acts, and the intense blameworthiness of sin—these we must hold to be facts if we are to do any thinking at all. The question before us is, therefore, How is it that a man is responsible for his sin in spite of the fact that it is his nature to sin? This question suggests that man's nature is such that he cannot but sin. Of course, as we have seen, a man is in no way responsible for the nature he inherits from his ancestors; consequently, if that nature were such as to absolutely coerce him into sinning, he certainly could not be held responsible for his sin. But a man's proneness to wrongdoing is not such as to coerce him into wrongdoing. Of that every man feels sure in his own heart, and he holds himself accordingly responsible for his acts. Man is a free moral person and not a creature of necessity. A man is so constituted not that he must sin but that he will sin if he chooses to follow the line of least resistance. It is easier for him to respond to the impulses of his lower nature than to spiritual influence from above. The lower impulses are not in themselves bad; it is only their inordinate indulgence that is so. The fault in man's nature consists not in the presence of these natural appetites and passions, but in the abnormal tendency in the will of man to overindulge them. But whether a man will yield to this tendency, or respond to the spiritual influences which are constantly present to save him from sin, is entirely in the man's own power to determine. Conse-

quently, we answer the question as to how it is possible that a man is responsible for his sin in spite of the fact that it is his nature to sin, by saying that the nature is not such as to coerce a man into sinning; he has the power to respond to it or not as he will.

But the question still remains, Whence this innate tendency to wrongdoing? Although not anything for which the individual himself is responsible, it is, nevertheless, clearly something unideal in the nature of man. It seems impossible that God should have created man with this abnormal element in his nature. It must be the result not of God's action but of man's—if of man's, that of some one particular man, probably the first one. This is all speculation, of course, but so must be any attempt to explain the origin of man's innate disposition to sin. The only other explanation is that it is according to the will of God, who purposely placed it in the nature of man that man might be tested and trained by sin in order to his spiritual development. But this explanation, besides overlooking the fact that the test might have just as well come with the mere possibility of sin for man, without any positive tendency toward it, makes God, indirectly at least, responsible for sin and makes sin something natural, normal, and necessary in the life of man; and against such a conception of God and sin all our nature unites in protest. For the Christian theist it is impossible. Consequently, we are constrained to conclude that God created man without any innate disposition to do wrong, intending that he should always do right, and that man, probably the first man, did freely choose to do wrong rather than right, the consequences of which act (in a natural disposition to sin) every man inherits.

Howard Fifield Legg

ART. IX.—THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1808

THE General Conference held in Baltimore in 1808 was the last non-delegated General Conference of Methodism, all General Conferences since that day having been delegated bodies. The delegated General Conference of 1908 will not be the Centennial General Conference, but the year 1908 will be the centennial year of the last non-delegated General Conference. The centennial session of the delegated General Conference will be held in 1912. But the General Conference of 1808 will ever be regarded as one of the most important in Methodism, as it was there that legislation was passed which assigned for all future time to representatives elected by the Annual Conferences the legislative, judicial, and executive functions which had inhered in the General Conference of the entire Methodist ministry. This was done after establishing perpetually and unchangeably "episcopacy" and the "itinerant general superintendency," and fixing the "restrictions" to General Conference action which made it difficult to change principles and practices of church government. Prior to 1812 all consecutive years were entitled to seats in the General Conference. the members of the Annual Conference who had traveled four The General Conference of 1808, however, passed the necessary legislation to establish a delegated General Conference composed of representatives elected by the Annual Conferences. This equalized the representation; since under the former arrangement Annual Conferences situated near the place of meeting had excessive representation and those remote from the seat of the General Conference had but small representation. The basis of representation of the first delegated General Conference, that held in New York in 1812, was one delegate for each five members of an Annual Conference; this ratio has varied from time to time, and today is one for each forty-five members. The last General Conference was held in the city of Baltimore—as, indeed, all the previous General Conferences had been, it being the most central city—and the nearby Conferences—the Baltimore and Philadelphia—had almost one half of the membership; but in the first

delegated General Conference, held in New York in 1812, these Conferences had less than one third of the entire membership. The figures are as follows: Of the 129 members of the General Conference of 1808 Philadelphia had 32 members; Baltimore, 31; New York, 19; Virginia, 18; Western, 11; South Carolina, 11; New England, 7. The 90 delegates to the General Conference of 1812 were composed as follows: Philadelphia, 14; Baltimore, 15; New York, 13; Virginia, 11; Western, 13; South Carolina, 9; New England, 9; Genesee, 6. Note the different distributions of the membership of these two Conferences. Philadelphia and Baltimore drop from having one fourth to but one sixth of the total; Virginia and South Carolina remain stationary; the Western increases a little; New York increases from 15 to 21 per cent, and New England almost doubles its ratio. Among the names on the roll are many which are familiar to readers of Methodist history: Freeborn Garrettson, Ezekiel Cooper, Billy Hibbard, Laban Clark, Nathan Bangs, George Pickering, Martin Ruter, Jesse Lee, Daniel Kelly, Stephen G. Roszel, Gideon Draper, and Henry Boehm. Four of the members were subsequently made bishops: Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding, of the New England Conference, William McKendree, of the Western Conference, and Enoch George, of the Baltimore Conference. Thirteen rules of order, or by-laws, were adopted for the government of the body, as follows:

1. Any person speaking shall not be interrupted except by the president when he judges that he deviates too much from the point; nevertheless, an appeal may be made to the Conference by any two of the members from the president, but neither the president nor the Conference shall speak to the point but barely take the vote.

2. No person shall have liberty to speak above a quarter of an hour at a time, except by the permission of the Conference; but, still, the Conference shall grant or prohibit without debate.

3. If any person think himself misrepresented by a speaker, he shall have the right to explain in as few words as possible after the speaker has done.

4. No person shall speak oftener than three times on any question.

5. The sittings of the Conference shall be from 9 to 12 o'clock in the morning and from 3 to 6 in the afternoon.

6. No question shall be proposed on a different subject from that under debate until the question debated shall be decided or postponed.

7. The secretary shall keep a regular Journal of all the proceedings of the Conference, which Journal shall be signed by the president and countersigned by the secretary at the close of the Conference.

8. The proceedings of the Conference each day shall be read on the succeeding day in the Conference before the business of the day be entered upon; and the complete Journal of the Conference shall also be read in the Conference before the final close thereof.

9. No motion shall be put except by the president unless it be first delivered at the table in writing after being read by the mover and seconded.

10. No old rule shall be abolished except by a majority of two thirds of the members present.

11. No member of the Conference shall leave the city of Baltimore until the Conference adjourns without first obtaining leave of absence.

12. No person shall leave the business without first obtaining permission.

13. Any person shall have liberty to copy at pleasure every motion that is laid on the table.

These rules are substantially those of the previous General Conferences, except that, in 1800, rule 13 provided that, "The bishops are requested to arrange, and from time to time lay before the Conference such business as they may judge expedient; *provided* that the above regulation does not affect the ninth rule." In 1804 rule 14 was added: "No spectators shall be admitted but members of society, and such as have introduction by, or a ticket from, a member of Conference." It will be noted that the parliamentary principles of these rules are to be found in the present Rules of Order of the General Conference, except rule 9, which indicates the fact that in the early days the bishop was allowed to make a motion, as was frequently done by Bishop Asbury. But this rule does not appear to have been enforced in the delegated General Conference. Instead of this we find Bishops Asbury and McKendree addressing each other in the presence of the Conference on matters which were under consideration. This was, however, in every case done informally, before the reading of the Journal of the previous day, and therefore, theoretically, not in the Conference session. For example, on May 8, 1812, we read: "Bishop Asbury addressed himself to Bishop McKendree, or to the Conference through him. . . . Bishop McKendree rose and replied, expressive of his approbation. Then the Journal was read." May 9: "Bishop Asbury rose and addressed himself to Bishop McKendree

on the subject of defining the bounds of the Annual Conferences." Then the Journal was read. May 15: "Bishop Asbury rose and requested leave of the Conference to address Bishop McKendree in the presence of the Conference. Leave was granted. Bishop Asbury then proceeded to address himself to Bishop McKendree and the Conference conjointly. Bishop McKendree then rose and addressed himself to Bishop Asbury and the Conference." The Journal was then read. All the rules of order were modified more or less at each successive General Conference, but they are not printed again at length in the Journal until 1828; and then only fifteen of them are given. The rule requiring that "No resolution altering or rescinding any rule of Discipline shall be adopted until it shall have been at least one day in possession of the Conference," and the rule for the previous question were added at that time. Then the rules were passed collectively. How many more there were we do not know, but in 1820 they numbered at least forty.

An early item of business was the reception of the European communications, "upon which Bishop Asbury withdrew from the Conference from motives of delicacy, arising from some encomiums bestowed on him in the British address." At the same session a stated communication from the trustees of the Chartered Fund was read; also a petition from Boston praying relief from "their great embarrassment." This was referred to a committee which subsequently reported recommending that an agent be appointed "to raise a subscription in any part of the connection to assist in defraying the enormous debt." On motion of the bishop the matter was placed in the hands of the presiding elders. Propositions to print a hymn book compiled by Daniel Hitt and also a standard music book compiled by James Evans were referred to the Committee of Review, which recommended the former as an addition to the Hymn Book, but did not "think it proper to take Mr. Evans's or any other man's music book under our patronage." The case of Bishop Coke came before the Conference in a letter from the British Conference asking that he be allowed to remain with them. This request was granted, accompanied by a resolution certifying to the grateful remembrance of

his services and labors of love, and ordering that his name be continued in the Minutes in the list of bishops with the understanding that he should exercise no episcopal authority in the United States while his residence was in Europe. On Monday, May 9, the question of forming a *delegated* General Conference was introduced by a memorial from the New York Conference, in which the Eastern, the Western, and the South Carolina Conferences concurred. The memorial was as follows:

> VERY DEAR BRETHREN: We, as one of the seven eyes of the great and increasing body of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, which is composed of about five hundred traveling preachers and about two thousand local preachers, together with upward of one hundred and forty thousand members; these with our numerous congregations and families spread over an extent of country more than two—— miles from one end to the other, amounting, in all probability, to more than one million of souls, which are, directly or remotely, under our pastoral oversight and ministerial charge, should engage our most sacred attention and should call into exertion all the wisdom and talents we are possessed of to perpetuate the unity and prosperity of the whole connection and to establish such regulations, rules, and forms of government as may, through the blessing of God in Jesus Christ, promote the cause of religion, which is more precious to us than riches, honor, or life itself, and be conducive to the salvation of souls among the generations yet unborn. The fields are white unto harvest before us and the opening prospect of the great day of glory brightens continually in our view; and we are looking forward with hopeful expectations for the universal spread of scriptural truth and holiness over the inhabitable globe. Brethren, for what have we labored? For what have we suffered? For what have we borne the reproach of Christ, with much long suffering, with tears, and with sorrow, but to serve the great and eternal purpose of the grace of God, in the present and everlasting felicity of immortal souls? When we take a serious and impartial view of this important subject, and consider the extent of our connection, the number of our preachers, the great inconvenience, expense, and loss of time that must necessarily result from our present regulations relative to our General Conference, we are deeply impressed with a thorough conviction that a representative or delegated General Conference, composed of a specific number on principles of equal representation from the several Annual Conferences, would be much more conducive to the prosperity and general unity of the whole body than the present indefinite and numerous body of ministers, collected together unequally from the various Conferences, to the great inconvenience of the ministry and injury of the work of God. We therefore present unto you this memorial, requesting that you will adopt the principle of an equal representation from the Annual Conferences, to form, in future, a delegated General Confer-

> ence, and that you will establish such rules and regulations as are necessary to carry the same into effect.
>
> As we are persuaded that our brethren in general, from a view of the situation and circumstances of the connection, must be convinced, upon mature and impartial reflection, of the propriety and necessity of the measure, we forbear to enumerate the various reasons and arguments which might be urged in support of it. But we do hereby instruct, advise, and request every member who shall go from our Conference to the General Conference to urge, if necessary, every reason and argument in favor of the principle, and to use all their Christian influence to have the same adopted and carried into effect.
>
> And we also shall and do invite and request our brethren in the several Annual Conferences which are to sit between this and the General Conference to join and unite with us in the subject-matter of this memorial.

On the next day Bishop Asbury put the question as to whether further regulation was necessary, and it was carried in the affirmative, and a committee was appointed, consisting of an equal number (two) from each Annual Conference to consider and report as to what should be done.

On May 12 William McKendree was elected bishop.

On May 16 the Committee on Regulating and Perpetuating the General Conference made its report. In the afternoon session of the same day the question of the election of presiding elders was presented by Ezekiel Cooper and a parliamentary battle was fought over this question during four sessions. The motion to elect them was finally defeated by a vote of 73 to 52.

On May 23, on motion of Enoch George, it was voted that the General Conference shall be composed of one member for every five members of each Annual Conference. On May 24 it was voted to hold the next General Conference in New York in May, 1812, and a quorum was fixed at two thirds of the representatives of the Annual Conferences. On motion of Jesse Lee, it was voted that "the next General Conference shall not change or alter any part or rule of our government so as to do away episcopacy, or to destroy the plan of our itinerant general superintendency." On motion of Stephen G. Roszel, it was voted that "The General Conference shall have full powers to make rules and regulations for our church under the following restrictions," namely:

1. The General Conference shall not revoke, alter, or change our Articles of Religion, nor establish any new standards or rules of doctrine contrary to our present existing and established standards of doctrine.

2. They shall not allow of more than one representative for every five members of the Annual Conference nor allow of a less number than one for every seven. (An attempt was made "to modify certain exceptionable expressions in our General Rules. Lost.")

3. They shall not revoke or change the "General Rules of the united societies."

4. They shall not do away the privileges of our ministers or preachers of trial by a committee and of an appeal; neither shall they do away the privileges of our members of trial before the society, or by a committee, and of an appeal.

5. They shall not appropriate the produce of the Book Concern or of the Charter Fund to any purpose other than for the benefit of the traveling, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, their wives, widows, and children.

6. *Provided*, nevertheless, that upon the joint recommendation of all the Annual Conferences, then a majority of two thirds of the General Conference succeeding shall suffice to alter any of the above restrictions.

On the same afternoon power was given to the bishops on advice of the Annual Conference to call a special session of the General Conference and to fix the time of meeting for it. An interesting episode of the session was the resignation of Ezekiel Cooper, editor and book steward. When he began, in 1799, the capital stock of the Book Concern amounted to $4,000 and there was $3,000 indebtedness, with not a single dollar in cash. At the General Conference of 1804 the capital stock was $27,000, and the Concern had earned $23,000 during the five years. At the time of his resignation the capital amounted to $45,000, having increased at the rate of more than 100 per cent per annum. His salary was $330 a year and his board. Is it any wonder that in his letter of resignation he could say, "I can ingenuously declare to you that I have with conscious rectitude served the interests of the connection with persevering integrity and fidelity to the best of my ability"? The Conference requested Brother Cooper to serve again, and voted him $1,000 by way of extra compensation. On the last day, on motion of Jesse Lee, the word "salary" was stricken out of the Discipline and the word "allowance" inserted in its place, and a "blanket" resolution, presented by Daniel Hitt, was passed, to cover any possible confusion, "that

every part of the Discipline that stands in contrast with any of the rules and regulations adopted at this sitting of the General Conference be repealed." Several verbal changes were also made in the Discipline, Bishop Asbury was requested to send his likeness to the English brethren who desired to print it in their magazines, and the last General Conference of Methodists adjourned. The Journal, as well as that of the first delegated General Conference, held in 1812, is signed by Bishop Asbury and Bishop McKendree.

Even so hasty a review impresses us with the greatness and genuine wisdom of these men, who "saw things" so plainly at an early date. The century's experience has justified them. For combined strength and flexibility, together with the largest independence of thought and action, no such organization exists or has existed as the Methodist Episcopal Church. They recognized the distinctive governmental principles of Methodism, "episcopacy" and "itineracy," and made these unchangeable. Then they made other important principles practically secure, while not absolutely unchangeable, and placed them as "restrictions" on future action. They made episcopacy possible, with an enlarged church, by making the presiding elders "subbishops" rather than agents of the preachers, so that the bishops of today, wisely informed by the "cabinet," annually appoint thousands of pastors with almost inappreciable friction. A century's experience still justifies this early action, for only once has a majority of the General Conference been won over to even attempt the change of this provision, though there has scarcely, if ever, been a General Conference when some delegates have not tried to enact legislation which would allow the Annual Conference to limit the episcopal authority over the presiding elders. General Conferences acting along the line of their highest function—as the supreme court of Methodism—have consistently justified the wisdom and legal acumen of the fathers who constituted the last General Conference of Methodism.

Joseph B Hingeley

ART. X.—THE MINISTER, HUMAN AND DIVINE

"IF a man's life is lightning, his words will be thunders." So goes the old proverb. The essential element in the Christian ministry is the man himself. It is the man that wins or loses. With deadly result Thackeray analyzes George IV. Says Thackeray: "I take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs, and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then—nothing." Comment is unnecessary. Herbert Spencer has declared that "ideas do not govern the world; the world is governed or overthrown by feelings to which ideas serve only as guides. The social mechanism does not rest finally upon opinions, *but almost wholly upon character.*" "In preaching, the thing of least consequence is the sermon." The sermon is worth just as much as the man and no more. July 2, 1881, Garfield was shot. The following September he died. When the news of his death reached Paris a notable Frenchman spoke thus: "A great misfortune has overtaken the American people. President Garfield is no more. *His virtues were needed at the White House more than striking mental abilities.* Talent, in this period of the nineteenth century, is common enough. But great moral qualities are, alas, rare, and it is they alone which give vital force to a nation." It is the man himself that counts or fails to count. This is preëminently the case with the ministry. Therefore, what sort of a man should a minister be? A hard-headed (and perhaps hard-hearted) old Scotchman commented thus on his three successive pastors: "Our first was a man, but not a minister, our second was a minister, but not a man, and the one we have now is neither a man nor a minister." Goethe held: "The more thou feelest thyself to be a man the more thou resemblest the gods." And Tennyson sang:

For man is not as God,
But then most godlike being most a man.

Time was, in the ministry, when the divine was emphasized and

enlarged upon to such an extent that the human was neglected, hidden. In more recent years we have exalted the human. I think it is fair to ask if we have not exalted it too much. Have we not gone to the extreme on the human side just as the earlier fathers went to the extreme on the divine side? We should be men, yes, but we should be "men of God." There should be a proper adjustment, balance of the human and the divine. The Man of Galilee gave a three years' course in practical theology to a dozen prospective ministers, and when those ministers had finished their course they were equipped. They had not read books; they had read Christ. They had followed him, listened to him, observed him in action, drunk in his spirit. Jesus Christ stands before us forever the model Minister and "Man of God."

A minister may assume one of two attitudes toward Christ. Castillo was a noted Spanish artist. He had won highest rank in his profession. Well along in life he saw for the first time a Murillo. After long and earnest scrutiny of the wonderful canvas he exclaimed: "Castillo is no more!" It was different when Correggio's eyes first lighted upon a Raphael. Stirred with a deeper sense of the possibilities of his art, he exclaimed: "And I, too, am an artist!" A minister's view of Christ, the superlative Minister, may cause him to despair or it may rouse him to heartier and holier action, seeing in him what he ought to be, and, further, what by God's grace he shall be, and with radiant meaning he exclaims: "And I, too, am a minister!" Through the perfect union of the human and the divine Jesus Christ realized two great results which every true minister will achieve. In the human he revealed the divine. In man he uncovered God. He said to Philip and the others of his day: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And it was true. In the human son they beheld the divine Father. This is the privilege and necessity of the Christian ministry wherever it fulfills its mission. When we appreciate this we are a long way toward winning the world in which we are stationed. Christ is lifted up, his word is established, all men are drawn to him.

Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!

The opportunity lies within the reach of every minister to make this pronouncement true of himself:

> His life grew fragrant with the inner soul,
> And weary folk who passed him on the street
> Saw Christ's love beam from out the wistful eyes
> And had new confidence in God and man.

Such a heaven-desired condition can prevail only where the ministry is pure in heart, free of pride and jealousy and self-seeking, and the other evils that tempt us so persistently. In his Arrows of the Chase, Mr. Ruskin attempts to prove that "on clear water near the eye there are and can be no shadows—no shadows of cloud, mountain, or forest, but only reflections. Upon turbid muddy waters like those of the Rhine, because there is so much earthy matter in them, there are, indeed, shadows; but never upon waters that are clear." Christ said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And it was true, true because his soul was clear, transparently pure. In a recent address to the Manchester and Liverpool Districts Ministers' Association a Methodist preacher declared: "The masses of the people are temporarily alienated from official Christianity because it represents so poorly the Master's spirit; but those who are now indifferent, or who are diverted for the time being into social schemes of salvation, will return to the church when they see the Christ of Gethsemane and Calvary reincarnated in her ministry." If this be true, if it be partially true, it is incumbent upon us to move at once to the fountain for cleansing. The world should see in us, not as in a glass, darkly, but as face to face, the Father and the Son whose message we proclaim, whose life we exalt. Of the Christian minister this should ever be a faithfully accurate saying: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." A second noteworthy element in Christ's ministry is its projective force. His ministry was not passive. He was "always invading the lives of others with his holiness." This helped to work out his own salvation. Phillips Brooks once said: "The force with which his character and love flowed out upon the world kept back, more strongly than any granite wall of prudent caution could have done, the world from pressing in on him. His life was like an open stream that

keeps the sea from flowing into it by the eager force with which it flows down into the sea." Napoleon for war voiced the same principle when he declared: "It is a maxim in the military art that the army that remains in its entrenchments is beaten." The true defense for Christian living lies in Christian aggression. And this projective force in Christ's ministry was ever apparent. It affected high and low, the intellectual and the illiterate, the church and the state. It was in the world, but not of the world; it contrasted and collided sharply with other forces of the world; it was usually revolutionary. It startled men, it disturbed men, it stirred men. It set them thinking, it set them acting. It overturned, it established. It destroyed, it created. It cast out, it brought in. It was always and everywhere felt. The true ministry is that which invades the world with its holiness. It is never merely passive. It is its nature to act. It is its life to move. It makes itself felt in every department of organization, in every sphere of living. After a visit to Bernard of Clairvaux William of Saint Thierry said: "I tarried a few days with him, and whichever way I turned my eyes I marveled and thought I saw a new heaven and a new earth. As soon as you entered Clairvaux you could feel that God was in the place." The holiness of a man of God had invaded the town. The projective force of a minister had transformed a community. Some time in 1738 John Wesley writes in his Journal: "Preached twice at Saint John's, Clerkenwell, so that I fear they will bear me there no longer. . . . Preached in the evening, to such a congregation as I never saw before, at Saint Clement's, in the Strand; as this was the first time of my preaching here, I suppose it is to be my last." Why? Because John Wesley's life was a protest against, an arraignment of, a passive ministry. But he couldn't be passive. There was a force in him that must have outlet. And it was the projective force of this mighty man of God, say the historians, that saved England from the "red fool-fury of the Seine," and kept her undisturbed while the wild forces of the Revolution were shaking throne and church in France into ruin. What is this force? It is more than mental power. Enthusiasm does not always signify its presence, for enthusiasm may be generated for a time by pride.

or ambition, or youthful zeal, or all combined. It is more than personality, for personality does not everywhere make for righteousness. It was manifestly present in the life of Christ; not, however, during all his career. It is noticeable in the hour when he realizes that he is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world; the moment he comprehends his relation to God and his relation to man. But this is the hour in which "the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill." There were two visions connected with that cross, the lesser and the larger. The lesser compassed the personal, the individual, relation of Christ to that cross or that cross to him. It was a cross on which he must hang, on which he as an individual must suffer. It was in his path, and he could not avoid it without forsaking his path, denying the call of duty, losing his own salvation. The cross was a necessity in the working out of his own redemption. His larger vision of the cross compassed time and eternity, heaven and earth, God and man. He beheld God's infinite love, willing to give his only begotten Son, and the world's infinite need, necessitating such a sacrifice for its saving. There is a vision of the cross in which its personal relationship is made clear. The relationship is not exactly the same as in the case of Christ. But the cross is in our heavenly way; it is the essential factor in our personal salvation; by it, and it alone, we experience pardon, and peace, and cleansing, and life. This, however, is the lesser vision. There is a larger. And this larger we must gain at all cost of pain and patience. Some weeks ago I was in a great foundry. It was the hour for "pouring." The men lined up at the cupola with their heavy dippers or carrying vessels. The foreman made a dexterous twist with his long pole, removing the obstruction in the passage, and out raced the fiery stream. The lesser vision of the cross gives us life, the larger vision of the cross gives this life to the world. The larger vision of the cross, the vision that fully embraces God and man, that unveils the two infinities, divine love and human need, this larger vision breaks down obstructions, casts out prejudice, and bigotry, and selfishness, and doubt, and all other hindrances, and opens up man's life to the outflow of that force which is born of God and is mighty to save.

They say of Phidias that "he carved like one who had seen Zeus!" We may have a far more wonderful vision than that attributed to Phidias, and we may carve more lastingly. Let us gather to the cross. There are

Days
In which the fibrous years have taken root
So deeply that they quiver to their top
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a day.

Such a day is the day of the larger vision of the cross. May this be such a day! If so it transpires, we shall return to our work in the exultant consciousness that "we, too, are ministers," with the passionate zeal of Henry Martyn, whose heart cry was, "I desire to burn out for my God," with a mysterious influence such as was exerted by the man of whom a laborer spoke, "I never see that man cross the common, sir, without being the better for it," with "a something, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

B. M. Tipple

ART. XI.—THE SPIRITUAL MISSION OF POETRY

IN one of his essays Edgar Allan Poe alludes to the heresy of the didactic. "It has been assumed," he says, "tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all poetry is Truth. Every poem, it is said, should inculcate a moral, and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged." Poe took issue with this view. He claimed that a poem should be written solely for the poem's sake. He defined poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty. With the intellect or with the conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with duty or with truth." Poe's criticism of Longfellow was that his conception of the aims of poetry was erroneous. "His invention, his imagery, his all, is made subservient to the elucidation of some one or more points which he looked upon as truth." In a note from Edward Everett Hale, replying to the question, What is the spiritual mission of poetry? he says in his characteristic way: "I suppose religion to be the close intimacy between man and God. This intimacy may express itself in material things, as when God places by my side some sweet-scented violet. Or it may present itself in thoughts or feelings which defy material language. I suppose the business of poetry is to use material language so that the things may express in part what they can never express wholly. For instance, 'the heavens,' which are material, 'declare the glory of God,' which is not material merely. Unless what is called poetry does this, it is only rhymed prose." The truly great poets in every age have felt the nobility of their calling, have perceived that their true mission is not to amuse, or merely to give delight, but to be witnesses for the ideal and spiritual side of things; not merely to be the expression of the feelings, good or bad, of mankind, or to increase our knowledge of human nature and of human life, but that, if it includes this mission, it includes also a mission far higher: the revelation of ideal truth, the revelation of that world of which this world is but the shadow or the drossy copy, the revelation of the eternal. Though some exceptions there

have been, the great majority of poets in all times have, according to their gifts, recognized this to be their true mission and have fulfilled it. It was this mission of poetry which was indicated by Matthew Arnold when, with so much subtle truth, he defined it as "the application of ideas to life," and it was with this conception of it that he pronounced its future to be immense, and prophesied that, as time went on, mankind would find an ever surer and surer stay in it. Emerson says: "It is not meters but a meter-making argument that makes a poem; a thought so passionate and alive that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." Poe may have written "The Raven" merely for the sake of the poem itself, but it cannot be conceived that the great world-poets of all times girded themselves to their longest, most deliberate efforts—Æschylus in "Prometheus Bound," Dante in the "Inferno," Milton in "Paradise Lost," Tennyson in "In Memoriam"—without reflecting what was to be the effect of their work on their fellow-men. It would hardly have satisfied them to be told that their poems would add to men's intellectual pleasures. They would not have been content with any result short of this: the assurance that their work would live to awaken those high sympathies in men in the exercise of which they themselves found their best satisfaction. To appeal to the higher side of human nature and to strengthen it, to come to its rescue when it is overborne by worldliness and material interests, to support it by great truths set forth in their most attractive form—this is the only worthy aim, the adequate end, of all poetic endeavor. Not only is this true of the longer poems that have an assured place in the world's literature, but it is also true of the greatest of the shorter poems. If all the writings of Rudyard Kipling should be destroyed, with the single exception of the "Recessional," his fame would be assured. That noble poem, simple enough to be understood by the humblest and appealing to the most cultured, fairly took the world by storm. Yet it was not achieved at the white heat of inspiration, as we might fancy, but was painstakingly, even toilsomely written. Mr. Kipling said in regard to it: "That poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote.

I had promised the Times a poem on the Jubilee, but when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The Times began to want that poem badly, and sent note after note asking for it. I made many more attempts but no further progress. Finally, the Times began sending telegrams, so I shut myself in my room with the determination to stay there until I had written a Jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till I found just one line I liked. That was 'Lest we forget.' Round those words the 'Recessional' was written."

Emerson, in one of his Two Unpublished Essays, The Character of Socrates, contrasts the poet and the philosopher. "We could not," he says, "suppose a character more diametrically opposed to the soul of the poet, in all the gradations of cultivated mind, than the soul of Socrates. The food and occupation of the former has to do with golden dreams, airy nothings, bright personifications of glory, and joy, and evil, and you imagine him sitting apart, like Brahma, molding magnificent forms, clothing them with beauty and grandeur." Yet in this poetry makes common cause with all high things—with right reason and true philosophy, with man's moral intuitions and his religious aspirations. It combines its influence with all those benign tendencies which are working in the world for the melioration of man and the manifestation of the kingdom of God. There are two characteristics which essentially associate themselves with this conception of the highest office of poetry. The one is the old doctrine of the Greeks, so frequently insisted on by Plato, that the poetical faculty when genuine is innate, the immediate gift of heaven, simple inspiration, having as an impulsive power no connection at all with art, not to be learned, nor in any other way than by divine transmission to be attained. And so Plato speaks of the poet as bereft of reason but filled with divinity. He is a seer, he is a prophet. He discerns in the light of inspiration. He speaks for, he is the interpreter of Divinity. Of the full meaning of the message he is charged with he may be ignorant. In the Apology Socrates is represented as questioning poets as to the meaning of their poetry, and finding that any by-stander could

give a better explanation of what the poets meant than the poets themselves. "Then I knew," he says, "that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration." The other characteristic is a remark which first found direct expression in Strabo, but which embodied a sentiment pretty generally held by the ancients, that a man could not be a good poet who was not first a good man, as Milton, commenting upon this remark, observes, "himself a true poem." Of the truth of this there can be no question. "The greatest poets," says Shelley, "have been men of the most spotless virtue, of the most consummate prudence, and, if we would look into the interior of their lives, the most fortunate of men." Shelley himself is not, for many obvious reasons, in the first rank of the world's poets. But, suffused as his poetry is with moral and spiritual enthusiasm, in one most important respect it has their note; and whatever were his infirmities and errors, of his essential goodness there can be no question. If Shelley never consciously found God, he drank of the streams of his eternal goodness and virtue unwittingly; for there is but one Source whence these streams flow. The universe presents but one Fountain of benevolence, purity, and love. After the poet's death Mrs. Shelley wrote: "To be something great and good was the precept given me by my father. Shelley reiterated it." Coventry Patmore, combating the prevalent doctrine that we have nothing to do with the private character or opinions of a poet, that our business is only with the teaching of his poetry, and that it is all nonsense to revive the old dictum that a good poet must first be a good man, says that we are, in fact, whatever our theories, affected in our estimate of some beautiful and touching thought by our acquaintance with the personality of the author of it. And he cites, by way of illustration, Wordsworth's familiar lines:

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Byron, says Mr. Patmore, might well have been the author of these lines. The sentiment of them is entirely within his reach, and he was quite capable of utilizing it had it occurred to him. But supposing that it had appeared in one of his poems—"Childe

Harold" or another—would it have evoked the kind of response in our hearts, and have dwelt there as an abiding comfort and monitor, as it has done since it came to us from Wordsworth? And Mr. Patmore's answer is that it would not, and for this reason: that in spite of our theories we do ask ourselves as we read whether such a sentiment is sincere, whether it is grounded in the real character. Milton, in that noble passage in the second book of Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty, has interpreted for us the true mission of the poet. He says:

> Poetical abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (the most abused) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion and admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of men's thoughts from within—all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to point out and describe.

This is the true mission of poetry, which is the bloom of high thought, the efflorescence of noble emotion. The true end is to awaken men to the divine side of things, to bear witness to the beauty that clothes the outer world, the nobility that lies hid, often observed in human souls. We find it in that oldest of the love stories of the world, Helen of Troy, the fairest of women in the song of the greatest of poets. No incident is more frequently celebrated in poetry and art, and yet the character of Helen, as Homer draws it, surpasses in beauty and spiritual power all later attempts. Her repentance is almost Christian in its expression, and repentance indicates a consciousness of sin and shame which Helen frequently professes. In the Convito Dante tells us that there are four senses in which poetry is to be taken: the literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the mystical; and it is the last which is concerned with its highest mission. In poetry of the

secondary order these elements exist in singularity or, at most, enter imperfectly into its composition. In great poetry, assuming their fullest proportions, they are blended and fused. It is so with the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," with the "Æneid," with the "Divine Comedy" and "Paradise Lost." It is so with the great Attic tragedies and with the dramas of Shakespeare. It is so with the lyrics of Pindar and with the poems most characteristic of Wordsworth. Henry Morley, in his introduction to Chapman's Homer, says: "The true master poet speaks from all the depths of all the life he knows. The power of the 'Iliad' lies partly in the fullness of its dealing with all elemental forces in the life of man, showing them stirred with immense energy under conditions of an early civilization, newly passed out of Asia into Greece and Italy, from which the poet himself drew all his experience and all his illustrations. But the main strength of the poem lies in the handling and the molding of this matter by the spiritual power that was in Homer himself, and which he had in common with the prophets and the poets who seek to uplift the soul of man." Xenophon makes Nikeratus say: "My father, anxious that I should become a good man, made me learn all the poems of Homer by heart." They tell us that Milton is hardly read now. So they tell us the Bible is not read. I do not believe it. Milton is a poet to be read at leisure, the "Paradise Lost" once a year and five of the minor poems quite as often. "Lycidas" is the poet's poem, the test by which one can decide whether he really loves good poetry. It is a poem to be committed to memory and to be a part of a wise man's mental furniture. It is surcharged with the modern spirit of faith, courage, Christianity. Henry van Dyke says: "If this age of ours is a great age, then Tennyson is a great poet, for he is the clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the century." Tennyson has been called the prophet of hope rather than of faith, of questions that ask an answer but fail to find a sure response, but I am sure this is to underrate his work. He may be the "master of measured music, the painter of words, the teacher of all of us how to say a sweet, true thing truly and sweetly." But he is far more than this. The one thing we feel in reading "In Memoriam" and other poems grouped with it is

that they are real records of the inward conflict between doubt and faith, and that in this conflict faith has the victory. How many of his noblest poems—"Locksley Hall," "Rizpah," "Guinevere," "Enoch Arden"—find their uplifting inspiration and reach their climax in "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"? Could he have written anything of his best without that high faith in an immortal life which he has expressed in the rolling lines of "Vastness," and in that last supreme, faultless lyric, "Crossing the Bar"? The deepest and sweetest note of all Tennyson's poems is reached in the two lyrics which sprang out of the poet's grief for the death of Arthur Hallam. The world has long since accepted the first of these as the perfect song of mourning love. "Break, break, break," once heard, is never to be forgotten. It is the melody of tears. But the fragment called "In the Valley of Cauteretz" is no less perfect in its way. A new beauty comes into both of the poems when we read them side by side. For the early cry of longing,

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

finds an answer in the later assurance of consolation:

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

The work of Browning is most strongly pervaded and controlled by this great faith, which is more resonant, if not more absolute, than that of Tennyson:

Good, to forgive;
  Best, to forget!
  Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.
Fretless and free,
  Soul, clasp thy pinion!
  Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee.

No fiber of his organic and vital poetry could endure were the nerve-force of faith in immortality extracted. It is this faith which changes "The Ring and the Book" from the record of a petty and suffocating tragedy to the triumphant epic of the Spirit:

O lover of my life, O Soldier—Saint,
No work begun may ever pause with death.

Nor is Browning's faith due to blindness:

> You call for faith:
> I show you doubt to prove that faith exists.
> The more of doubt the stronger faith, I say,
> If faith o'ercomes doubt.

So cries Browning at last. To him doubt is the angel of the Most High, rendering moral character and spiritual progress possible. It is in Browning that Christianity finds its most joyous and undaunted exponent. From "Paracelsus" to "Asolando" a definite and devout Christianity shines through his work. In his life of Robert Browning William Sharpe says that "Chinese" Gordon, "our most revered hero," was wont to declare that nothing in all nonscriptural literature was so dear to him, nothing had so often inspired him in moments of "gloom," as the lines from Browning's "Paracelsus":

> I go to prove my soul!
> I see my way as birds their trackless way.
> I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
> I ask not: but unless God send his hail
> Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
> In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
> He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

In the preface to the later edition of "Sordello" Mr. Browning himself told us that to him little else seems worth study except the development of a soul. "It is," says Walter Pater, "because he has ministered with such marvelous vigor, and variety, and fine skill to this interest, that he is the most modern, to modern people the most important, of poets."

If poetry is to be to us what it ought to be, and what, if faith and hope are to be kept alive, it must be, we must go back to the old conception of it, when men believed that inspired poets were the prophets and messengers of God. We must seek in it what men sought and found in it when Aristophanes could say: "Children have the schoolmaster to teach them, but when men grow up the poets are their teachers."

Homer G Curler.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A ROMANTIC CHRIST

"WHAT think ye of Christ?" is a question which it is proper to put to all men; and it is lawful to require of everyone an answer. To that question every human being with any intellectual self-respect or sense of obligation is bound to make in reason, in honor, and in decency some respectful reply. It is a test question and will search the quality and bent of every mind that entertains it. In every case the man's reply to it will reveal his own nature. No one can answer it honestly without making an exposé of his inmost self, his appetencies, his affiliations, his class and rank in the scale of being. Nothing is more true than that Jesus is set for judgment in the earth. Whoever judges him, at the same time passes judgment on himself. Whoever sights him, even from afar, straightway reveals his own affinities or aversions according as he seeks and draws near to, or shuns and shies off from, Christ. The procession of men coming up before Christ instinctively parts itself into two columns, one going to his right hand with saints and angels, and the other to his left hand with goats and demons.

Until within a few years it might have been a problem for curious speculation, what a thoroughbred and utter æsthete would probably think of Christ. This is no longer left to speculation. In a volume entitled De Profundis such an one has told the world how Christ affects him and what estimate he puts upon Jesus of Nazareth So that now all who wish may have a chance to see Jesus through an æsthete's eyes. For all normal human beings this very peculiar way of looking at Christ will be a novel and in the end unpleasing experience. It is the view of an exquisite voluptuary and pagan who seems devoid of moral perception, having not much more sense of the fierce difference between right and wrong than a faun or a satyr is supposed to have. Or, if whatever moral faculty he may have been born with has not been wholly extirpated, at least it is fair to say that his moral vision is so dimmed and perverted, so cataracted and strabismused, that he sees all things through a haze with everything out of drawing and distorted. To ethical distinctions

he seems so color-blind that sin and holiness appear to him of one and the same color. So abnormal is he that he might easily play the part of moral freak in a dime museum. But neither this abnormality, nor the fact that his study of Christ was made for the most part while he was a convict at hard labor in prison, disqualifies him from pronouncing upon Jesus Christ the critical judgment of a past master in æstheticism. In the realm of æsthetics he is an authority; and all thoroughgoing æsthetes are abnormals liable. if the police are awake, to land ultimately in jail. As a curiosity of literature which Disraeli did not live long enough to capture, we reproduce, not without comment, the æsthete's estimate of Christ, in which, it will be perceived, it is the æsthete, and not Jesus, who really comes to judgment and receives final sentence. At the end all readers will doubtless agree with Robert Ross, the friend and literary executor of this æsthete, that the writings from which we are about to quote are the product of "a highly artificial nature."

One Christmas season a wretched prisoner in Reading gaol found his thoughts turning toward Christ. He managed to get hold of a Greek Testament. Every morning he had to begin the day by going down on his knees and washing the floor of his cell. But after he had done this and polished his tins, this dainty Oxford graduate sat down on his iron cot and read a little of the Gospels, a dozen verses or so taken by chance anywhere. He says that it is a delightful way of opening the day; that every one, even in a turbulent, ill-disciplined life, should do the same; that endless repetition has spoiled for us the freshness, the naïveté, the simple charm of the English version of the Gospels; that excessive repetition is antispiritual, and that when one returns to the original Greek it is like going into a garden of lilies out of some narrow and dark house. He finds a double pleasure in reading the Greek Testament because he thinks it extremely probable that we have in it the actual expression, the *ipsissima verba,* used by Christ. It has been supposed that Christ talked in Aramaic, but this university scholar believes that the Galilean peasants, like the Irish peasants today, were bilingual, and that Greek was the ordinary language of intercourse all over Palestine, and over the Eastern world. He finds delight in thinking that Christ might have conversed with Charmides, and reasoned with Socrates, and talked to Plato in their own tongue and they would have understood him.

Reading his Greek Testament, he is charmed with Christ because Christ has the romantic temperament and says such beautiful things.

Christ was the first person who ever said to people that they should live flowerlike lives. And Jesus is charming when he says, "Take no thought for the morrow; is not the soul more than meat and the body more than raiment?" Jesus saw that people should not be too anxious over common material interests; that to be unpractical was a great thing; that one should not bother too much over affairs. The birds and the lilies didn't. Why should man? And Christ took children as the type of what people should try to become, holding them up as examples to their elders. All this the æsthete thinks is charming. Reading his New Testament, he notes also that Christ, like all fascinating persons, had the power, not merely of saying beautiful things himself, but of making other people say lovely things to him. He says he especially loves the story Saint Mark tells about the Greek woman who, when Christ said to her as a trial of her faith that he could not give her the bread of the children of Israel, answered him that the little dogs who are under the table eat of the crumbs that the children let fall. He thinks that was very clever and witty and winsome in her!

Altogether the æsthete thinks this romantic Christ quite wonderful. He says: "There is something to me almost incredible in the idea of a young Galilean peasant imagining that he could bear on his own shoulders the burden of the entire world; all that had already been done and suffered, and all that yet to be done and suffered; the sins of Nero, of Cæsar Borgia, of Alexander VI, of him who was Emperor of Rome and Priest of the Sun; the sufferings of those whose name is legion and whose dwelling is among the tombs; oppressed nationalities, factory children, thieves; people in prison, outcasts, those who are dumb under oppression and whose silence is heard only by God: and not merely imagining this but actually achieving it, so that at the present moment all who come in contact with his personality, even though they may not bow to his altar nor kneel before his priest, find that in some way the ugliness of their sin is taken away and the beauty of their sorrow is revealed to them."

Christ's entire life seems to him the most wonderful of poems. He says: "For pity and terror there is nothing in the entire cycle of Greek tragedy to touch it. The absolute purity of the protagonist raises the entire scheme to a height of romantic art from which the sufferings of Thebes and Pelops's line are by their very horror excluded, and shows how wrong Aristotle was when he said in his treatise on the drama that it would be impossible to bear the spectacle

of a blameless one in pain. Not in Æschylus nor Dante, those stern masters of tenderness; not in Shakespeare, the most purely human of all the great artists; not in the whole of Celtic myth and legend, where the loveliness of the world is shown through a mist of tears, and the life of a man is no more than the life of a flower—not in any of these is there anything that, for sheer simplicity of pathos wedded to sublimity of tragic effect, can be said to equal or even approach the last act in the tragedy of Christ's passion. The little supper with his companions, one of whom has already sold him for a price; the anguish in the quiet moonlit garden; the false friend coming close to him so as to betray him with a kiss; the cowardly friend denying him as the bird cried to the dawn; his own utter loneliness, his submission, his acceptance of everything; and along with it all, such scenes as the high priest of orthodoxy rending his raiment in wrath and the magistrate of civil justice calling for water in the vain hope of cleansing himself of that stain of innocent blood that makes him the scarlet figure of history; the coronation ceremony of sorrow, one of the most wonderful things in the whole of recorded time; the crucifixion of the Innocent One before the eyes of his mother and of the disciple whom he loved; the soldiers throwing dice and gambling for his clothes; the terrible death by which he gave the world its most eternal symbol—the cross; and, finally, his burial in the tomb of the rich man, his body swathed in Egyptian linen with costly spices and perfumes, as though he had been a king's son." The æsthete contemplates all this from the point of view of art alone, and holds this to be the greatest tragedy in literature. He thinks it supremely fit that the most impressive office, the most sacred rite, of the church should be the mystical presentation of the Passion of her Lord, as given in the holy sacrament.

Yet though the life of Christ ends with darkness coming over the face of the earth and the stone rolled to the door of the sepulcher, that life seems to this literary dilettante to be an idyll as really as it is a tragedy. He says: "One always thinks of Christ as a young bridegroom with his companions; as a shepherd straying through a valley with his sheep in search of green meadow or cool stream; as a singer trying to build out of music the walls of the City of God; or as a lover for whose love the whole world was too small. His miracles seem to me to be as exquisite as the coming of spring, and quite as natural. I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that his mere presence could bring peace

to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain; or that as he passed by on the highway of life, people who had understood nothing of life's mystery saw it clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of pleasure heard for the first time the voice of Love and found it musical as Apollo's lute; or that evil passions fled at his approach, and men whose dull, unimaginative lives had been but a mode of death rose, as it were, from the grave when he called them; or that when he taught on the hillside the multitude forgot their hunger and thirst and the cares of this world; and that to his friends who listened to him as he sat at meat, the coarse food seemed delicate, and the water had the taste of good wine, and the whole house became full of the odor and sweetness of nard."

One more thing that occurs to him to say about Christ is that "he is the leader of all lovers; who saw that love was the first secret of the world for which the wise men had been looking, and that it was only through love that one could approach either the heart of the leper or the feet of God. . . . People have tried to make him out an ordinary philanthropist or ranked him as an altruist with the unscientific and sentimental. But he was neither one nor the other. Pity he has, of course, for the poor, for those who are shut up in prisons, for the lowly, for the wretched; but he has far more pity for the rich, for the hard hedonists, for those who waste their freedom in becoming slaves to things, for those who wear soft raiment and live in king's houses. Riches and pleasure seem to him to be really greater tragedies than poverty or sorrow. . . . With a width of imaginative sympathy that almost fills one with awe, Christ took the entire world of the inarticulate, the voiceless world of pain, as his kingdom, and made of himself its mouthpiece. He sought to become eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and a cry in the lips of those whose tongues had been tied. His desire was to be to the myriads who had found no utterance, a very trumpet through which they might call to heaven. He made of himself the image of the Man of Sorrows, and as such has fascinated and dominated art as no Greek god ever succeeded in doing. To him love was lord in the fullest meaning of the phrase." He says that "the spirit of love is the spirit of the Christ who is not in churches."

This apostle of æstheticism is not so spellbound by the Greek gods that he cannot see defect and inferiority in them. He says: "In spite of the white and red of their fair, fleet limbs, they were not really

what they appeared to be. The curved brow of Apollo was like the sun's disc over a hill at dawn, and his feet were as the wings of the morning, but he had been cruel to Marsyas and had made Niobe childless. In the steely eyes of Athena there had been no pity for Arachne; the pomp and peacocks of Hero were all that was really noble about her; and the father of all the gods had been too fond of the daughters of men." And he perceives the superiority of Christ. He says: "Life itself produced, from its lowliest and most humble sphere, one far more marvelous than any of the divinities of Greek mythology. Out of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth came a personality infinitely greater than any pictured by myth or legend, and one destined to reveal mystical meanings and real beauties as none, either on Cithæron or at Enna, had ever done."

But to him Christ's supreme function is that of precursor to the romantic movement in art, the very nature of the Man of Nazareth making him the palpitating center of romance in the world. Wherever the romantic movement is the æsthete finds Christ, or the soul of Christ. He sees Christ's influence in the finest products of architecture, literature, painting, and sculpture; in the cathedral at Chartres, in the Arthurian cycle of legends, and in Dante's Divine Comedy; but not in the dreary classical Renaissance that gave us Petrarch, and Raphael's frescoes, and Palladian architecture, and formal French tragedy, and Saint Paul's Cathedral, and Pope's poetry. He finds Christ's spirit in Romeo and Juliet, and in the Winter's Tale, and in Provençal poetry, and in "The Ancient Mariner," and in Chatterton's "Ballad of Charity"; in Hugo's Les Miserables, in Baudelaire's Fleurs du Mal, in the note of pity in Russian novels, in Verlaine's poems, and in the stained glass and tapestries of Burne-Jones and Morris, no less than in the tower of Giotto, in Lancelot and Guinevere, in Tannhäuser, in the troubled romantic marbles of Michael Angelo, in pointed architecture, and in that love of little children and flowers which from the twelfth century down to our own day has been continually making its appearance in art.

All this elaborate æsthetic eulogy of Jesus ~~is~~ not mere harmless romantic sentiment. Although there may be in it glimpses of a refining and beautifying effect which is a by-product of Christianity, yet it is in fact so superficial as to be frivolous and sacrilegious. When Hurrell Froude said he thought Law's Serious Call a very clever book, it seemed to Keble as if Froude had said the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight. So it seems to us when the æsthete,

standing in the august presence of the Son of man, utterly insensitive to moral majesty, dilates only on the romantic charm of Christ. It is almost as if he had said: "Jesus Christ is so very pretty." Of the real nature of the incarnate Son of God he has no more perception than the wooden Indian in front of a tobacco shop has of the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. He is one of those who have no sense of the divine in Jesus of Nazareth, and no perception of the superhuman in his miracles. The immaculate purity of Christ makes no impression on him, and the ethical pungency of the Master's words goes by him as the idle wind which he regards not. There is no moral fiber in the æsthete and Christ's cutting rebukes of sin and filthiness go through him without resistance or sensation as a Damascus blade would go through a floating wreath of cigar smoke.

He read his New Testament in Greek, this university man did, but a dismally frivolous and grossly self-indulgent life had so vitiated his nature that he seems not much more capable of explaining the Gospels and their Christ than a moth miller fluttering across an open Bible is qualified to expound the pregnant and profound meaning of the inspired pages. He says that every man, at least once in his life, encounters Christ, whether he recognizes him or not. He intimates that he himself has walked over the hills to Emmaus with the Master. But at the end of his high-privileged interview on the road with the risen Lord, he passes on merely remarking with the critical tone of a pleased connoisseur: "What a fascinating person!" This æsthete says the worst vice is shallowness. If this were so, then he would have to be rated one of the worst of vicious men; for, considering his gifts, advantages, and opportunities, his mental and spiritual shallowness seems almost unparalleled. In presence of the august and awful realities presented in the New Testament, he displays a soul too shallow to float a great thought or a deep feeling, a nature which seems like a puddle in the road, on the surface of which the beautiful white clouds of the sky might be reflected; on the mire of which a few butterfly fancies might alight and sit for a time, idly closing and opening their flowered and filmy wings; while the muddy bottom of the puddle was all acrawl and asquirm with things unbeautiful, slimy and loathsome.

It is not difficult to guess who was the æsthete's chosen commentator on the Gospels and favorite interpreter of Christ. Evidently he knows his Renan, and his romantic Christ is close akin to the Jesus of the demoralized university professor who Frenchified

Christ into a Jewish peasant enamored of the girls of Galilee. This æsthete died in Paris: he should have been born there, for he was essentially French, at home in studios and *cafés chantant,* and other viler resorts. He belonged in the land which. going one step further in taking desecrating liberties with sacred things, has perpetrated a comic life of Christ.

The case of this æsthete illustrates the powerlessness for good of merely intellectual and artistic companionship and culture. At one period before he became evilly notorious, he and Walter Pater were frequently seen together. Thomas Wright gives us a picture of the two in the days of their intercourse and mutual influencing of one another. Chiefly they influenced each other in a merely literary way toward an exquisitely artificial preciosity of style. "These two," says Wright, "made a queer pair when seen together—Pater with his short figure and crooked back, Wilde with his huge bulk, his sunflower, and his peacocky suits, his hair fastidiously arranged after the example of Nero, of whom it is said, 'He did his hair faultlessly—a fact nowhere mentioned by historians.'" It seems that in Pater's personal influence there was not enough regenerating force, or spermatic Christian quality to make any impression. What might have been done for the redemption and elevation of the æsthete if he had fallen, very early in life, under the influence of a really radiant, positive, and potent Christian character, is matter for speculation. But it would seem probable that if this professed devotee of Beauty had made friends with John Ruskin, the divinely anointed high priest of the beautiful, and had surrendered himself to his ennobling influence, then concerning such a friendship something might have been written like what Canon Scott said of Ruskin and Gladstone: "Notwithstanding many differences, and spheres far apart, they were fighters on the same side in the great battle between good and evil; they both held to the supremacy of conscience over all material things, and asserted the reality of righteousness and the hatefulness of lust and cruelty and wrong. Their spirits drew together because, for both, life had its deep root in piety and had its one and only consummation in the favor and friendship of God." But the æsthete did not believe in the supremacy of conscience, the reality of righteousness, or the hatefulness of lust. No elevating friendship ennobled his life. He preferred the base and the vile. He says without shame, regret or apology that he "entertained at dinner the evil things of life"; and with them as

chosen boon companions he attained a scandalous infamy. Walter Pater, however, is in no degree chargeable with this man's preference for evil ways. The man proved himself impervious to all spiritual influences. Strict fairness requires us to admit that a faint moral wistfulness, a momentary sensitiveness to goodness seems to appear when he speaks of one of the most beautiful personalities he ever knew—a woman who was by her nature a suggestion of what one might become, and by her influence a real help toward becoming it; a woman who rendered the common air sweet and made what is spiritual seem as simple and natural as sunlight or the sea. She told him of spiritual things and tried to teach him lessons from them, but he says that he could not believe them, that he was not in the sphere in which belief in such things is attainable. She made him see, far off, the city of God, and it seemed for the moment as if a child might reach it in a summer's day. "And so a *child* could," says the æsthete in a futile flash of discernment; "but with me and such as me it is different." Alas, it is. There was not childlikeness enough in him to make it possible for him to reach even the outskirts of the kingdom of purity and righteousness to which that shining city is metropolis and capital. The beautiful personality who seemed to rouse a momentary wistfulness took no real effect on him. His callous and inveterate baseness made him immune to any pure and holy infection of goodness. At one time he seems to see that a man's heart must be filled with joy when his feet are on the right road and his face set toward the gate which is called beautiful; but as for himself he goes astray in the mist and falls in the mire.

Even the moral majesty and puissant purity of Christ himself had no effect on him. In the presence of the Sinless One he was not abashed, nor by his searching words did he feel himself rebuked. He gives no outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of penitence. Neither the aspect nor the speech of Jesus could smite his soul into repentance. "I don't regret for a single moment having lived as I did," says this artistic convict: "I lived for pleasure to the full as one should do everything that one does." He boldly declares that he does not blame himself for his evil life. He says: "People thought it dreadful of me to have entertained at dinner the evil things of life, and to have found pleasure in their company. But then, from the point of view through which I, as an artist in life, approached them they were delightfully suggestive and stimulating. The danger was half the excitement." For all his blatant

defiance of the laws of God and man, and all his ungodly deeds which he had most ungodly committed, he makes no apology, feels no shame; rather devises excuses if not justifications for himself. He did acknowledge with mortification and angry self-condemnation, that there was one disgraceful, unpardonable and forever contemptible action in his life; and that was his allowing himself to appeal to society and the public for help, relief, and release from prison. For that, proud man that he is, he can never forgive himself! But he feels no remorse for anything else, not even when reading his Greek Testament and studying Jesus Christ. As for society, which put handcuffs on him and locked him up and set his dainty, manicured fingers to picking oakum for two years, he meant to take triumphant revenge some day on the cruel British public. He intended to execute some masterpiece of literary art that should prove his superior genius and bring society to his feet. He makes no promise to reform his evil ways, for he says that to him "reformations in morals are meaningless, while to propose to be a better man is a piece of unscientific cant." The only regeneration, renewal, and reformation that he believes in come about in the following way: "Those who have the artistic temperament look with new eyes on life because they have listened to one of Chopin's nocturnes, or handled Greek things, or read the story of the passion of some dead man for some dead woman whose hair was like threads of fine gold and whose mouth was as a pomegranate." Such are the things on which the æsthete relies to exert transforming power and which say to the man on whom they take effect, "Behold I make all things new." Recently, in the pulpit of a church which emphasizes ritual and the æsthetics of formal worship, an extravagant glorification of music exploded at its soaring climax in a declaration that "the greatest purifying and uplifting power in the world is music." A strange sort of Christian church it is which knows of no mightier power than music for the purging away of the world's sins, the soothing of its sorrows, and the healing of its virulent diseases!

The imprisoned æsthete intends, so soon as he gets out of jail, to assert himself as an artist. "If I can produce only one beautiful work of art," he says, "I shall be able to rob malice of its venom, and cowardice of its sneer, and to pluck out the tongue of scorn by the roots." He hopes that there will come into his work a deeper note, clearer vision, greater intensity of apprehension, more unity of passion and directness of impulse, richer cadences, more curious effects,

simpler architectural order, a finer æsthetic quality. If this can be, then he will dazzle the world, burnish bright his tarnished name, triumph over society, and revenge himself upon his enemies.

The one unique thing about Christ, the æsthete thinks, is that he had to perfection the artistic nature and the romantic temperament. The chief charm in him is that he is just like a work of art. The reason why he is so fascinating to artists is that "he has all the color-elements of life—mystery, strangeness, pathos, suggestion, ecstasy, love. He wakens wonder." Now, Christ being just like a work of art, and the æsthete being a connoisseur and appraiser of such works, he proceeds to examine, criticise, and commend Christ just as he would a statue or a painting, a poem, a mosaic, a gem, a piece of embroidery, a length of lace, or a character in fiction or the drama—Shakespeare's Hamlet, Thackeray's Henry Esmond, or Browning's Caponsacchi. He is not distantly related to those ethical culturists to whom the Bible is as a strain of music. To him the New Testament is only a part of the literature of romance.

In himself this poor voluptuary is of no consequence to the Christian world. His name could never be mentioned in these pages were it not for important things which his case illustrates and the moral lessons which his miserable example points. In general, his account of Christ illustrates the truth of Bushnell's saying that "a mind discolored and smirched by evil will put a blurred and misshapen look on everything." His vision distorts even the matchless figure of Christ until the upright and perfect Model stoops hunchbacked after the pattern of the æsthete's own moral deformity.

We have in this man an exhibition of the human tendency to think God to be altogether such an one as ourselves. The Ethiop's god has thick lips and woolly hair. The Christ of Matthew Arnold is a modern apostle of sweetness and light, very bitter and severe on Philistines of all kinds. The Jesus of Renan comes near being a nineteenth century Frenchman. And the Christ conceived by this artistic person is an artist, a romantic poet, looking on life with an æsthete's eyes. This æsthetic critic sees a close resemblance between the life of Christ and the life of an artist. He says that whoever would lead a Christlike life must be absolutely himself and be independent of rules; because "for Christ there were no laws, there were exceptions merely"! He selected as his types of the Christlike life "the painter to whom the world is a pageant and the poet for whom the world is a song." As to the words of the Master, he holds that

their value is æsthetic, and that everything Christ said can be transferred immediately into the sphere of art and there find its complete fulfillment. He sees in Christ not a moral teacher, much less the Saviour of the world, but merely a poet, an æsthete like himself.

He betrays his maudlin condition of moral aberration most when he comments on our Saviour's treatment of sin. He thinks it is when this romantic Christ deals with the sinner that he is most romantic. He says that "the world had always loved the saint as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of God," but that Christ "always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man." An insanely perverse statement, the effect of which would be to cover this æsthetic sinner in among the rarest specimens of human perfection, and very dear to Christ. He goes on to say that "Christ's primary aim was not to reform people. To turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not his aim." What he exposes in that absurd statement besides his perverse misunderstanding of Christ, is that he himself finds thieves interesting and honest men tedious, the sole effect of his words being to classify him with reprobates. He says, further, that Christ "regarded sin as being in itself a beautiful, holy thing and a mode of perfection." He admits: "This seems a very dangerous idea. It is—all great ideas are dangerous." He says: "That it was Christ's creed admits of no doubt. That it is the true creed I don't doubt myself." "Sin in itself a beautiful, holy thing"! Sin is unchangeably and forever that abominable thing which God and his Christ hate, unspeakably malignant, hideous, and damnable. But to this man sin and holiness are of equivalent value. He dwells in a realm

> Where Evil saith to Good, "My brother,
> My brother, I am one with thee."

That is monism with a vengeance.

Continuing his strange misrepresentations, he goes on with something still more stupidly absurd, indeed, atrociously libelous, when he says: "Christ, had he been asked, would have said—I feel quite certain about it—that the moment the prodigal son fell on his knees and wept, he made his having wasted his substance with harlots, his swine-herding and hungering for the husks they ate, beautiful and holy moments in his life." He says "it is difficult for most people to grasp this idea." Not only difficult but impossible! For by divine warning and by sore experience, men know that no peni-

tential tears can alter the sinister, virulent, and direfully disastrous nature of sin. And there is no power on earth or in heaven that can make dissolute moments and shameful actions beautiful and holy. How horribly wrong the æsthete is when he says, "All who come in contact with Christ's personality find the ugliness of their sin taken away"! On the contrary, in the light of his presence wickedness feels itself exposed and rebuked; and by contrast with his holiness the ugliness of sin is hideously intensified. Equally wrong is the idea that "Christ's morality is all sympathy, just what morality should be." Did they think so whom he denounced as a generation of vipers and warned of the damnation of hell? Did the money changers think so when the sting of His lash drove them out of the temple? Christ's morality is as far from being all sympathy as the Ten Commandments are from being a flax-seed poultice.

Other statements, similarly perverse and preposterous, follow. "There were Christians before Christ," he says. "The unfortunate thing is that there have been none since." He modifies this at once by making one exception. He does not go quite so far as Nietzsche, who said that the first and only Christian was nailed to the cross on Calvary. Our æsthete admits that Saint Francis of Assisi was a Christian; the reason of this being that God gave Saint Francis the soul of a poet which made the way to perfection not difficult for him. Four pages farther on he makes three more exceptions, and says that since Christ there have been three other Christians besides Saint Francis; and they were Dante, Paul Verlaine, whom he calls the one Christian poet since Dante, and Prince Kropotkin, a man said by him to have "the soul of that beautiful white Christ which seems coming out of Russia." Surely "a highly artificial nature" is on exhibition here. Could anything more artificial, bizarre, fantastic, grotesquely false be imagined? In the light of his absurd and inane comments on Christ it is plain that to the realm of true art this man is but a clown, a vulgar mountebank. If the artist's business be, in Wordsworth's phrase, "to contemplate the spectacle of life with appropriate emotions," then this man fails totally as an artist; for, in presence of the supreme elements of life, he never manifests the appropriate emotion, and in the presence of the Lord of life he never makes the suitable comment, much less offers the appropriate homage.

It is not too much to say that there is something absolutely revolting in the shallow æsthete's dilettante and fondling complimenting of Christ. His superficial eulogies take offensive liberties with

the ineffable majesty of our Lord's sinless purity. As listeners and onlookers, do we not all feel somewhat as we might if the sinful woman in Simon's house, instead of bowing reverently at his feet in self-abhorrence, with penitential tears and costly sacrifice of adoration, had approached his head and had run her fingers familiarly through his locks, saying foolishly, "What beautiful hair you have!"? Do not all Christian souls wince at the essential sacrilege of this art connoisseur's comments on the Saviour, as one would shrink from a painting of a satyr kissing the face of a Madonna? Do we not shudder, as one at the altar might, on finding a toad in the baptismal font, a spider in the communion cup?

One true saying in De Profundis is that "Christ creates the mood in which alone he can be understood." But a vulgar voluptuary seems incapable of any such mood. The romantic Christ portrayed by the æsthete is as "highly artificial" as himself, as unreal as an opium-eater's dream, the product of a nature entirely meretricious, habitually vicious, and hopelessly besotted. In one way or another all human lives confirm some one portion of Holy Scripture. The passage which this poor sophisticated and sensualized soul illustrates is, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: . . . . neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned."

A NOTABLE BOOK.*

Here is a book which, if a studious man but glance into, may give him some salient and unforgettable pointer or guiding hint; while, for him who should live in it till he mastered and absorbed it, it might permanently organize and set in order his thinking on sacred themes and construct his intellectual world for him, once and for all. Its temper is as fearless as its tone is positive and its matter coherent. It is an account of the making of Western civilization, and it declares sharply in the opening sentences of its preface that the three great forces which have made Western civilization are (1) The Incarnation; (2) The Crucifixion; (3) The Resurrection and Passing of Christ into the Silent Kingdom. The intrepid definiteness of that assertion rings like the stroke of a challenge on the broad shield of the world.

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* *The Three Greatest Forces in The World:* Part I. The Incarnation. By William Wynne Peyton. 12mo, pp. 234. London: A. & C. Black. Agents in America—New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.40, net. After this editorial was in type we learned with regret that this book is now out of print.

Not content with the usual general statement that modern civilization is the product of Christianity, this author says that all that is good and most distinctly characteristic in Western civilization proceeds from the three great events in the life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Son of God and son of man. Those three great historic facts in Christ's life are eternal and mighty forces. Such downright affirmativeness is refreshing in this day of vague generalities, hesitating statements, timid claims, and excessive deference to skepticism. Of course the important question is whether the book "makes good," whether it substantiates its affirmations. We will not say that it is irresistible and conclusive; few books are; but we do say that it is so clarifying and illuminating as to make it a joy to many minds.

We have some such feeling toward it as we had, on first reading, toward The Unseen Universe by Balfour Stewart and Tait. Those who require irresistible conclusiveness must be asked to remember that the realm of things absolutely demonstrated is smaller than is generally supposed. The conclusiveness of logical and scientific, and even mathematical demonstration, is not always convincing to all minds. It is not fair to exact of religious postulates and reasonings a degree of irresistible convincingness not furnished in other departments of human thought and investigation. Mr. Peyton does not live in the region of absolutely demonstrated things, but neither did Darwin; and it may be claimed that the author makes out a case for his explanation of Western civilization about as fully as scientists have made out the case for their theory of evolution as an explanation of how things came to be as they are. His account is as intelligible and plausible as theirs.

The author of this small volume is a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, an advisory friend of Henry Drummond and Mrs. Oliphant, pastor emeritus of Saint Luke's, Broughty Ferry, Forfarshire. The book is an expansion of an essay on "The Incarnation," which appeared some years ago in the Contemporary Review, the editor of which is said to be a son of the late Jabez Bunting. It was followed by two other essays, one on "The Crucifixion," and one on "The Resurrection," the last of which was regarded as the ablest of the three. Whether the essays on the crucifixion and the resurrection will be similarly enlarged and each be published in a volume will depend, we judge, on the author's health and strength, now somewhat impaired. Under the general subject, "The Making of Western Civilization by the Three Greatest Forces in the World," the volume

already published presents Part I, The Incarnation. But the first eight chapters are in a measure introductory to all three volumes, and Chapter VIII contains a more definite introduction to the whole.

The three great facts, the incarnation, resurrection, and ascension—Christ's incoming into the flesh, his discharge from the flesh, and his return into the heavens—constitute a golden chain binding the world about the feet of God; or, rather, a channel extending from heaven to earth through which power divine flows down upon the souls of men. The constructive and uplifting forces which, operating on the Western peoples, have made Western civilization, proceed from and are imparted by Christ who dwells forever in the Unseen, the Infinite, the Eternal. Civilization has risen to higher levels in response to the call and upward attraction of a Divine Power whose distinctest contact with mankind is through the three events which most reveal to us the God who, in Christ, is reconciling the world unto himself. The mighty spiritual forces, which play upon mankind through those three great events, are separable in our thinking, but work in unison. If a suggestion from physical analogy may be permitted, it is like light, heat, and electricity issuing from the sun, each producing its own effect upon the earth, yet always found together and operating in unison. Christ incarnated, the power of God; Christ crucified, the power of God; Christ risen and ascended, the power of God! This is the Power that worketh in us and in all men to will and to do of its own good pleasure, urgently persuading us to coöperate with it for the working out of our salvation.

The forces manifest in the incarnation, resurrection, and ascension are the forces which have been working on and in Western civilization, furnishing it with ideals, purifying its emotions, elevating its motives, guiding it toward a better social economy, molding its character, and inspiring its life. These forces are in our atmosphere: in twenty Christian centuries they have become a strain in our blood, and are measurably hereditary; we are girded by them unconsciously. At times we recognize the presence and identify the nature of the Power that worketh in us. And when our souls consent to it and coöperate with it, there are vivid moments when we see clearly the world within the world, the secret which makes us men, the assured hope which looks beyond the sunset and the evening star. Christ in the spiritual realm is an environing pressure, a power of impact, an organizing cause. The responsive social communion of man with God through Christ is what we call Christianity. Part of the universal

scheme of things is this soliciting and responsive intercourse between the Divine and the human. In this intercourse is the causation and explanation of the advancing stages of European history and Western civilization. Without this explanation Christianity is the insoluble conundrum of history. Inevitably the superior race with superior ideals will lead the procession of progress and hold the advantageous ground. The Galilean fishermen, obediently responsive to the inworking power of Christ and in communion with the heavens, became the early units of the superior race with the superior ideals, and they made a beginning of a better civilization and founded the Western world. The European peoples made progress when, and in proportion as, they fell into harmony with the original disciples and their heaven-given ideals. How happens it that twelve men, mostly fishermen, changed the beliefs and convictions of philosopher and peasant, slave and master, carried a new civilization from the East which supplanted that of the West, and permanently shifted the center of gravity of Western society? What constrained and sustained the Christians who for three hundred terrible but glorious years allowed themselves to be torn by wild beasts, burned at the stake, tortured as if by fiends, and variously done to death? What gave to those sufferers the strength which, at first despised as weakness, eventually subjugated the Roman empire? There is only one answer. All this otherwise mysterious and inexplicable history is due to the working of the forces which reside in and proceed from the incarnation, the resurrection, and the ascension, opening communication between heaven and earth, between God and man. How came the European nations to receive these forces and to adopt their accompanying ideals, and consent to be ruled by them? Why did the civilization and organization and social economies of the Western nations, instinct with these forces and empowered by them, take the lead of all the world? How came the art of the Renaissance to feel the truth of the Christian civilization and gird itself joyfully to clothe that civilization with beauty? What made the sixteenth century rise in revolt against a social and ecclesiastical order which had become corrupt, and overthrow it though it wore the sanctions of a thousand years, to institute another freer and purer order, thus setting human progress forward by a mighty advance? Whence the forces which brought on subsequently the Evangelical Revival, and which have produced and supported the type of spiritual character and life which have led the most advanced Western nations? There is absolutely

only one pertinent and adequate answer. It is, all of it, the result of forces which come from on high where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, the incarnated, crucified, risen and ascended Lord, enthroned forever in a kingdom which is everlasting. It is man's vision of Christ, his listening to his call, his gladly responsive communion with him, his consenting to the Will that is over him, offering to it the homage of obedience—it is these that make his life more affluent and strenuous. This is the gist of Chapter VIII, indicating briefly the outline of Mr. Peyton's whole plan, and introductory to the volume before us and to the two possible following volumes.

The earlier chapters aim to show that the universe is a system of social forces and that some of these social forces, bringing God and man into intercourse and communion, make religion. It is set forth that these forces of the unseen universe, sociable, friendly, and solicitous toward man, are the imperial forces in Western civilization. It is further shown that man's responsiveness to these visiting and inviting forces is the condition and cause of his salvation and high progress, and that responsiveness to Christ explains all that is good and distinctive in the history of the Western world—in European and American civilization.

The first introductory chapters begin by showing the material universe to be one vast social system, full of manifold and mutual interchange on all lines of relationship. The sun is sociable with its planets, holding them to itself with an extensive embrace and sending forth communications and messages to them all—to every living thing upon their surface, in air or soil or waters, offering friendly assistance to every creature that flies or walks or crawls or swims, and to every seed hidden in the dirt. The moon is sociable and friendly with the earth, and takes a contract for swinging the tides in and out upon all shores, thus preventing stagnation and keeping the ocean sweet. Every tree is a social organism, all its parts—root, trunk, bark, and leaves—interdependent, coöperative, working together to maintain the organism which includes them all. And the tree maintains living relationship and active intercourse with the soil, and the air, and the sun, and all the contents of vast interstellar spaces. Man's body is also an organized and coöperative society in itself, made up of various organs working helpfully together in unity of purpose; our physical nature is the arena and workshop of a multitude of elements and forces operating in close and harmonious relations, normally agreeing well and keeping up a secret good under-

standing among themselves. So full is the physical universe of the longing for intercourse and interchange that the pollen in one flower, unable of itself to visit kindred flowers, subsidizes the wind and engages bees and insects and birds to carry it across the intervening distance for a social call on its neighbors. An apt illustration of the mutual and accommodating helpfulness at work in the universe the author finds in the arrangement made between gall-flies and certain plants. The gall fly engages certain trees and bushes to take care of its young and bring them up. And the obliging plants consent and faithfully fulfill the trust committed to them. We are all acquainted with the round green, red, yellow balls, that become brown later, which grow like excrescences on the leaves of certain bushes, and are familiarly known as galls. The wandering gall fly comes along, stops at the bush's door, and as much as says: "Friend Oak, will you kindly take care of my baby for me, nurse it and bring it up? I want to attend to some other matters." And the obliging and sympathetic oak complies with this rather presumptuous request, as if its main business were to keep a foundling hospital. Then the gall fly uses a sharp instrument which it carries to cut a slit in the oak leaf or in the bark of a twig. In this slit it deposits its egg, and then brushes it over with a protective secretion from its own body. This done, the gall fly goes its way about its further necessary business in the world, while the oak shrub (or the willow tree, or the rose bush, as the case may be) at once takes charge of the future young. It first secretes a fine pith for the larva to rest on, weaves a stronger tissue over the tiny, slumbering life, and covers the whole with a skin exactly like that of the natural leaf or bark. Gradually this swells into a ball, in the center of which the grub reposes as in a cradle. And the sympathetic winds come and rock the gall fly's sleeping baby in its cradle. And the sun sees it and moved by an æsthetic instinct paints the outside of the baby's cradle with changing colors—green, red, yellow, and brown. And so the plant and the winds and the sun care for that infant life, just to oblige a vagrant fly which for inscrutable reasons of its own does not want to nurse its own infant. A very sympathetic universe this seems to be, every nook and corner of it pervaded by social and accommodating and helpful impulses knitting its members and inhabitants into one great society, a wonderful social organism, a mutual benefit association, a vast community of interests.

No element or creature is intended to be solitary and unsocial.

Take, for illustration, oxygen, with the discovery of which chemistry began its career. It is possible for the chemist to isolate oxygen, but to keep it so he must imprison it in a tight jar by itself. Its nature is social. It never willingly lives alone. In union with hydrogen it lives in the water: in union with nitrogen it inhabits the air. Association, commerce, fellowship, coöperation—these are the law for the whole universe.

Every creature, animate or inanimate, has, according to its nature and faculties, acquaintance, social relations, and commerce with a range and sphere of things proportioned to its capacities and adapted to its nature.

On the summit of the known creation is man, aware of and looking out upon a vast complex universe with the varied contents of which he has, by reason of his large-facultied nature and unmeasured capabilities, innumerable relationships. The interest and sympathy of a manifold and social universe converge on him. His endowment fits him, and his destiny foreordains him, to a wide acquaintanceship. A quartz-crystal has commerce with a few elements and a limited sphere in the universe. A rose knows a larger and different sphere, rated a finer and richer sphere, than the crystal is aware of. The eagle sees and navigates and is blissfully at home in a high, wide realm not dreamed of by the crystal or the rose; he has strong pinions, soaring ambitions, and the franchise of the skies. Above the eagle is man, having relations with and knowledge of all that is in the spheres of the quartz-crystal and the rose and the eagle; and in addition, by reason of a nature and faculties which they do not share with him, he has relations with, knowledge of, access to, and possible commerce with cosmic realms which to all lower things, animate and inanimate, are as if they did not exist. He knows, to begin with, the wondrousness of the vast physical universe as no crystal, or plant, or bird can know it. And above and beyond all that, he perceives, and knows himself related to, a moral and spiritual realm, which exists for him alone of all earthly creatures. His body and his spirit have relations with the Boundless, "boundless outward in the atom, boundless inward in the soul." Out of the moral and spiritual Boundless, forces that are infinite and divine play upon him like sunbeams, blow upon him like celestial winds, go through him like magnetic currents. An inhabited spiritual universe communicates with him, wants to converse and do business with him. Its spokesman is Jesus Christ. The forces that radiate from it upon the mind and soul and life of man reside

in and proceed from the crowned and glorified Redeemer of the world and are the forces manifest in his incarnation, crucifixion, and ascension.

Man is many-facultied. Each organ of his body does business with certain physical elements congenial to its own nature. The eye does business with the light, the ear with the realm of sound, the respiratory organs with the air, the organs of digestion with nutritive foods. Each organ has social and commercial relations with every element of which it has need and with which it has affinity. Our bodily senses acquaint us with the world of sense. Our intellectual faculties translate the laws and utilities of that world to us. Our social faculties make us aware of our relations with and obligations to our fellow-men. Our spiritual faculties report to us a spiritual world, receive messages from it, enable us to commune with it, and to become perpetual members of its sweet and pure society. Religion means that a man has heard a call from the Unseen, and has answered it reverently in the spirit of worship and obedience. It is the voice of the ever-living Christ that calls him, and his responsiveness to that call is the measure of his nobleness, the guarantee of his high immortal destiny, and the token of his fitness for the fellowship of the saints in light. Affinity with the Spiritual is the hall-mark of religion. Religion is the action of man's highest faculties in response to a specific pressure on him from forces resident in the spiritual universe. When these forces are recognized as originating in the heart of Infinite Love and as proceeding from Christ, then religion becomes intelligently and confessedly Christian. Spiritual sensitiveness to the unseen Christ and vibrant spiritual responsiveness thereto explain the progress of two thousand years and our Western civilization, says Mr. Peyton.

The author points out that Paul recognized the three great forces which initiate and inspire the spiritual life. The apostle longs to know Christ in his place in the creation; he longs to know him in the fellowship of his sufferings; he longs to know the power of his resurrection; and to be conformed to his life, death, and rising again. These spiritual forces, intimately social with the responsive mind and heart of man, account for Christianity and the Christian ages. Seven great events are named as marking the chief epochs of modern progress: 1. The day of Pentecost. 2. The vision of Constantine, in which it was revealed to a Roman emperor on the battlefield that the death of the Crucified One contains a power greater

than all his legions. 3. The coronation of Charles as emperor on Christmas Day, 800 A.D., which James Bryce thinks was the real beginning of modern history. 4. The Renaissance, which in the stagnant Middle Ages woke men into sensitiveness, giving them seeing eyes and feeling hearts, and causing a quickened spirituality to flower into beauty. 5. The Reformation in the sixteenth century. 6. Puritanism, which purified England and sent across the ocean the men who founded the Anglo-Saxon Republic on the western shore of the Atlantic. 7. The Methodist revival in England, which brought in a renaissance of religion in the church and outside of it, overflowing the English-speaking world with a new spiritual life. The cause and characteristic of all these epochs and movements was a renewed responsiveness to Christ, the incarnate, crucified, risen, and ascended Lord.

No chapters in Mr. Peyton's book are quite so timely as those which deal with Parthenogenesis. The virgin birth of our Lord is today one of the preoccupations of religious thought. Huxley told the world over twenty-five years ago that virgin procreation is an ordinary phenomenon, familiar to the naturalist. The author shows that virgin generation, beginning in the lower creation, has a long, large place in the general scheme of nature, which, he holds, culminates in the birth of Christ. He shows that spiritual interference with the ordinary course of natural processes has caused and marked the great epochs of advancement; that the transitions from mineral to vegetable, from vegetable to animal, from animal to man, are due to a fresh infusion of life and power from the universe of spirit. He shows that a long succession of interferences coming from the spiritual universe culminated in the incarnation, which is one of three dynamic facts of the first magnitude that have developed the Western man and compelled the advancing progress of the Christian peoples.

Chapter IX enumerates the chief effects resulting from the incarnation: 1. The incarnation has unified the sacredness around us. The many gods and goddesses of polytheism were invented by man's unenlightened sense of this sacredness. The advent of Christ unified to the human mind the uncharted divineness of which mankind were dimly aware. It was an immense revelation and made a new universe. The many became One, scattered glimpses of the divine united in a Whole, the broken lights blended into the one true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. The old pagan divinities of time and space and sense were seen to be but

broken shadows of the one eternal Being. And this great vision was domiciled among men by the incarnation of Christ, in whom all things have their coherence, and on whose head is the crown of the universe, visible and invisible. 2. The incarnation has unfolded in the human heart the sense of the kinship between God and man, joined two worlds, the heavenly and the earthly, in a flow of sympathy, and united them in intercourse. 3. The incarnation discovered for us the unity of the human race and effected a quick change in the relations of man to man. 4. The incarnation has evoked a new sense of the essential worth of human nature. 5. It has discovered for us the spiritual quality which lies imbedded in our industries and drudgeries. 6. It brings into view the place and worth of the body. 7. It entered with purifying and ennobling power into the sphere of sex. 8. It regenerated the realm of art. Under all these heads there is rich, ample, and often beautiful amplification. Under the third division, which treats of the unity of the human race in Christ, it is interesting to note Mr. Peyton's analysis and explanation of the schismatic and repellent doctrine of apostolic succession, the silly and arrogant claim to possess a privileged and exclusive divine authority and mission. He says this narrow notion is characteristic of a lower stage of evolution, and is the mark of an inferior species. What its holders need is to be lifted in the scale. Hear him: "The biretta of apostolic succession is only the guise which exclusiveness takes on in the Christian economy. The student of social science has no difficulty in understanding it. He knows that it belongs to the lower stages of the cosmic process by which humanity ascends. It spells the lower grades of civilization. It helps to make the difference between Germany and Austria, between England and Spain, between Scotland and Ireland, between North America and South America. Apostolic succession is the natural narrowness of the lower grades baptized into the Christian Church. It means that the incarnation has not worked deep enough into them. This is why there are sects which deny validity to the Christianity of nonepiscopal communions, and remand all Christendom outside their narrow precincts to unratified and uncovenanted mercies. The incarnation has not done its perfect work in them."

The general purpose of the author is to establish and make luminous the fact that Christ's incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection and passing into the unseen, are cosmic events, and are the only forces that can lift and save the world.

THE ARENA

CAMPBELL'S "NEW THEOLOGY"

I SUPPOSE every advance in scientific or religious thought will have to pass through a period of misunderstanding and therefore of misrepresentation. Twenty years ago evolution had to suffer both in the pulpit and press, then the "Higher Criticism," now "Socialism," and, finally, Rev. R. J. Campbell's "New Theology." I have read his book, which purports to give us the theology which he preaches in the City Temple in London and which has aroused so much criticism, so I read the discussion in the May number of the REVIEW, but am convinced that either the writer has failed to get the "view point" of the Rev. Mr. Campbell or I have failed to understand his teaching. The fundamental principle of his whole theology is the divine immanence, God in nature, the universe the manifestation of God, therefore in man as much as in any other part of his creation, that Christ was the highest revelation, therefore "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," which is very far from Unitarianism. This doctrine of atonement may differ from ours, but is still an atonement. The word means "at-one-ment"—to reconcile, to bring two parties together—and he claims that Christ being the divine revelation of love to humanity, and the highest and completest, has thus brought erring humanity back to God, and thus has made and is making an atonement; that we are saved as much by his *life* as by his death, which sounds much like Bishop Simpson's sermon on that subject. If we insist that Christ bore any penalty for sin, or suffered in our stead, then the new theology knows no such atonement. Christ suffered for us, not instead of us, is the theory. This is what love always does; God never can remove the penalty and put it upon another and as God be just. But the most serious misunderstanding of Mr. Campbell is the statement: "Sin itself is a guest for God." What does Mr. Campbell mean? Nothing more than that all our desires are in themselves right, and are from God, but he defines sin as selfishness, and it is the misuse of these God-given desires that is sin, and never the right use. The system craves food, but a man may be a glutton and bring forth death; but you do not blame his appetite; so with the drunkard, etc. This quest for life is right, but the wrong use of it is selfishness, yea, sin. Then why call this putting of the case "blasphemous"? I do not believe all Mr. Campbell teaches, but I insist we shall give it careful thought and, above all things, do not misrepresent it. To take an isolated passage away from its connection is to often prove the contrary and be unjust to the author. I think this has been done by the reviewer in the May number of THE METHODIST REVIEW.

Saint Paul, Minnesota. DAVID MORGAN.

ISAIAH'S "DOUBLE" AGAIN

Dr. Schell's interpretation of the "double" in Isa. 40. 2, in the last November number of the Review, is an interesting piece of exegesis. But while his rendering of the word "double" helps in the interpretation of the passage referred to, other instances of the use of the same word remain in which this interpretation does not bring relief. For instance, in Jer. 16. 18, we read: "First I will recompense their iniquity and their sin double . . ." Here the word occurs in a paragraph expressing the vengeance of God unrelieved by any offers of mercy. So, also, in Rev. 18. 6: "Render unto her [Babylon] even as she rendered, and double unto her the double according to her works: in the cup which she mingled, mingle unto her double." In this case it would seem it is hard to escape the force of this oft-repeated word as meaning the multiple of the original injury, unless it means simply that complete legal satisfaction must be made for every infraction of the divine law, and that the terms used in expressing that necessity are such as would be familiar to every Jew from his knowledge of Exod. 22. 9.

Or, may "double" in these several passages, excepting the evidently literal law in Exod. 22, mean "equivalent," or "counterpart"? Then they would become but so many puttings of the great law of retribution. Every sin has its "double." This meaning fits especially the impressive statement in Revelation above quoted, and if it seems to break in upon the comforting message of Isa. 40, the difficulty is but a part of the larger difficulty of the presence of sin and God's dealings with it. To take "double" to mean "a receipt" fits admirably in Isa. 40. 2; to take it as a term insisting upon the law of equivalents in the moral world, the counterpart of sin, borne either by the sinner or his substitute, or by both, answers for every passage where the word occurs.

Albany, Illinois. James Potter.

SCHUMANN'S MUSICAL MAXIMS HOMILETICISED

Substituting "preach" for "play," we find in Schumann's musical maxims a number of interesting suggestions:

"Always preach (play) as if a Master were listening to you."

"When you preach never concern yourself as to your listeners."

"Never toy with your Bible (instrument); always preach (play) with life, and never leave a sermon (piece) half finished."

"If you are to preach (play) for anyone, make no fuss about it; do it right away or not at all."

"Preach (play) in time; the performances of many ministers (artists) are like the walk of a drunken man. Never pattern after them."

"Never preach (play) anything fashionable. Time is precious. One would need a hundred lives to learn to know all that has been written."

"You must not circulate poor doctrine (music); suppress it."

"Never believe that the old Gospel (music) is out of date. Just as little as a true word, can good doctrine (music) be laid on the shelf."

New York. Edwin H. Carr.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

HINTS TO PASTORS ON THE USE OF THE PRESS

Every pastor should remember the power of the secular press and employ it wisely in developing the work to which he devotes his life. The religious denominations of a city should combine and make sure that the press of that city is rightly instructed and aided in representing to the general public the work which the church is endeavoring to carry on. Where there is no union of churches in this, one branch of the church or one pastor may secure such representation as may be needed in order that the church may exert a larger influence than it does in the community. The writer of the present article when resident as a bishop in one of the principal cities of the Union drew up a plan for promoting Methodist Episcopal interests in that city. It was called "The Secular Press Department of Church Work." The following are the aims contemplated and methods adopted:

1. To prevent the neglect of our church interests which may occur through apathy or through the antipathy of local editors;
2. To guarantee the publishing in a judicious way of Methodist church news of a general character, such as reports of general conventions, new movements, and denominational announcements of general interest;
3. To guarantee accurate and ample reports in some systematic way from time to time from the various Methodist Episcopal pulpits of the city;
4. To secure careful reports of special lectures and courses of lectures which may be delivered under the auspices of the church and designed to further denominational and general Christian interests;
5. To secure advertising space to announce during the week special meetings of leagues, classes, clubs, societies, the regular prayer meetings, special lectures, public services, etc.

To make the scheme effective there should be an intelligent newspaper secretary whose business it should be to superintend this general work of announcement and to communicate privately with ministers and laymen. He should be a middle man between the pastors and the editors. This secretary should be paid for his work and thus have additional motive for fidelity and diligence. He should keep a scrapbook and record, devoting several pages to published matter concerning each church, making memoranda from time to time, classifying and preserving all published items pertaining to each church in its proper place. The regular notice for the coming Sabbath services should be forwarded by the pastors through the first mail on Friday morning to this secretary, who should if possible secure the publication of these denominational announcements in the Saturday paper so that all such notices might easily

be found. The secretary should also be authorized to secure printed slips of the Sunday notices every week, and himself, or by such aid as he may command, send to all guests at every hotel envelopes containing these special printed Sunday announcements. The Church Press secretary should watch carefully the policy of subeditors and report promptly to the chief editor or publisher any attempt to neglect or to be unfair in such announcements. Of course a fund should be at the secretary's command for this work. It would be an admirable plan for every pastor to encourage the holding among his people of informal family conversations on prescribed topics during a single week of the year; or more frequently as he might find the scheme practicable. While in charge of our church work in Europe I instituted a system of November Conversation Groups. calling the attention of the entire church in all the countries where Methodism has any following to the value of casual and also of formal conversations during a short period of each year that the entire church might at the same time give thoughtful attention to one subject. These conversations were called "The November Conversations." Two or three persons may form a group. Every family may constitute a group. In class meeting, prayer meeting, official meeting, Sunday school teachers' meeting, conversations may be started on the current topic, and a short time spent in each of these gatherings in eliciting practical suggestions. For example, the subject for one year in the European November Conversations was "The work of teaching children at home, of making home a school, creating an interest in good reading, and the like." The following year the November Conversation took up the "Methods by which the youth of our church from twelve to twenty years of age may be more firmly held by the church." Pastors were urged to preach on this subject and to talk about it every day for the thirty days of November with the most intelligent people to be found in or outside of the church. The answers elicited were classified, condensed, and forwarded to the resident bishop. To facilitate the scheme a circular was issued and widely distributed containing the following eleven questions: 1. What are some of the mistakes made in the teaching of religion and religious subjects to little children? 2. How may we train little children to honor and respect truth and to despise falsehood? 3. How may we at home aid in the increasing of a child's vocabulary? 4. How may we at home teach children to observe facts in nature and to learn names, for examples, the names of different leaves, flowers, stones, colors, mathematical figures, the different kinds of clouds, and to gather ideas of distance, of weight, of size, of number, etc.? 5. How may we at home help in the cultivation of memory in children? 6. How may we at home train a child to appreciate the importance of will-power and to develop it? 7. What are the greatest dangers to which our young people in these days are exposed, and how may we protect them? 8. What are the peculiarities of so-called "young people" between twelve and twenty years of age? 9. How may home and the church coöperate in the helping of this class? 10. What request has the home to make of the teachers in the day school? 11. What help has the day school a right to expect from the church?

THE ETHICS OF LEGAL PROCEDURE

The ordinary view of ethics is that it concerns itself chiefly with the practical duties of life as related to others, but it is not so generally understood that it may be applied to methods of procedure as well as to general duties. We may pursue right ends by wrong methods and unjust ends by right methods. It is impossible to disassociate our purposes and our acts from the method by which they are accomplished. Imperfect forms of procedure may be promotive of unjust conclusions when the purpose is the best. A number of years ago the writer of this was in conversation with a prominent lawyer of large experience, concerning the defects of legal procedure. He said to the lawyer that some of the processes recognized in courts did not in his judgment secure the ends of justice. The lawyer acknowledged that this was the case, but made the statement that the legal methods, though sometimes working injustice as a whole, tended to right results more than if they were left in any way to the caprice of the counsel and the jury. There is no question raised here as to the integrity of the courts or of the counsel. We believe that on the whole no class of men has the confidence of the people more fully than our judges and our attorneys. But there are certain customs which have grown up and rules of procedure which they follow that are subject, we believe, to just criticism. There is the requirement, on the part of the lawyers, of the categorical answer. We constantly read in the testimony of a witness that the counsel insisted that he shall answer "yes" or "no," and the witness protests, saying, "I want to explain," and he is promptly told by the lawyer and perhaps by the judge that he must answer the question in exactly the form put by the counsel. Now, there are many cases in which "yes" or "no" cannot be a full answer, and does not convey the truth as it is in the mind of the witness. This seems to be a defect which ought to be remedied. Justice requires that every facility should be given the witness to tell the exact truth without the assumption that there is an attempt on the part of the witness to prevaricate. Another defect is the attitude of the counsel in relation to the opposing side. The counsel for the plaintiff seems determined to win at all hazards, and so, also, the counsel for the defendant. An outsider would consider from their general bearing toward each other that they are determined to win, right or wrong. Very little seems to be conceded to the integrity of the other side. They watch each other as though the main purpose was to win a victory and not to reach a righteous verdict. In this way the success or failure of a litigant is a question of the ability of the counsel; the side which is able to command the ablest counsel has greatly the advantage. This puts the poor man who is not able to secure such eminent counsel as his opponent in an unfortunate position and sometimes great injustice is done. The ethics of the case we think to be that the counsel as well as the judge shall be anxious to arrive at the truth, and that facilities should be given to bring out the truth, so that the rights of each party shall be fully secured. A defect of the same nature in legal procedure is the apparent unwillingness of one side to give any information which may be helpful to the other. The

writer recalls a case when the lawyer offered himself as a witness, and when the attempt was made to cross examine him he declined under the privilege of counsel. The paper which contained the account suggested that if he submitted to cross examination it would reveal his side of the case to the opposing counsel. Now, from either standpoint why should not his side be revealed if it tended to bring out the truth? The knowledge of all facts bearing on the case could not do otherwise than contribute to the ends of justice. We do not raise the question here as to the counsel taking what he knows to be the wrong side. There have been lawyers—such Abraham Lincoln was said to be—who refused to take a case which they could not honestly support. Lawyers as a rule are recognized everywhere as honest men, perhaps no profession more so. But there have been some among them called honest lawyers by distinction on the ground that they would not advocate a case which they did not believe to be based on justice and right. The ideal condition in legal procedure will be when the counsel of plaintiff and defendant shall join together to find out the truth, to examine the merits of the case dispassionately, and thus secure a verdict in which the rights of each shall be protected and the integrity of the law vindicated. This subject has attracted the attention of ethical writers. The volume of Christian Ethics, by Dr. Newman Smythe, raises this question. His language is: "In civilized communities there exists an established order of justice. The system of jurisprudence is a method, necessarily somewhat mechanical, of securing uniformities in social products—a rough and ready method of equal and exact justice done in human affairs. But because it is a system of justice it is necessarily limited and imperfect. Perfect justice cannot be obtained through any generalization of legal procedure. Exact justice in all human affairs could be rendered by the state only if it were conceived to be an omnipresent and omnipotent judge in the world. The mechanical fixity of legal forms is modified somewhat by the rules of equity, and relieved by the occasional exercise of the right to pardon which is permitted to the executive powers. In such ways there is left enough give and play in the system of law to prevent its breaking to pieces under the strain and exigencies of human affairs. But beyond this primary and general justice in the more obvious forms of life no system of human law can be conceived as reaching. Consequently, to see justice done on the earth, resort must continually be had, beyond the legal powers of the state, to the action and influence of just men in all the affairs of life. Herein is large scope for the beneficence of individual justice. By wise counsels, by righteous decisions, by luminous words and teaching, the wrongs which lie beyond the reach of the law, and much injustice which has no remedy, may be prevented, alleviated, or removed. Indeed, human justice in the finer qualities, and perhaps far the larger part of it, must be administered outside the courts." With this view the writer of this agrees, but it seems also that this end is to be secured by some modification of the laws of evidence, or, if this is not possible, such an attitude of both judge and counsel as shall fulfill in legal procedure as well as in practical duties the commandment of our Lord, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

PHŒNICIAN INSCRIPTIONS

Though the monuments of Phœnicia were among the first to be studied systematically by archæologists, and though a large number of them have been discovered during the past two hundred years, yet the larger part of these have afforded scholars but little of extraordinary historical or literary value, which could be used in tracing the development of the people and language of this narrow, but important, strip of land. Strange to say, the greater part of the inscriptions in Phœnician characters have been found outside of Phœnicia proper. Carthage, especially, has yielded them by the thousand. Most Phœnician inscriptions are from the Greek and Roman periods, a few may be placed in the Persian period, and a limited number at a still earlier date. This explains why the history of Phœnicia in its earliest periods, as far as the monuments of that ancient land are concerned, is still a sealed book.

Much has been written from time to time upon the monuments and inscriptions of these old masters of the seas and early colonizers. The latest on the subject is a short paper by Baron von Landau, entitled: *Die phœnschen Inschiften.* It forms the last issue of *Der Alte Orient,* Though containing but very little that is really new, it covers, nevertheless, the ground admirably and thoroughly. In preparing this article we acknowledge our indebtedness to this modest brochure. Attention was called to isolated Phœnician inscriptions in the early part of the eighteenth century. Their systematic study, however, began with Dr. Wilhelm Gesenius, professor of Hebrew at Halle. This foremost Semitic scholar of his day, rightly regarded as the father of scientific study of Hebrew, collected and edited all accessible Phœnician inscriptions, and published in 1837 the results of his labors under the title, *Scripturæ linguæ Phœnicæ Monumenta,* in three parts. This learned work has remained to this day the standard authority, and is one which no student of Semitic epigraphy can afford to overlook. Gesenius died in 1842. So thoroughly had he performed his task that next to nothing was done in this field of learning for the next quarter of a century after the publication of the above-mentioned work.

France, desirous of extending its political and commercial interests along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, sent out in 1855 an expedition to Palestine and Syria. It was at this time that the finest specimen of Phœnician writing was discovered. We refer to the famous inscription upon the sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, king of Sidon, who reigned in the fourth century before Christ. This beautiful monument was found in the large necropolis, a little east of Saïda—the Sidon of the Bible. In 1860 another French army had to be sent out to quell the disturbances in the Lebanon district. Encouraged by the great archæologi-

cal finds of the preceding years, Napoleon III, himself an enthusiastic collector of antiquities, and ever mindful of the Louvre museum, sent along with the military a number of distinguished savants for the express purpose of making a thorough study of objects which might enrich the great collection at Paris. At the head of this commission was Ernest Renan, in his day the foremost Hebrew and Semitic scholar of France. The result of this archæological expedition was published in 1864 in a large quarto of 888 pages, with map, tables, and numerous illustrations. This volume, entitled *Mission de Phenice*, ranks with Gesenius's great work, and is indispensable for the intelligent study of ancient Phœnicia. Renan devoted special attention to the old cemetery in the vicinity of Sidon, where he succeeded in discovering a goodly number of sarcophagi and many other interesting objects. Byblos and other less important sites were explored and with considerable success. From that time to the present French students of archæology have ever kept a watchful eye upon the antiquities of Palestine and Syria. This accounts for the unsurpassed collection from these ancient lands in the Louvre. Here it might be stated that the greatest authority in this field today is M. Clermont-Ganneau. Renan, at the request of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, began the publication of the great work—still incomplete—*Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*. The first part, devoted to Phœnician and Punic inscriptions, appeared in 1881.

As with all inscriptions, so also with those of Phœnicia, several have been discovered by mere accident. Of those brought to light in this way since the efforts of Renan, mention must be made of the monument of Jahn-melek, king of Byblos, discovered in 1869. It is generally supposed that Jahn-melek belonged to the Persian period. This interesting inscription is engraved on a large limestone stele. The king is represented in a Persian garb offering a libation to his goddess. Both goddess and king are overshadowed by a large winged solar disk. We reproduce a part of the inscription: "I am Jahn-melek king of Gebal [Byblos] son of Jahn-baal, grandson of Or-melek, king of Gebal, whom the lady Baalath made king over Gebal. I invoke my lady Baalath of Gebal, for she hears my voice, and I make for my lady Baalath of Gebal this brazen altar . . . because as often as I have invoked my lady Baalath, she hath heard my voice and has shown me good. . . . Whatever king or subject shall make additions to this altar or this gate of hewn-stone or this colonnade . . . I Jahn-melek forbid such work, and may the lady Baalath [curse] this man and his posterity."

The Turkish government, waking up to the importance of the buried archæological treasures within its territories, has recently, at different times, made spasmodic efforts at systematic excavations in the Holy Land and the adjacent countries. Handi Bey, the director-general of the Ottoman museum at Constantinople, was sent out by his government in 1887 to make a thorough examination of several localities in Phœnicia. His efforts were abundantly rewarded, as any one who has visited the great museum at Constantinople can testify. He also discovered several magnificent sarcophagi. One of these is of interest. It is that of Tabnith,

king of the Sidonians. This is the father of Eshmunazar, already mentioned. This sarcophagus, now in Constantinople, is doubtless of Egyptian design, if not of Egyptian origin. This is clear from the hieroglyphic characters at the top immediately above the Phœnician inscription. It is quite probable that an Egyptian mummy was the first occupant of this sarcophagus. This seems strange in view of the dire curses invoked upon despoilers of graves. The inscription reads: "I am Tabnith, priest of Astarte, king of the Sidonians, son of Eshmunazar, priest of Astarte, king of the Sidonians, who lies in this coffin. Whoever you may be who find this coffin, do not open my sepulchral chamber, or disturb me: for there is no article of silver nor gold, nor any precious things [?] I alone am lying in this coffin; do not open my sepulchral chamber, do not disturb me, for such action would be a crime against Astarte. But should you open my sepulchral chamber and disturb me, may you have no seed in life under the sun, or resting place with the shades."

Having given this inscription it will be unnecessary to reproduce the longer one found on the sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, Tabnith's son, which was discovered in 1855 and is now in the Louvre. This sarcophagus of black basalt is in a splendid state of preservation and the long inscription of 990 words is artistically executed. It has much in common with that on Tabnith's coffin, which shows that a regular formula was used on all such monuments. We reproduce just one passage: "The Lord of Kings [Ptolemy] has given us Dor and Joppa, the fertile grain lands in the plain of Sharon, as a reward for the impost [?] which I gave, and we have annexed them to the territory of our land, that they might belong to the Sidonians forever." If we compare the language of the above inscriptions with passages in the Old Testament (see Psa. 45. 16; Isa. 14. 9; 19. 4; 26. 14, and Dan. 40. 8), we are at once impressed with the correspondence in thought and expression. This clearly shows that Phœnicia had much in common with Israel not only in language and architecture, but also in conception of things in general. Space forbids us to describe, at any length, smaller inscriptions found on Phœnician soil, as at Heldua midway between Beirut and Sidon. Tyre, too, has given us very few, but the yield at Um-el-awamid has been a little larger. No inscriptions have been found south of this point.

We must now briefly refer to the discoveries of Makridi Bey, a young Greek student, delegated by the Sultan in 1901-1904 to excavate at Bostân-esh Shaykh, on the Nahr-el-Auli (the Bostrenus of the classic historians) about three miles north of Sidon. The efforts of this young archæologist were rewarded by the discovery of an old Phœnician temple. In the ruins of this old sanctuary were found more than two hundred fragments of more or less value, consisting of broken sculpture, vases, gems, glass vessels, etc. Of inscriptions there were not a few in two styles of texts. Two of them deserve special notice. We reproduce the shorter one; it reads: "King Bod-Astarte and the crown prince Jatanmelek, king of the Sidonians, grandson of King Eshmunazar, king of the Sidonians, built this temple to his god, Eshmun-shar-kodesh." The

last part of the compound proper name, shar-kodesh, is found in almost precisely the same form in two passages of the Old Testament (1 Chron. 24. 5, and Isa. 43. 28), and may be rendered : "ruler or prince of the holy place (temple)."

We now pass off the mainland and follow some of the Phœnician colonies. We first come to Cyprus, where a goodly number of Phœnician inscriptions have been brought to light. Indeed, it is generally accepted that the oldest Phœnician inscriptions so far discovered are from Cyprus. They are the so-called Baal-Lebanon inscriptions. There are three fragments. "They were purchased at Limassol, in Cyprus, from a seller of old iron, by a dealer named Laniti." They became the possession of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, in 1877. They were probably brazen bowls dedicated to Baal. The larger one reads: "Bowl of [? —] governor of Karthadast [Citium] servant of Hiram, king of the Sidonians, which he dedicated from the choicest of the brass to his Lord Baal-Lebanon." It will be noticed that Karthadast, like Carthage, is the Phœnician for our English Newtown, and that the name Hiram is known to Old Testament readers. Whether, however, this person is the one mentioned in connection with Solomon's temple, or a king named in the Assyrian inscription (735 B. C.) or some other, it is impossible to say. The style of letter argues for an early origin. It is, therefore, not impossible that the Hiram of this old monument was the contemporary of Solomon.

Here is another Cypriote inscription: "On the sixth day of Bul, in the twenty-first year of Pum-jutan, king of Citium and Idalium and Tamassos, son of King Melek-jatan, king of Citium and Idalium. This altar and these two lions, Bodo the priest of Reshep-ches [Apollo], son of Jachin-shillem, son of Eshmunadon, has erected to his Lord, Resheph-ches. May he bless." Here, again, the student of Hebrew proper names will not fail to see the similarity between those of Israel and Phœnicia. What adds great value to the inscriptions of Cyprus and of some other colonies is that they are bilingual. This is of great service in deciphering them and fixing the exact meaning of the original.

Passing westward we first stop at Delos, where several Greek inscriptions have been found which refer to "Philocles king of the Sidonians," influential in this island under Ptolemy II. The Phœnician colony at Athens left traces of itself in the way of votive, dedicatory, and sepulchral inscriptions; no less than eight such are found in our museums. Malta, Sicily, Sardinia, France, and Spain bear testimony to Phœnician influences, for all these places have their Phœnician inscriptions.

If we now cross the Mediterranean and enter the site of ancient Carthage, where Nathan Davis (1856-58) and others, since his time, made valuable discoveries, we have short inscriptions by the thousand. Memphis and Abydos in Egypt, too, show many traces of contact with Phœnicia. Procopius in his writings (De Bello Vandalico II, 10) tells us that there were, in his time, two huge pillars in the city of Tirgisis, Numidia, with the inscription: "We are they who fled from before Joshua the Robber, the son of Nun." Is this a reference to the conquest of Canaan?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Bruno Baeutsch. He has given another turn to the kaleidoscope of Old Testament criticism, and at first sight it might seem that his ideas mark a return toward the traditional position. Closer inspection shows this to be a deceptive appearance. In fact, in all the much-heralded recession from the current scholarly views of the Old Testament there is nothing that can comfort the traditionalist. This is the present fact, whether we like it or not, and whatever may be true for the future. The title of the work in which Baentsch sets forth his ideas is *Altorientalischer und Israelitischer Monotheismus. Ein Wort zur Revision der Entwicklungsgeschichtlichen Auffossung der Israelitischen Religionsgeschichte* (Ancient Oriental and Israelitish Monotheism. A Word for a Revision of the Evolutionary Conception of the Religious History of Israel). The book is published by J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, 1906. He holds that there was a more or less definite monotheism in Babylonia, Egypt, Phœnicia, and Canaan, not as a result of contact with the Israelites, but which affected the Israelitish faith. This monotheism was held in conjunction with polytheism and polydemonism. It was a kind of philosophy rather than a religion. Israelitish monotheism, on the other hand, was religious. It had to do with the contrast between a personal God and powers of nature; in fact, with theism proper, which opposes the idea of the reality of other gods. He finds that the religion of Abraham was a practical monotheism behind which the idea of many gods disappeared. But this Abraham points clearly to Babylonia as the original home of Abraham's monotheism, and to that particular region in which the worship of the moon was practiced. The tribes of Israel, when they migrated into Canaan, found this monotheism still present. But since this Abraham came to play so important a part in the racial and religious life of Israel there must have been a strong resemblance between the religion of Abraham and the religion of the ancient tribes of Israel. It goes without saying that by so speaking Baentsch denies the traditional relationship of Abraham to Israel, both in its racial and religious aspects. But right at this point Baentsch exhibits his divergence also from the prevailing theory according to which the pre-Mosaic religion of the Israelitish tribes was a sort of polydemonism, which distinguished itself from related forms of religion by its concentration upon Jahwe, the God of Sinai. Through the escape from Egypt, says the prevailing theory, the Israelites came to attach a higher significance to Jahwe, in fact the significance which appears on the pages of the Pentateuch. According to Baentsch Jahwe held this place among the Israelites before the time of Moses; and, as in the case of the Abraham religion, so here, through Babylonian influence. Moses did not so much bring a revelation of monotheism as spring from it. Its existence prior to him is our only way of accounting

for him. But he made earnest with the idea as a result of an inner experience of an hour of consciousness of God's presence. His work was to purify the faith that had been long theirs. Although their faith had its origin in devotion to an astral cult, their conception of God from the time of Moses on was free from all such thoughts. He was no longer in any sense a nature God, but a God above nature. Only thus could he become an ethical force of first magnitude to them. It is plain, therefore, that while Baentsch opposes the ideas of evolution which some hold he resorts to conceptions as far removed from tradition as evolution, namely, to reaction and reformation. Neither theory denies revelation in its real import.

Max Wentscher. The vast practical importance of the question of freedom of the will is evident when we consider the constantly recurring appearance of books on one or the other side of that subject. Very recently (1905) Wentscher has published the second part of his *Ethik* (Ethics), through J. A. Barth, Leipzig, the first part having appeared in 1902. Wentscher represents the standpoint of the moderate indeterminists. He does not believe in a freedom which denies the causal connection between the act of will and the willing person. He does not seek to prove the independence of the act of willing from the ego. On the contrary, if the freedom is to have any ethical worth, it is the expression of the whole being. It is false and foolish to affirm freedom in the sense of our absolute independence of our previous development. This sounds like determinism, and yet Wentscher is an advocate of freedom. According to him the all-important question in ethics is not the question of duty, but that of freedom; not the question of what we must or should will, but of what we can will. He develops his thought under the heads, the individual, the social, and the intellectual conscience. Passing by the first two, we come to the intellectual conscience, to which Wentscher attaches great importance. He claims, and, we think, rightly, that in order to act with a full sense of our own responsibility it is necessary that we understand exactly what we are doing. As soon as we can feel that our moral judgments are the result of intellectual reflection we believe ourselves to have reached a perception of moral obligation which has absolute, unconditional validity. Upon this is based the conviction that we can persuade others of the rightfulness of our position through a course of reasoning such as we ourselves have passed through. The conclusions thus reached have validity, not alone for ourselves, but for all mankind. Thus is reached the "good will" without any other or higher authority than ourselves. Then appear two ethical axioms in the form of imperatives: We should strive after the most perfect development of our own real self and after fixed principles for our own free action; and we should make the most effective and comprehensive use of this power of free activity. One might object to calling this intellectual activity in connection with moral choices and activities conscience. In fact it is just the exercise of judgment with reference to moral questions. Nevertheless, it does have just the function he attributes to it.

Without such constant revision of our choices in the light of the intellect, we should be acting from prejudice, not from enlightened conscience. But the dangers attendant upon the subjection of our choices to intellectual examination must not be overlooked. One result is that we often fail by the intellectual process to come to any clear conviction of duty. Hence we act on probability, and as a result act somewhat weakly. Another danger is that we shall run off into casuistry. Instead of acting upon general principles we will undertake to consider each case by itself. So the problem of living becomes so complicated that we can hardly weigh each proposed act sufficiently, and thus we are in danger of acting upon wrong conclusions. In order to avoid this weakness and still to gain the advantage which undoubtedly attends the use of the intellect in matters of conscience we must avoid too great use of judgment in individual instances of conduct and lay the great stress upon general principles. At the same time it is necessary that these principles be not merely intellectual principles. They must become moral principles, so that if we were to violate them we should feel that we had done violence to our inmost nature. Thus our freedom does not lead us into bondage, nor our real nature hinder our freedom.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Beiträge zur Einleitung in das Neue Testament. II. Sprüche und Reden. Die zweite Quelle des Matthäus und Lukes (Contributions to Introduction to the New Testament. II. Sayings and Addresses. The Second Source of Matthew and Luke). By Adolf Harnack. Leipzig, J. C. Heinrichs'sche Buchhandlung, 1907. In the first of these contributions Harnack undertook to show that the writer of the third Gospel was Luke the beloved physician and the companion of Paul. In this contribution he sets himself the task of reconstructing the second source assumed by scholars to have been used by Matthew and Luke. When Wellhausen published his Introduction to the first three Gospels some time ago he maintained that Matthew and Luke used this second source, but that it was of secondary character and dependent upon Mark. Harnack, on the contrary, holds that Matthew and Luke used a written source and that it had essentially the comprehension and order ascribed to it by Wellhausen, but that this source, called Q, is a primary source and independent of Mark, and that it is the oldest collection of the sayings of Jesus known to be in existence. It is also independent of Paul and his Gospel, taking no account of the sufferings and death of Christ, and closing with eschatological addresses and sayings. It is written in all respects from the Palestinian standpoint and leaves unchanged the saying that till heaven and earth pass away one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass away from the law till all things be accomplished. The sayings of Christ in this source show almost no trace of coloring due to a later time, and the whole source is free from any special tendency and therefore affords us a secure foundation for the knowledge of the preaching

of Jesus. It may have been prepared by the Apostle Matthew, though this can neither be affirmed or denied with certainty by internal evidence. It must not be regarded as a very early document, for if it is very early it would be difficult to explain why Mark left it out of account, even if he did write in Rome. On the other hand, it was written before the breaking out of the great Jewish war. Its Greek form must have appeared not later than the year 60 A. D. Besides the collections of the sayings and addresses of Jesus contained in the source it contained an introductory portion in which the preaching of John the Baptizer, the baptism of Jesus by John, and the account of the temptation in the wilderness found a place. Some have attempted to show that this introductory portion was no original part of the source, since they are not of the nature of words of Jesus. But Harnack holds that whether considered in the light of method or fact this portion must be regarded as an integral portion of the source. Both Matthew and Luke give us this introduction, and the manner in which they reproduce its elements is that which they follow in reproducing the other portions. The attempt to give the recollections concerning Jesus in the form of a collection of his sayings as teacher and prophet is in itself sufficiently striking and surprising. Without this introduction it would be almost incomprehensible; for in the circle out of which the source proceeded Jesus was regarded as the Risen One, that is, as the divinely chosen Messiah. It is incredible that this company of disciples, or any one of their number, should have collected these recollections without bringing his Messiahship forward. But without this introduction there would be nothing to indicate that he was the Messiah. Harnack regards this source as free from even an anti-Pauline tendency, in spite of Matt. 5. 18, which to him seems pre-Pauline rather than anti-Pauline. The book exhibits all the thoroughness and conscientiousness characteristic of its author, and we commend it for careful perusal, not thereby indorsing all its presuppositions or positions.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

What Does It Mean? According to the *Basler Nachrichten* of January 3, 1907, an imperial edict has placed Confucius on the same level of divinity with the heaven and the earth whom the emperor alone may worship. This seems at first sight like an act of crass superstition. But there are those who believe it to be deliberately planned in the interest of Christianity. It is an ancient custom which requires reverence to be paid to Confucius by students in the state schools. This was so strongly entrenched in the affections of the Chinese that in 1645 the Jesuits actually proposed to permit the bowing of the knee to Confucius on the part of their converts, with the understanding that they perform the act with a mental reservation. There are those who think that if the Confucian cult is now to be reserved for the emperor alone the effect will be to make the way of the Christian student easier, since no reverence for Confucius can now be required.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

The London Quarterly Review for July presented eight contributed articles, marked by ability in their authors and variety in their subjects, the most interesting to us being "The New India," by Professor J. S. Banks, "Puritanism—Past and Present," by W. F. Moulton, and "Progress in Theology," by Professor W. T. Davison, recently editor of the Review to which he now contributes. From that article we quote, as somewhat complementary to Professor O. A. Curtis's article in this number of our REVIEW on Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism, Professor Davison's comments on the same subject:

"Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism deserves the attention it has attracted. It should of course be estimated for what it is, not for what it does not profess to be. It is put forward not by a theologian, but by an eminent authority in physical science, who deeply values religion and religious influence, as a tentative sketch of the elements of such a religious faith as a man of science may, in his judgment, intelligently hold today. It is from this point of view that the volume is so valuable. It ought not to be criticised as if it expressed the mature judgment of a trained theologian on the highest subjects, else it might be pronounced erroneous on some points and defective in more. It is not intended for children, but is 'a catechism for parents and teachers.' The author has more recently allowed to be published a few extracts from a shorter and simpler catechism suited for children's minds, but at present this is only in course of preparation. Sir Oliver Lodge repeatedly asserts that he has no desire to trespass on the work of the churches, that he aims at providing only 'a fundamental substratum of faith, on a basis of historical and scientific fact, interpreted and enlarged by the experiences of mankind.' From this point of view the book is sure to be very useful, and those who follow its outline closely will perhaps be surprised to find how nearly a devout man of science may approach to religious orthodoxy, so far as certain fundamental principles are concerned. In a short creed, which is given on page 132 of his volume, we find what may be called a pure and lofty theism, conceived in a truly Christian spirit. Theologians would, of course, notice what the creed does not, as well as what it does contain. But the first clause carries us a long way: 'I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist.' The second clause runs as follows, 'I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1,900 years ago, and has since been worshiped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world.' The author does not assert that such 'worship' is justifiable, and there is no mention of the virgin birth, the miraculous works, or the resurrection of Christ. The third clause is finely suggestive: 'I believe that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way toward goodness or truth; that prayer is

a means of communion between man and God; and that it is our privilege through faithful service to enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints, and the peace of God.' The articles on prayer in general and the Lord's Prayer are also excellent, and the definition with which the catechism closes is worth quoting entire. 'The kingdom of heaven is the central feature of practical Christianity. It represents a harmonious condition in which the divine will is perfectly obeyed, it signifies the highest state of existence, both individual and social, which we can conceive. Our whole effort should, directly or indirectly, make ready its way—in our hearts, in our lives, and in the lives of others. It is the ideal state of society toward which reformers are striving; it is the ideal of conscious existence toward which saints aim.' The subjects upon which it is natural specially to examine the teaching of the catechism are the Immanence of God, the Fall and Sin, and the Divinity and Atonement of Christ. On all these Sir Oliver Lodge has instructive remarks to make, but we cannot now deal with them in detail. It is very noticeable that a man of science, reasoning without any reference to revelation, holds that 'the multifarious processes in nature, with neither the origin nor maintenance of which we have had anything to do, must be guided and controlled by some Thought and Purpose, immanent in everything,' and that to the higher members of our race this Intelligence and Purpose, underlying the whole mystery of existence, elaborating the details of evolution, are 'revelations of an indwelling Presence, rejoicing in its own majestic order.' Sir Oliver does not deny a 'fall' of man, though he considers it to have been at the same time a 'rise,' and he thus describes it: 'At a certain stage of development man became conscious of a difference between right and wrong, so that thereafter, when his actions fell below a normal standard of conduct, he felt ashamed and sinful. He thus lost his animal innocency and entered on a long period of human effort and failure; nevertheless, the consciousness of degradation marked a rise in the scale of existence.' Evil, however, we are told, is not an absolute thing, and 'the possibility of evil is the necessary consequence of a rise in the scale of moral existence.' Again, as contrast is an inevitable attribute of reality, 'goodness would have no meaning if badness were impossible or nonexistent.' On Christianity in general some of the chief pronouncements are these: 'The most essential element in Christianity is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, not outside it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the incarnation. . . . The humanity of God, the divinity of man, is the essence of the Christian revelation.'

"These may serve as specimens of the teaching of a book that is noteworthy as containing the utterances on religion of an eminent scientific authority. He presents the outline of a faith concerning the significance of the universe and especially of the world we live in, which commends itself as reasonable to a student who does not accept the idea of revelation and hardly mentions any sacred scriptures. But he here lays down a foundation which it is surely possible for those who do acknowledge

scriptural authority and a revealed religion to accept as ground on which they can meet him and compare notes. We do not suggest at present how far the two parties could agree, or where their paths might begin to diverge. Enough if this interesting catechism practically proves that there need be no irreconcilable conflict between physical science and true Christianity. The great fundamental doctrines on which Sir Oliver Lodge and the Christian theologian of today do most certainly agree, form in reality the very pivots of religious energy in heart and life, in doctrine and practice." So much for Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism. We quote also from Dr. W. T. Davison the following concerning the Bible: "The Bible is still the religion of Protestants. Not, perhaps, precisely in the way that Chillingworth meant it. The Bible is no volume of magical formulæ, nor a collection of mechanically infallible utterances upon all subjects of human knowledge. It is the record of a long, progressive revelation of God to men, culminating in Jesus Christ, Son of man and Son of God. It is not a series of framed dogmas, it does not contain any theological catechism with question and answer, nor any elaborately prepared code of ethical details. As a human composition it is open to inquiry and 'criticism,' that is, examination, of all kinds. Whether as regards its text, or the date and authorship of its documents, or the sound interpretation of its words, or the relation of its parts to each other, it permits and invites the fullest investigation. But when thus reasonably treated, it still furnishes a norm for Christians of all times and types. It is a living guide, and does not grip its disciples with the 'dead hand' of a Koran. None the less—rather all the more—does it furnish, when rightly interpreted, a touchstone by which new doctrines can be most certainly tested, and by which the progress of theology can be satisfactorily regulated and determined. Our guide is not in a code, but in a history: A history furnishes not dogmas, but principles."

On the proposal to formulate a creed for world-wide Methodism, the London Quarterly comments thus: "The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has taken up with surprising interest and energy the idea of preparing a standard creed for universal Methodism. In the last number of the Methodist Review, edited by Dr. Gross Alexander, Bishop Hendrix, one of the chief leaders of that church, deals with the subject at length and with great ability. He asks where the creed of Ecumenical Methodism can be found. Every one knows that the Wesleyan Methodist Church in this country has no 'creed' to which its ministers are compelled to subscribe, that the recognized 'standards' are Wesley's Fifty-three Sermons and Notes. But neither have any others of the twenty branches of Methodism any such formulated confession of faith. The nearest approach to this is found in the 'Twenty-five Articles,' as abridged by Wesley from the Thirty-nine of the Church of England, which are recognized as standards by the two great Methodist Episcopal bodies in America, and duly embodied in their Discipline. But, as Bishop Hendrix very properly points out, the *distinctive* doctrines of Methodism are not to be found in these excerpts from an Anglican document, prepared during the Reformation of the sixteenth century, for a special purpose. The distinctive doctrines are, no doubt, to be found in the earlier portion of Wesley's Sermons, but they are

there in no easily available form. Volumes must be searched, and searched with sound theological discernment, in order to obtain in succinct and quotable shape the marrow of Methodist doctrine. Even so the work would not be satisfactorily done. Much has happened since Wesley's time, and the doctrine of his followers has been shaped largely in personal experience, largely by means of earnest sermons, sometimes in the stress of fervent controversy, sometimes in the calm reflection of meditative minds such as those of Richard Watson and W. B. Pope. How much Wesley's Hymns have had to do with the shaping of Methodist theology, who can say? Happily, the days of controversy with other evangelical free churches are mostly over, and the doctrine which is preached from Methodist pulpits may be heard also in Presbyterian, Congregational, and other churches. The 'Declaratory Statement' of the Free Church of Scotland, prepared in 1892, and the summary of belief characteristic of the Congregational Union, published in 1883, show how nearly churches with decidedly Calvinistic traditions now approach to those known for the last two hundred years as Arminian. But it is urged that this evangelical creed, with its free gospel, its doctrine of conscious forgiveness, assurance, scriptural holiness, and full salvation, is nowhere embodied in accessible and readily intelligible form. Dr. Tillett, Professor of Theology at Vanderbilt University, has published an able pamphlet, in which he shows the need for a clear, brief summary of the doctrines most surely believed among Methodists of all types, partly for the sake of Methodists themselves and their children as they come to years, and partly for the sake of those 'without,' who oppose and—for the most part unconsciously—misrepresent the doctrines they dislike. The subject will be brought forward in the Ecumenical Conference of 1911; and if the idea be there approved, it must be afterwards discussed in the several churches concerned. Some now living who are eager in promoting this object may not see it accomplished in their lifetime; supposing, that is, that the last step could only be taken in the Ecumenical Conference of 1921. But discussion will do good, and very much may be done in the course of the next three or four years by those who desire that such a creed for universal Methodism should be prepared. If one or two leading theologians from the other side of the Atlantic would but try their hands at the work and show how the thing might be done! An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. The chief objection which naturally arises is based on the fear lest such a formulary might be imposed as a new test, and prove a fetter rather than a help to healthy theological development. But the question how such a document, if prepared, should be employed, is quite another matter, and there is probably quite sufficient jealousy of stringent theological formulæ to prevent any serious abuse of a Methodist creed. Even if never adopted, the appearance of a succinct declaration of faith, such as that which Bishop Hendrix advocates, would be educative in itself, declaratory of what Methodists 'stand for,' and weighty as a deliverance on the part of men of light and leading today. Will not the theologians of the great Methodist Episcopal Churches North and South show to their brethren on this side of the water how what they propose might be done?"

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Pathways to the Best. By CHARLES L. GOODELL, D.D. 12mo, pp. 344. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, cloth, $1.20, net.

THE author of My Mother's Bible, Pastoral Evangelism (concerning which no man is more competent to write), The Old Darn Man, etc., who is now the well-known pastor of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, gives to the press this volume of sermons. Bishop Fowler in his introduction says they "are poised on the question of bringing men to their proper relations with God and on the great work of the world's redemption." Dr. Goodell's own idea is that "the sermon is a means, not an end; it is of value not in proportion as it meets the requirements of homiletic rules, but in proportion as it meets the spiritual requirements of those who hear it." His experience has convinced him that "the great duty of the pulpit is to move men to act up to the knowledge and light they already possess. The need is not more light so much as more sight. If a sermon sends men and women to the duties of life inspired to be true to every holy purpose, it is a good sermon, no matter what the critics may say." The preacher of these sermons "has absolutely no question as to the great essentials of the Christian life, and he speaks with all the force of a conviction that masters his own soul. He is certain that these matters are not academic, for he has found their settlement in the great varieties of Christian experience." The sermons are direct and intense; in every sentence they mean business. The style hurries swiftly, wasting no time in rhetorical flourishes, but driving its point home with trenchant force. A sturdy and devoted minister, in blood-earnest and under the mighty spell of a divine commission, is delivering urgent and fateful messages in utter faithfulness with a concerned, solicitous, and loving heart. In actual test these sermons have proved their power by moving multitudes from sin to salvation. Hard hearts have melted and strong and stubborn men have surrendered under them. Forged in the white heat of a soul on fire, they have burned their way in through indifference and resistance. Eight of them are on "The Things of Faith," twelve on "The Guidance of Life," and six on "The Lord's Prayer." A valuable and helpful sermon is the one entitled, "A Sure Method with Doubt," from Dan. 5. 16: "I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts." Dr. Goodell says truly that ours is no more an age of doubt than preceding ages were. On the whole, there is rather less of flippant skepticism and more of intelligent and reasonable faith than a hundred years ago, when universities were full of blatant infidelity which now are touched with missionary zeal. Various phases of skepticism are emphasized in different periods. "In one generation," says Dr. Goodell, "deistic philosophy has its vogue, in another agnosticism is at the fore. The generation now passing has fought out the great battle of evolution, and we may now

fairly say that this thing is in no way a menace to the Christian faith. There have been decisive battles on the field of biblical criticism. Positions once held by the two great forces have proved untenable, and the orthodox party, by giving up minor things that could not be defended, has made its position stronger than ever before." The doubts with which his sermon deals are of the practical rather than of the theoretical or academic sort, and it talks in this practical manner: "The first thing for an honest seeker after truth to do is to pledge himself to abide by the truth as he finds it. To fail to use the light we have, to refuse to live up to what we know is right, is to put ourselves into the darkness of eternal doubt. Plato spoke truly when he said: 'Atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding.' French atheism was a foregone conclusion when the condition of French morals is considered. Why should a man believe in God when his life is one long rebellion against him? Why should he not cry, 'After us the deluge,' when conscious that nothing but an unfathomed sea could cover the putrefaction of his life? When a man has made up his mind to give himself to the sensual and material it is hollow mockery for him to profess a desire to know the truth. He must expect to be possessed by doubts. The truth abides with no man who will not use it, and, on the other hand, if he be like Romanes, pure of heart and purpose, he will think his way out of the darkness into the full light of revealed religion and pillow his dying head upon an assured faith. Knowing the life of Shelley, we would expect him to be proud to write himself down 'an atheist'; knowing the life of Wordsworth, we would expect the epitaph in Grasmere Church to read as it does, 'To the memory of William Wordsworth, a true philosopher and poet, who by a special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or nature, failed not to lift up the heart to holy things, tired not of maintaining the cause of the poor and simple, and so in perilous times was raised up to be a chief minister, not only of noblest poetry but of high and sacred truth.' Before you seek any farther for the dissolving of your doubts, ask yourself honestly the question, 'Am I unalterably given over to wrongdoing? am I ready to obey the voice within me as steadfastly as Socrates obeyed his demon?' It will be easy to believe in immortality when we live a life that is good enough to last forever. We shall not doubt the Fatherhood of God when we give ourselves to the practice of the brotherhood of man. Action, action is the panacea for doubt. If any man will do God's will, he shall know of a surety his doctrine. Do you doubt the power of prayer? To whom do you think the reality of that matter is revealed? Certainly not to the man who never prays. Put yourself in the attitude of prayer and listen. You will then be in a way to know whether God talks back. You have sat in the pew for years and heard sermons on the great fundamentals of the Christian faith. To some of them you have given at the time intelligent assent, and yet you find yourself still in doubt and uncertainty. Why is it thus with you? There can be but one answer. You have not thrown yourself in holy surrender at the feet of the truth you have known. I pity the man who has no Bethel in his life—no place where he faced God and duty and said 'I will'

to the divine 'You ought.' Paul had his Damascus, Luther his Erfurt, Wesley his Aldersgate Street, and Bushnell, lecturing to the students of Yale, said: 'There is a story lodged in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories, which I pray God his recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost.' . . . Bushnell said one of the greatest talents of religious discovery is the finding how to hang up some questions without being anxious about them. Look at them now and then, and some day you will turn some corner of thought and be delighted to see how easily they open their secret to you and let you in. I knew a great teacher of mathematics who always kept some hard problems by him. He would work on one a while and put it back in his pocket still incomplete. After weeks or months it would be solved, and another would take its place in his attention. We must adjourn some of our questions and not be impatient. I expect to carry some of my problems with me into eternity, but that fact does not trouble me. Some things I have settled, and some others can wait till the final clearing up of mysteries. One of my parishioners some years ago taught me a great lesson. She was a lady of culture and refinement, and had been at the head of a great school for many years. She became totally blind. I saw her at the close of a service feeling her way up the aisle from pew to pew, that she might shake hands with me. The thought of her great suffering and loss fairly overwhelmed me and I said with deep emotion as I clasped her hand: 'It will all be light up yonder and you will know why God has permitted this great affliction to enter your life.' She lifted a face transfigured by ineffable peace and said: 'If I am so happy as to get to heaven, I shall let bygones be bygones and shall not trouble the Lord for any explanations.' If a child of God has a spirit like that, his doubts and puzzles can wait." The final word of Dr. Goodell to the doubter is: "Truth is to be sought in a personality and not in a thing, and no one has arisen to invalidate His words who said, 'I am the truth.' It is to Him I ask you to come. Well may you say to Him, 'I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts.'" In Chicago years ago a plain good man talked with a skeptical and irreligious young fellow who put some difficult questions intended to puzzle the minister. After awhile the man of God said, "Well, I cannot answer all your questions and settle your doubts, but I have a Friend who can. Suppose we ask him," and with the word the good man slid from his chair to the floor on his knees, and began telling the Lord about the young man and his difficulties and asking the Holy Spirit to shine in his heart and scatter the darkness. This sort of interview, an interview face to face with God, the young caviller had not expected. He had not reckoned on having the Almighty called in. It was more than he could endure. His skepticism gave way under it. For many years now that young man has been preaching with mighty and impassioned eloquence the glorious gospel of the blessed God. A grand supplement to the sermon on "The Dissolving of Doubts" is the one on "The Conservator of the Faith," from Paul's words, "I have kept the faith." In the sermon on "The Philosophy of Life's Choice" we find this: "I had a friend who was invited to high office. Duties which seemed to be of God held him to

an inferior place. Conscientiously he weighed the matter and decided it in harmony with duty. His after years brought him pain and loss in consequence of that choice. Office and emoluments passed him by, and so he died. I commented bitterly on it to a friend, but he answered me wisely: 'He came to his throne and his crown when he decided to do the thing that duty asked, and you need waste no sympathy on him.' Such crowns outlast the stars and outshine them." In a sermon on "Pharisees" is this: "The spirit of the Pharisee is self-complacency. He has attained. There is nothing more for him to do. He makes no discoveries, seeks no new attainments. He does not move out to save the lost; he plans no aggressive work for God or men. The dry rot of character is upon him. When a man is content with himself he has met his second death. Only the man with a divine unrest can be God's man. The holy and humble dissatisfaction of the publican is better than the proud self-conceit of the Pharisee.

"Two went to pray, or, rather, say
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One stands close up and treads on high
Where the other dare not send his eye;
One nearer to the altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

The best prayer for the best of us is: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I cannot play the Pharisee toward the faults of my neighbors, I have enough of my own. Only one man was happy when the hour of prayer was over. Cold and hard came the Pharisee; cold and hard he went away. In contrite tears the publican made his plaint, and God who can see a tear farther than a star, sent him on with a happy heart." The sermon on "A Home, For the Soul" enumerates some reasons why we remember our childhood home and long for an eternal home: "1. Home was a place of safety. When danger threatened us we ran home. We were certain of protection there. It was a sure refuge. 2. It was a place of rest. No other spot so full of ease and comfort for tired limbs. No bed like the one mother made. There we slept and awoke refreshed and renewed in strength. 3. There we were understood. Allowances were made for our faults and weaknesses. When we had been impatient, thoughtless, even disobedient, a good-night kiss told us we were forgiven. 4. It was the place of love. Love that was prodigal of its riches, not asking for recompense, but blossoming and fruiting like the trees because it could not help lavishing itself. Oh, what heights mother's love used to climb! What long dark nights it went through unwearied! Let me never forget it though the daisies should blossom for a hundred years between her face and mine. It was love that never changed whether I came or went, whether I was sick or well, responsive or unresponsive. It was mine to the full in prosperity and overflowed its banks in the time of my adversity." Dr. Goodell's reference to maternal love, brings to mind a poem about "A Mother's Heart," by Jean Richepin, recently brought to our notice by the Rev. H. A. Reed of the Genesee Conference—a poem which,

as he says, is gruesome and mordant but unforgettable. It means that a mother's forbearing and long-suffering devotion is without limit in life or death. Here it is, with its odd repetitions and its piercing meaning:

A poor lad once, and a lad so trim—
A poor lad once, and a lad so trim,
Gave his love to her that loved not him.

"And," says she, "fetch me tonight, you rogue,
Your mother's heart to feed my dog!"
To his mother's house went that young man—

To his mother's house went that young man,
Killed her, and took the heart and ran.
And as he was running, look you, he fell—

And as he was running, look you, he fell.
And the heart rolled on the ground as well.
And the lad as the heart was a-rolling heard—

And the lad as the heart was a-rolling heard
That the heart was speaking, and this was the word:
The heart was weeping and crying so small—

The heart was weeping and crying so small,
"Are you hurt, my child, are you hurt at all?"

Then Dr. Goodell's sermon talks of the "Heavenly Home," draws the parallel, and says that the Home of the Soul is a place of safety, of rest, of being understood and forgiven, and of eternal love. The preacher quotes from that well-known pathetic letter of David Gray: "I am coming home for I am homesick. What is climate, frost, or snow, when one is at home? Get my room ready. I shall die there, and nobody shall nurse me except my own dear mother. Home, home!" He quotes also that tender beatitude of Richter: "Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father's house." In his wise sermon on "Christian Nurture" this pastor-evangelist, who gathers in men and women by hundreds, yet says: "A long experience has taught me that the best members of church are usually those who come into it in childhood. Take care of the children and we shall not mourn over a decaying church." He also says: "I have never known a person eighteen years of age, who had not heard the call of God, Give me thy heart." In the sermon on "Forgiveness" is this: "Now, what is our debt to God? The Saviour has indicated something of that when in his parable he shows us a man who owed $14,400,000 to his master and was mercifully treated, turning in rage upon a man who owes him $17. Ah, we are bankrupts without remedy, and the only prayer that fits our lips is, 'Forgive, forgive!'" A great jurist being asked, when near to death, how it was with him, answered: "I appeal to the clemency of the Court."

God's Missionary Plan for the World. By BISHOP J. W. BASHFORD, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 178. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

No man in Methodism is better qualified to interpret God's missionary plan for the world than Bishop Bashford. Superior intelligence, burning enthusiasm for the cause of missions, heroic faith in the final conquest of the world for Christ—these are the things that are reflected in the pages of this great little volume. We can do no better than to give in this connection the titles of the chapters: 1. The Divine Purpose. 2. The Divine Order of Procedure. 3. The Old Testament and Missions. 4. The New Testament and Missions. 5. The Divine Method of Securing Power. 6. The Divine Method of Securing Workers. 7. The Divine Method of Securing Means. 8. The Divine Method of Securing Results. 9. The Divine Providence and Missions. The scope of the volume is clearly outlined in these titles. In the chapter on "The Divine Purpose" the bishop pointedly declares: "The summons is not ours. The summons was issued by Almighty God through his son Jesus Christ. All that any of us who are interested in missions pretend to do is simply to repeat the command: 'Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations.' If, therefore, you recoil before the summons, if you say it is a quixotic scheme which can never be carried out, and which ought never to have been undertaken, put the blame where it belongs, back of the missionaries on the field, back of the Missionary Society at home, back of the churches at home; put the blame back on Jesus Christ; nay, put it back upon Almighty God who sent his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to begin this enterprise; fight out your battle with him." From first to last there is not a dull line in the book. Aside from the irresistible logic of the bishop's argument in behalf of missions the volume is full of general information, historical, ecclesiastical, statistical information which is indispensable to the preacher upon whom rests, in a great measure, the responsibility of educating his parishioners up to the divine standard of planning and giving of their substance, to hasten the redemption of the heathen world to Christ.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Nineveh and Other Poems. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. 12mo, pp. 157. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co. Price, cloth, $1.20, net.

A youth, aged twenty-three, born in New York, but claiming to be a grandson of Emperor William I, of Germany, is the author of this book, comments on which range from excessive praise to severe condemnation. The commendations, if woven together, would make an extravaganza; the condemnations, if heard alone, would banish the author from respectable society. By his admirers he is credited with "strong and original talent" and "supreme mastery of form"; his poetry is said to be marked by "originality of conception and artistic distinction" and "shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne, and Keats." "He speaks," says Clayton Hamilton, "in spontaneous and eloquent verse, melodious with memories

of the recurrent haunting harmonies of Poe, the sea-surge of Swinburne, and the plangent tenderness of a certain other æsthete, and ringing also with a certain hammer-blow of passion which is entirely his own." Yet this same eulogist adds that Viereck is neither an important poet nor an accomplished one, and his work is as yet devoid of message. His two or three volumes show that he is, as Hamilton says, "capable of blasphemy and prayer," and we add that he seems not to have decided which of these he will follow as a profession. He confided recently to an interviewer that among his chief inspirations are Christ and Oscar Wilde. A most shocking collocation! A mind capable of coupling those names is by that token nearer to the latter than to the former, and in place of any true understanding of Christ, has only an æsthete's romantic illusion. His creed is that of a poet-æsthete—"There is no god save Beauty, and no law save that of Numbers richly musical"; and it seems likely he would hold with Laurence Hope that "youth is a plea to cancel a thousand lies and a thousand nights of sin." To some minds the important question about prayer and blasphemy is whether they are done artistically. The author of the poems before us appears as a suppliant on the first pages of his volume. His imagination pictures the magnificent temple of English Verse, of which, he says, Milton is the mighty wall, Shakespeare the dome of it, and later singers its precious ornaments, while Holy Writ is the groundwork on which the whole great building rests. Seeing this musical and resounding temple, his prayer is: "Lord, mold my stammering and uncouth accents, make me strong, and raise me up to be a resonant column in the House of Song." On the next page this youth confides to us that the premonition of an early death urges him to make haste with his work. He hears voices bidding him "Build now or never." So by the time he is twenty-four he has flung three or four volumes into print. We hope he will not die soon. We want him to live long enough to grow up and address his fiery talents in more mature fashion to some really manly theme. If good doctors can bring him safely through the diseases of youth, there may be hope of a future. At present his writings are delirious with some kind of a fever, very high temperature, riotous pulses, and what some diagnose as a case of neurotic mania. Louis Untermeyer speaks soothingly to him in the lines which Owen Seaman addressed years ago "To A Boy-Poet of the Decadence":

> But, my good little man, you have made a mistake
>   If you really are pleased to suppose
> That the Thames is alight with the lyrics you make;
>   We could all do the same if we chose.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> You're a 'prentice my boy, in the primitive stage,
>   And you itch, like a boy to confess;
> When you know a bit more of the arts of the age
>   You will probably talk a bit less.

William A. Bradley advises this young man to abandon the fellowship of Baudelaire and Swinburne and choose some better masters, and to give up the cult of neo-romanticism, which is a revival of Byronism, and is al-

ready antiquated, a dying song whose strains it is futile to attempt to prolong. The principal or underlying doctrine of the neo-romantic school is the right of art to be judged by its own standards solely, without being held accountable to those of truth or morality. One of its vicious and degrading offenses is a specifically anti-moral and intentionally anti-Christian stimulation and glorification of the appetites. It exults defiantly in moral waywardness. The rebellious and incorrigible temper is noticeable in Viereck. He has had the good fortune to be kindly admonished by one of the wisest masters of American literature, who had experienced an "almost physical disgust" in reading some of this young poet's verses, and who earnestly advised him against what general criticism calls grossness in his writings. His open reply to this friendly admonition gives little hope of his reformation. It is not he who has sinned, he retorts, but he is being sinned against by men of spotless lives to be sure, but of puritanic minds who are accusing him of grossness. He has expressed his opinion of them in an article entitled "The Essential Indecency of the Puritan Mind." It is the doctrine of some that modesty is only a hypocritical prudish affectation assumed by exceptionally indecent souls. If Puritanism had done nothing for mankind but to suppress with prompt and heavy hand the teachers of such bestial and diabolical doctrines, its fame would be glorious and immortal. To the friendly literary master who did this young man the honor of noticing him and the kindly service of advising him that he is on the wrong road, the offending poet replies: "I must go my way, even as you have gone your way." Very different the ways are; one is on the heights and the other into the mire. He seems to claim divine sanction for his own way, for he says to his adviser: "We are all instruments in the hands of the unknown God who directs our activities toward some hidden and wonderful end." He embodies in his reply to Mr. Gilder this curious confession, "I respect sin, for it is part of the quest of the human soul for the Ultimate Good." This is one of the immoral sophistries which infest and infect the realms of modern art, whether literary, plastic, pictorial, or dramatic art. Referring to a forthcoming novel of which he is author, Viereck promises Mr. Gilder that it will contain "nothing that could be objectionable even to a Methodist conscience." This recognition of and implied tribute to the eminent delicacy of the "Methodist conscience" is the best thing that has come from this young man. If his novel shall fulfill his promise we will have hope of him after all. As for the "Methodist conscience," it is in the world, like the Nonconformist conscience in Great Britain—an actual and militant force to be reckoned with; and with twenty-five millions of Methodists alive and aggressive, the "Methodist conscience" is likely to be heard lifting up its multitudinous voice against the world, the flesh, and the devil, with all their erroneous, strange and defiling doctrines. As for Methodists, it is their responsibility to see to it that the "Methodist conscience" shall never lower from its high level, nor lose its proud reputation for fine scrupulousness. May it never cease to be a byword, a hissing, and a terror among sinners of every sort! In strong and beautiful contrast to the work of this "new singer" is the superiority of such young poets as Alfred Noyes, whose nobly significant verse delights the ear of England, and even more that

gifted, radiant, and lofty spirit, Frederick Lawrence Knowles, who died ere his prime, leaving not his peer among poets of his age. The worst of Viereck's offenses are in a slender volume of little plays, or dramatic sketches, which are pervaded by what he calls "the man-animal" and "the woman-animal," and in which persons who reckon themselves animals may find congenial company and feel very much at home among creatures who ought always to be kept in a cage. In the preface to these little dramas of his he disavows responsibility by saying, "I decline to be held responsible for anything that my characters may say or do." But we hear the characters in chorus responding, "It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves and he made us say and do these things." If a writer is not responsible for the characters he invents, creates, and presents, and for the words and the actions he writes, imagines, and pictures, or, at least, responsible for portraying them, is there anything that he can properly be held responsible for? The world holds a man responsible for his books and everything he puts into them.

The Kingdom of Light. By George Record Peck. 12mo, pp. 97. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

The notable fact about this appeal for attention to the things of the mind and the spirit is that it comes from an eminent lawyer immersed in arduous professional labors, legal adviser to a great railroad corporation, and ex-president of the American Bar Association. It was delivered to an outing-club of gentlemen at Phantom Lake, Wisconsin, in their camp on a summer evening given to essays and addresses by members of the club. The stars of heaven must have opened their bright eyes widely and sparkled with gladness over the Phantom Club that August night at hearing this high appeal, this lawyer's cry of protest against the engrossing materialism of our age. A few extracts will publish its quality. "The Kingdom of Light is the kingdom of the imagination, of the heart, of the spirit and the things of the spirit. And why, perhaps you are asking, do you make this appeal to us? How dare you intimate that we are not already dedicated to high purposes, and enrolled among those who stand for the nobler and better things of human life? Take it not unkindly if I tell you frankly that a little plainness of speech will not hurt even such as we. All experience has shown that it is at our age, or thereabouts, that men are most prone to grow weary. It is not in the morning of the march, but in the afternoon, that soldiers find it most difficult to keep step with the column that follows the colors. . . . God's wisdom has made the law that man must dig and delve, must work with his hands and bend his back to the burden that is laid upon it. We must have bread; but how inexpressibly foolish it is to suppose we can live by bread alone! Granting all that can be claimed for lack of time, for the food and clothing to be bought, and the debts to be paid, the truth remains—and I beg you to remember it—the person who allows his mental and spiritual nature to stagnate and decay does so not for want of time, but for want of inclination. The farm, the shop, and the office are not such hard masters as we imagine. We yield too easily to their sway, and

set them up as rulers when they ought to be only servants. There is no vocation—absolutely none—that cuts off entirely the opportunities for intellectual and spiritual development. The Kingdom of Light is an especially delightful home for him whose purse is not heavy, and a humble cottage in the Kingdom can be made to shine with a brightness above palace walls. For my part, I would rather have been Charles Lamb than the Duke of Wellington, and his influence in the world is incalculably the greater of the two. And yet he was but a clerk in the India House, poor in pocket, but rich beyond measure in his very poverty, whose jewels are not in the goldsmith's list. The problem of life is to rightly adjust the prose to the poetry, the sordid to the spiritual, the common and selfish to the high and beneficent, forgetting not that these last are incomparably the more precious. . . . The wisest of the Greeks taught that the ideal is the only true real; and Emerson, our American seer, who sent forth from Concord his inspiring oracles, taught the same. I may be wrong, but I cannot help thinking that neither here nor hereafter does salvation lie in wheat, or corn, or iron. Again I must plead that you take my words as I mean them. I do not preach a gospel of mere sentiment, nor of inane, impracticable dilettanteism. The Lord put it in my way to learn long ago that we cannot eat poetry, or art, or sentiment, or sunbeams. And yet I hold it true, now and always, that life without these things is shorn of more than half its value. The ox and his master differ little in dignity if neither rises above the level of the stomach or the manger. The highest use of the mind is not mere logic, the almost mechanical function of drawing conclusions from facts. Mere lawyers can do that; and so, also, to some extent, the naturalists tell us, can the horse and the dog. The human intellect is best used when its possessor suffers it to reach out beyond its own environment into the realm where God has placed truth and beauty and the influences that make for righteousness. . . . The thoughts that console and elevate are not those the world calls practical. Even in the higher walks of science, where the mind enlarges to the scope of Newton's and Kepler's great discoveries, the demonstrated truth is not the whole truth, nor the best truth. As Professor Everett, of Harvard, has finely said in a recent work, 'science only gives us hints of what, by a higher method, we come to know. The astronomer tells us he has swept the heavens with his telescope and found no God.' But 'the eye of the soul' outsweeps the telescope, and finds, not only in the heavens, but everywhere, the presence that is eternal. The reverent soul, seeking for the power that makes for righteousness, will not find it set down in scientific formula. I hold it to be the true office of culture to give the mind something of that perfection which is found in finely tuned instruments that need only to be touched to give back noble and responsive melody. There is a music that has never been named; and yet so deep a meaning has it, that the very stars keep time to its celestial rhythm.

> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls.

The dwellers in the Kingdom of Light have a steadfast love for things that cannot be computed, nor reckoned, nor measured. In the daily papers you may read the latest quotations of stocks and bonds, but once upon a time a little band of listeners heard the words, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' and went away with a lesson that Wall Street has yet to learn. He who remembers that something divine is mixed in him with the clay, will find the way open for both the divine and the earthly. You will not starve for following the Light. But I beg of you to remember that this is not a question of incomes and profits. The things I plead for are not set down in ledgers. How hard to think of the unselfish and the ultimate, instead of the personal and immediate. Even unto Jesus they came and inquired: 'Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?' It is not strange, then, that we do not give up personal advantage here. But in the Kingdom of Light, in the life I am saying we ought to lead, nothing can be taken from us that can be compared with what we shall receive. It is quite likely we may be poor, though I am afraid we shall not be, for in the twentieth century no man is safe from sudden wealth; but a worse calamity might befall us than poverty. Renan said that Saint Francis of Assisi was, next to Jesus, the sweetest soul that ever walked this earth, and he condemned himself to hunger and rags. I do not advise you to follow him through the lonely forest, and into the shaded glen where the birds used to welcome him to be their friend and companion; but I do most assuredly think it better to live as he did, on bread and water and the cresses that grow by the mountain spring, than to give up the glory and joys of the higher life. . . . Be assured that, whatever fate may befall us, nothing so bad can come as to sink into that wretched existence where everything is forgotten but the profit of the hour: the food, the raiment, the handful of silver, the ribbon to wear on the coat. . . . The world will go on buying and selling, hoping and fearing, loving and hating, and we shall be in the throng; but in God's name let us not turn away from the Light, nor from the kingdom that is in the midst of the Light. In every street shadows are walking who were once brave, hopeful, and confident. Nay! they are not shadows, but ghosts, dead years ago, in everything but the mere physical portion of existence. They go through the regular operations of trade and traffic, the office, and the court; but they are not living men. They are but bones and skeletons rattling along in a melancholy routine, which has in it neither life nor the spirit of life. It is a sad picture, but saddest because it is true. They knew what happy days were, when they walked in pleasant paths and felt in their hearts the freshness of spring. But contact with the world was too much for them. Hesitation and doubt drove out loyalty and faith. They listened to the voice of worldly wisdom as Othello listened to Iago, and at the end of the story is, "Put out the light, and then—put out the light." The dwellers in the kingdom of which I am speaking are pledged to high aims and noble destinies. . . . It is because I believe so strongly in the saving power of the higher life upon the institutions of society, and upon the welfare of individuals, that I plead so earnestly for it. The fortunes of science, art, literature, and government are indissolubly linked with it.

The centers and shrines of the most potent influences are not the seats of commerce and capital. The village of Concord, where Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and Thoreau lived, was, in their day, and will long continue to be, a greater force in this nation than New York and Chicago added to each other. Those of you who have read Auerbach's great novel remember the motto from Goethe on the title-page, "On every height there lies repose." Rest!—how eagerly we seek it! How sweet it is when we are tired of the fret and worry of life! But remember, I pray you, that it dwells above the level, in the serene element that reaches to the infinities. Only there is heard the music of the choir invisible; only there can we truly know the rest, the peace, and the joy of those who dwell in the Kingdom of Light." Mr. Peck's appeal is not a sermon. It is all the better for that. Its significance is that it is a lawyer's cry from out the crowded and strenuous turmoil of secular things, on behalf of the things which are eternal. Nobody knows better than ministers that there are many strong and busy men in secular life who keep their souls alive and are loyal, useful citizens in the Kingdom of Light.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Edited by B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. 8vo, pp. 447. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, gilt top, $2.00, net.

EXTREMELY "indiscreet" these letters from Peking will surely be called by various persons who were in that beleaguered city in the dreadful summer of 1900. They are certain to be so regarded by some of the European diplomats there, for the reason (if for no other) that they score those diplomats unmercifully for their stupidity, sluggishness, indecision, cowardice, and general incompetency, charging upon them largely the blame of letting affairs drift into such shape as made possible the awful situation in Peking. The letters represent Baron von Ketteler, Minister from Germany, who was murdered in the street at the beginning of the siege, as the one strong, brave, prompt, decisive man among the diplomats. Possibly it is because these letters are so "indiscreet," so unreservedly condemnatory of those whose defects and delinquencies are here exposed, that the authorship is concealed: possibly, also, because the author's own reckless escapades during the siege are included in the story of those feverish and furious months. Mr. Weale takes upon himself whatever imperfections in the book are due to the editing, but gives no clue to its authorship nor to the way in which this record by an eyewitness came into his hands. Some fifty or more accounts of the siege of Peking have been written in English alone. Mr. Weale thinks the best accounts were in Dr. Morrison's letters from Peking to the London Times, and the French Minister's graphic report to his government. But the most vivid, intense, photographic, dramatic, and unflinching account must be the one contained in the anonymous volume before us, which describes with clearness and with color each phase of existence in Peking during five months, including the fifty-six days of the actual siege and the subsequent

sacking and looting of the city. The curtain is lifted here on a terrible drama. Much in these eyewitness notes the editor had to suppress, but enough remains in them to make an astonishing narrative. Hints, which in the aggregate give a clew to the post and office of the author, are found on twenty or more different pages. That he is intimately familiar with all the official life and personnel of the foreigners in Peking is indubitable. From scattered expressions we deduce that his residence was not inside the British Legation; that he had charge of certain despatch boxes, the contents of which no one else had a right to examine, and sometimes had to write official despatches. He calls himself "an unmarried youngster" and "a budding diplomatist." He speaks French, has traveled in Russia, is at home in China, is doubtless an Englishman, but not connected with the British Legation. His official chief is not Sir Claude MacDonald. Various hints seem to locate him probably in the Chinese Customs Department under Sir Robert Hart. The reading public can only guess. The important facts are that he was in the siege, that he saw and understood about all that went on, and that he pictures what he saw in powerful and telling words. So much as to the authorship of this book. As to the siege itself, Editor Weale truly says "it was something unique and unparalleled, and the summer of 1900 in Peking will ever remain as famous in the world's history as the Indian Mutiny." The Boxer movement was a wild, huge, curious, and savage tragedy which swept into Peking like a bloody tidal wave, and raged like an angry sea around the entrenched Legations. Tennyson sang in thrilling verse "The Defence of Lucknow" in the Sepoy Rebellion, and the relief, after eighty-six dreadful days, by Outram's and Havelock's "glorious Highlanders" and "good fusileers." But the peril of the English in Lucknow was not greater than that of the foreigners in Peking, and the defense of that Indian city was not more heroic or masterly than that which protected and saved from fierce flames and still fiercer foes the beleaguered Legations and Christian missions in the Chinese capital. In the first stages of the Boxer uprising and attack, each of the eleven Legations—Dutch, Russian, German, American, French, Spanish, Japanese, Austrian, Belgian, Italian, and British—attempted to defend its own grounds and buildings; but as the assaults grew more furious and determined, it became evident that the foreigners must concentrate; and as the premises of the British Legation were the largest and most defensible, the people of the other Legations took refuge there, making a total of five hundred soldiers and five hundred civilians. In addition, the missionaries of various churches together with twenty-five hundred native Chinese Christians whom the missionaries refused to abandon, were crowded in with the Legations. These missionaries and these native converts proved to be the salvation of the foreigners in Peking. In a very large and real sense the salvation of the terror-stricken Legations came marching to their protection out of the grounds of our own Peking University. The engineering skill which had constructed defenses for our Methodist compound, and the genius for organization which had distributed duties there, were simply transferred to the British Legation premises and intrusted with the larger task of defense and of

internal organization, adjustment, distribution of responsibilities and work, and general supervision there. The eyewitness author of this book describes the uncomfortable disorder and tumultuous confusion which at first existed in the British Legation, eleven nations herded together, "the place choked with women, puling and crying children, missionaries, and a host of lamb-faced native converts." Orders and counter orders were coming from conflicting authorities on every side; it seemed as if the situation would never be shaken into shape. "And in this wise," says the author, "our siege commenced, with all the men discontented and angry, with no responsible head, with half the officials of the various nations at loggerheads, with supplies and ammunition being wasted, with our defenses so ridiculous that any resolute foe could rush them in five minutes." The first step toward order and business was taken when the officials of the ten nations who were guests in the grounds of the British Legation requested Sir Claude MacDonald the English Minister to take the supreme command. The next step toward efficient management was when Sir Claude adopted plans of organization and called in the aid of committees which had been previously formed on missionary premises. At the moment when chaos was passing into order, our eyewitness writes: "In the British Legation compound men, women, and children, ponies, mules, and ministers plenipotentiary are engaged in an effort to sort themselves out and keep distinct from one another. Committees are taking charge of everything, and American missionaries who appear to have more energy than anybody else are practically ruling everything. . . . . The Americans are the people of the future." System takes command. The problem of feeding, managing, utilizing, and protecting thirty-five hundred people is being visibly arranged and worked out. There are committees for looking after all necessary matters. There is a committee on fortification to whom the defense of all these lives is committed—a tremendous and hazardous task. In the light of the history, the head of the committee for planning, building, and defending fortifications is seen to be beyond question a very unusual man. Strange to tell, this man to whom is given a military task is not a military man; he is a missionary, an American Methodist Episcopal missionary—*our* missionary, a professor in our Peking University who had studied civil engineering for a time in Troy Polytechnic and Cornell University. Sir Claude MacDonald, British Minister, who had supreme authority, took out of the hands of military men of many nations the business of fortifying, and intrusted it to a missionary! We predict that this appointment will seem to future historians the most puzzling and incredible fact in the siege of Peking. The circumstances render only one explanation of Sir Claude's action possible. His own life, the lives of the members of his Legation, not to speak of thousands of other lives depended on the skill, energy, and tireless fidelity of that committee on fortifications. That he appointed as its head the ablest man he could see for that business is as certain as that twice two are four. Dr. Arthur H. Smith thinks that Sir Claude MacDonald did not in all the siege display his sterling good sense in anything more than in committing the business of fortifying and defending entirely

to Gamewell, whom he made absolutely free from military interference and responsible to nobody except himself as chief in command. Our author, an eyewitness to all that went on, probably an Englishman, apparently a Roman Catholic if anything, after system and authority had set everything going in orderly and efficient fashion, wrote as follows: "It is the Yankee missionary who has invaded and taken charge of the British Legation; it is the Yankee missionary who is doing all the work there and getting all the credit. Beginning with the fortifications committee, there is an extraordinary man named G——,[1] who is doing everything, absolutely everything. I believe there are other members of this committee, but G—— is the man of the hour and will brook no interference. Already the British Legation, which at the commencement of the siege was utterly undefended by an entrenchment or sandbags, is rapidly being hustled into order by the masterful hand of this American missionary. Coolies are evolved by him from the converts of all classes, who, although they protest that they are not accustomed to manual labor, are merely given shovels and picks, sandbags and bricks, and are resolutely told to begin and learn. Already the discontented in the outer lines are sending for G—— and asking him to do this and that, and the hard-worked man always finds time for everything. It is a wonder. And behind this one-man-committee on fortifications, are a fuel committee, and a sanitary committee, and other committees, all noisily talking. Out of all the noise and chatter emerges the tired and perspiring face of the American missionary. It is this selfsame missionary who is grinding the wheat and seeing that it is not stolen; it is he who is surveying the butcher at work and seeing that not even the hoofs are wasted. And I am sad to confess that it he who is feeding those thousands of Roman Catholics over in the Su Wang-fu, while the French and Italian priests, who ought to be caring for their flocks, sit helplessly with their hands folded, willingly abandoning their charges to this more energetic Anglo-Saxon. This Protestantism is not my religion, but for masculine energy there is none other like it." This testimony of a keen eye-witness is quoted here in simple justice to history, and because the United States and the Methodist Episcopal Church have not yet recognized as fully as has the British Government how extraordinary, astonishing, vitally indispensable, and forever memorable a service was rendered to the foreigners and native converts in Peking, and to imperilled interests of many nations, by a modest providential man, an American Methodist missionary. To him when the awful siege was over, Mr. Conger, American Minister to China, wrote on behalf of himself and the rest who had been saved from death, "To you more than to any other man we owe, under God, our preservation." To the United States Government the Marquis of Lansdowne, on behalf of England, officially expressed the great appreciation felt by Her Majesty's Government for the eminent services rendered by this remarkable missionary, in these words: "Sir Claude Mac-

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[1] The full name is Frank D. Gamewell; a name indelible in history, distinguished in the eyes of a dozen nations, and written large on the front of the battered ramparts of a perilous, heroic, successful, and forever famous defense.

Donald states that Rev. F. D. Gamewell of the American Methodist Mission carried out the entire defences of the British Legation, and that those defences have excited the admiration of the military officers of the various nationalities who have since inspected them. As evidence of the excellence of the defences, Sir Claude mentions that, notwithstanding a constant rain of rifle-fire during the five weeks of the siege, not one woman or child in the Legation grounds suffered harm. Sir Claude adds that a deep debt of gratitude is owed to Mr. Gamewell by all the besieged." General Gaselee, commander of the British relief-column. examining the defences on his arrival in Peking, said, "The fortifications and everything connected with the defence were beyond all praise." Brigadier General A. S. Daggett, then Colonel under General Chaffee, says in his account of the part taken by United States troops in the march to the relief of the beleaguered Legations, that but for the work done by Gamewell all of the besieged must have perished cruelly long before the fourteenth of August, when the relieving armies arrived. Without him they would all have met the fate that Chinese Gordon suffered at Khartoum. The story of the siege of Peking is nowhere else so powerfully told as in this volume of Letters. The style in many passages is worthy of Victor Hugo for terrific vividness and force. Editor Weale in his introduction says, "The eye-witness attempts to account for all that happened; to make real the sharp rattle and loud roar of musketry and cannon. and the savage cries of desperadoes stripped to the waist and glistening with sweat; to give echo to the blood-curdling notes of Chinese trumpets; to limn the high-shooting flames licking the sky." The eye-witness describes with realistic vividness what he saw, himself an incessant and almost ubiquitous participant in the scenes and activities of the fighting. A wild chapter of history is pictured by a master hand with intense and brilliant dramatic force.

Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography. Translated by LORENZO O'ROURKE. 12mo, pp. 400. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, cloth, $1.20, net.

SOME men have been reading Victor Hugo forty or fifty years. This is the last they will ever get from him: positively the final appearance of the Titan of the French romantic school. In the late fifties and early sixties he was fascinating and filling the imaginations of a host of readers under middle age with prodigious images of grandeur and power. When Isaac W. Wiley came into the principal's office at Pennington Seminary one morning in 1860, a student heard him say: "I sat up till one o'clock last night reading Les Miserables. It is a great book, a tremendous book." A bishop who is standing still on the field, leaning on his hoe, and listening to the ringing of the Angelus, has beguiled the tedium of inaction with Hugo's "Shakespeare." There are not a few men of note whose work is now done or nearly so, whose style of utterance, whether by tongue or pen, has had something in it which would not have been there if they had not read Hugo early in life. He cast his spell over them and taught them sublimity, mighty metaphors, dramatic force. One reviewer of the book before us calls it "inspired bombast." Some would so characterize all Hugo's writings.

Even bombast, if really inspired, if it be the magnificent and thrilling extravagance of genius, is more attractive than a book described by a recent critic as "scholarly but lifeless." Hugo called this volume the Postscript to his life. It was written in the loneliness of exile on the island of Guernsey in that stormy strip of water between France and England; and left with his heirs in the form of a bulky copy book to be withheld from publication until years after his death. It embodies his ideas on literature, philosophy, and religion; and concludes with fifty pages of epigrams, fragments, thoughts, chips from the giant's workshop. Because of his audacious and gigantic imagination Victor Hugo has been called the Michael Angelo of literature. One critic thinks that though his widest fame is as a master of tremendous fiction, he was greatest as a lyric poet; Professor Dowden calls him the greatest of all time. His poetry, however, is little known compared with his fiction. His prose style has Gothic grandeur, French suppleness, Latin strength. Georg Brandes attempts to describe it thus: "We feel as if he had actually seen all, and had painted all with a brush like that pine which Heine would fain have torn from the Norwegian cliffs and dipped in the flame of Ætna to write with it the name of his beloved across the expanse of heaven." The editor of this volume says that "Hugo fashioned for himself a mighty organ whose gamut ranged from the pipes of Pan to the trumpet of the Last Judgment; and from this instrument he was able to call forth hitherto unheard-of harmonies." One of Hugo's marked characteristics is this: "The monstrous side of creation fascinates him and engenders in his imagination an unheard-of world of nightmare. Taine said of Balzac that his literary imagination could make the sordid romantic; but Hugo eclipsed this feat—he made the horrible fascinating; he endowed the ugly and the sinister with a species of terrible charm." Who made Victor Hugo? He tells us when he names his favorite authors—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, whom he calls the trinity of the literary empyrean. His opinions of his contemporaries are interesting. Alfred de Musset, whom Taine placed above Tennyson, is "a charming, slight, and delicate poet of the same family as Horace and La Fontaine." Chateaubriand "is full of significant things; but he is the personification of dislike for mankind—an odious personality." With rare exceptions, eighteenth century prose is "feeble, common, and vulgar." Of two famous members of the French Academy, Hugo says: "Our friend M. Guizot is a dreamy writer, a melancholy writer, a Protestant writer, but a great orator, the most powerful orator of the century. M. Cousin is an infamous beggar, destitute of real literary talent. I despise him thoroughly. As for Nisard, he has changed his skin several times. Molière is a *valet de chambre*, an upholsterer, a skeptic, the perpetual critic of his own enthusiasm." Hugo's conversations on religion prove that he was a firm believer in God and in the efficacy of prayer. He was fiercely hostile to the infidelity and materialism which were widening their empire in France. The problem of evil is the eternal riddle of theology. Being asked how he could reconcile certain terrible catastrophes with the providence and justice of God, he replied: "The difficulty is a serious one. Evil is evil, and no sophistry or alchemy can

change it into good. To make God responsible for evil which is undeniably evil, and even to thank him for uncomprehended benefits therefrom, is unacceptable to the heart as well as to the conscience. That is why I cannot treat Manicheism with disdain. To me belief in two hostile powers fighting against each other does not seem contrary either to philosophic reason or to true religion. But this struggle ought to have an end some time, and it must be a victory for God. Evil must disappear, conquered by good. Hell exists, and the earth constitutes part of it. We inhabit that part of the creation in which evil reigns and men suffer, and where even the innocent beasts suffer." Here are some of his meditations on life and death, God and man: "If there were no other life, God would not be honorable. Death is triumph for the soul; it achieves the ideal. Death is a continuation of man into eternity. We shall be better off there. Death is holy and wholesome. All that we can see of it is full of consolation. My gaze pierces as far as possible into the darkness and I see the immense dawn of an eternal day. God is eternal, the soul is immortal. Souls pass to another sphere without loss of personality, become purer and brighter and unceasingly approach nearer to God." "As there is not a human being under the light of the sun who is not warmed by its rays, so there is not a human being in all the immensity of creation who is not reached by a ray from God. By means of this ray each individual soul is in direct communication with the central Soul of the universe. Hence the efficacy of that invocation called prayer. . . . Prayer is an august avowal of ignorance. The animal is ignorant of the fact that he knows; the man is aware of the fact that he is ignorant. My prayer is: O God, vouchsafe to me out of thine Infinite all that is possible of light and of love!" "Creation is moved by two kinds of motors, both invisible—souls and forces. Forces are mathematical, souls are free. Forces being algebraic cannot deviate; aberration is possible to souls. This freedom has a regulator—conscience. Conscience is a mysterious geometry of the moral order." "What is the highest faculty of the soul? Is it genius? No, it is goodness." "Instincts and intuitions are the eyes of the soul." "God secludes himself, but the thinker listens at the door." "Our earthly life is nothing but the slow growth of human existence toward that blossoming of the soul that we call death. It is then that the flower of life opens." "The nearness of God to my soul manifests itself by an ineffable, obscure caress, as I approach him. I *think*, and I feel him near me. I *believe*, and I feel him nearer. I *love*, and I feel him nearer still. I *consecrate myself* to him, and I feel nearer than ever, nearest of all. This is not sensation, for I touch nothing; it is not observation, for I see nothing; it is not imagination, for God and goodness are not imaginary. It is intuition, the soul's perception." "All the roots of the moral law are in the supernatural. To deny the supernatural is not merely to close one's eyes to the infinite; it is to cut the ground from under all human virtue." At rare moments I think with profound joy that before a dozen or fifteen years at most I shall know what death is; and I feel certain that my hope of light beyond that darkness will not be disappointed. O you whom I love, I have faith that the infinite is the great trysting place. There I shall find you radiant,

and you shall behold me purified. And we shall love one another as upon earth, and at the same time as in heaven, with the mystical increase of the immensities. This life is full of casual encounters; we know each other in part; real union and perfect understanding come after death. Our dear ones await us there. Let us endeavor to be one day among them. And here below, until the striking of that great hour, let us—you and I, especially I who am shackled by imperfection and fall so far short of goodness—let us not rest, let us work, let us watch over ourselves and others, let us expend ourselves for probity, be lavish of ourselves for justice, and sacrifice ourselves for truth, without counting what we lose. Let us do according to our strength, and beyond our strength. To love is to give; let us love. Be of profound good will. And immense good will await you beyond death." Hugo does not advocate art without morals. Speaking of the civilizing power of pure art, he says: "Search the bagnios and prisons of the world for a man who knows and loves Raphael and Mozart, who contemplates with delight a cathedral spire or a statue by some great master—you will not find one such there. To be sensitive to true art is to be incapable of crime. Masterpieces shed in the surrounding air a pervading and sane morality. He who passes near them and breathes their atmosphere is impregnated with their perfume without knowing it. He only sought knowledge and pleasure from them; they have made him a better man. Lady Montague after looking long upon a great painting in the Trippenhaus at Amsterdam, cried: 'I wish I had a poor man here to empty my purse into his hands.'" Some historic follies of the church are mentioned, such as the official damning of grasshoppers which were a pest; the publishing, in 1120 A. D., of an episcopal edict against weevils. The officials of Troyes in 1516 issued this order: "We warn the caterpillars to withdraw within the space of six days; and in default of this we declare them accurst and excommunicated." But not the church alone committed in its ignorance such follies. The Parliament of Paris once condemned, after trial, a sow to be hanged as a sorceress; and the Sorbonne prohibited the healing of disease by the use of quinine, which it called "a wicked bark." Victor Hugo says no nation has a supremacy in poetry. The great poet is not Greek, for if there is Æschylus there is also Isaiah; he is not a Jew, for if there is Isaiah, there is also Juvenal; he is not Latin, for if there is Juvenal, there is also Dante; he is not Italian, for if there is Dante, there is also Shakespeare; he is not English, for if there is Shakespeare, there is also Cervantes; he is not Spanish, for if there is Cervantes, there is also Molière; he is not French, for if there is Molière, there are all those whom we have just enumerated." But Hugo says that in one other art a single nation holds the supremacy. That art is music and that nation is Germany. These are this Frenchman's words: "Up to now Germany has had the glory of being absolutely supreme in one of the arts. The great musician is a German. And the great modern German is not Goethe; it is Beethoven." Fifty pages of epigrams end Hugo's last book, of which the following are samples. "He who is not capable of enduring poverty is not capable of being free." "The wicked envy and hate; it is their way of admiring." "To allow himself to be calumniated

is part of an honest man's strength." "One can have *reasons* for complaint without having the *right* to complain." "Style is the substance of the subject called unceasingly to the surface." Hugo gives this motto: "Precision in thought, concision in style, decision in conduct." When Lamartine criticised Les Miserables, Hugo called the criticism "a swan's attempt to bite." Here is another motto: "Change your opinions, keep to your principles; this is to change your leaves while keeping intact your roots." As for our life on earth, he says: "To have Truth for a star, Right for a compass; to accomplish the voyage, save the ship, and enter the port —that is the whole problem." He seems to have faith in the enduring strength of the American republic, for he says: "A republic like the United States of America, constructed on a single principle, accepts calmly the struggles and shocks of thought under all forms, even the most grandiose, the most audacious, the most savage. There all the forms of license of the human mind may without peril execute their formidable and menacing dance, like a performance of wild animals. The bulls are huge, the elephants are enormous, the lions are large and fierce; but the circus is of granite." The true socialist formula, he says, should be, "To make the moral man better, the intellectual man greater, the material man happier; goodness first, greatness next, happiness last." That is the divine order. "To give sheltering shade," says Hugo, "is the privilege of great trees and great men." The final word from the great French romanticist!

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METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1907

ART. I.—THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE PAPACY

ABOUT the middle of December, 1906, the American public was startled by the report that France had abolished the Concordat and severed all connection between church and state. The Roman Catholic clergy of America at once started a tremendous agitation against the action of the French government. A typical meeting was held at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Washington's birthday by the Catholics of the city, led by their priests, to the sound of patriotic tunes, waving American flags, to protest against the "cruel republic" and to praise Christ's "vicar on earth." After organizing this movement the clergy withdrew behind the scenes and pushed some prominent laymen to the front. A member of the Philadelphia bar was put in the chair. But, while this was in name and pretense an "American" meeting, it was, in fact, a purely Irish Catholic gathering, from the archbishop down to the saloonkeeper and his customer. The Sullivans, the Ryans, and the Bryans, also the Maloneys, the Murphys, and the Rooneys, the McGarveys, the Kavanaughs, the Corrigans, the Patricks, were there, *tutti quanti,* in force. Catholics of other races were conspicuous by their absence. Italy, France, Poland, and other Roman Catholic countries, though represented in Philadelphia by hundreds of thousands of their sons, did not respond to the efforts of their priests. Those who attended could have been numbered

on the fingers of a very few hands. They were better informed and more impartial and independent than their Irish brethren, sided, heart and soul, with the French republic, and knew that this demonstration was mostly meant for the "galleries"—to give France a bad name and to attract sympathy and money to the Vatican. Some fiery orators overreached themselves on that night by calling the French republic "archconspirator against God," bent on expelling "Christ from this world." By way of contrast the benefits brought to mankind by the papacy were extolled. Even the independence of the United States was attributed to the influence of Roman Catholicism. Tears were shed over the French monks and nuns expelled from their convents and the 5,500 priests of military age conscripted into the army like common Frenchmen, the crucifixes removed from schools and courts of justice, and, above all, the "ecclesiastical" property and state salaries withheld by the government until the clergy should comply with the law. All this was declared "insulting to God." This politico-ecclesiastical meeting was duplicated in a hundred cities of America by just the same element—Romish Ireland—under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, the Clan-Na-Gael, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, etc. Public men of Irish Catholic extraction were led to put themselves on record for vigorous anti-French utterances, and at times showed fine pairs of ears in discussing French history and affairs. Strange to say, not a single such protest was reported from Latin America, nor from any other Catholic country in the world that we ever heard of, but, rather, applause and congratulations. Why? They know what the papacy really is; Protestant countries do not, as they have not learned yet, or have forgotten, that the papacy has always managed to screen her selfish and worldly interests behind "God, religion, and morality," and tried to represent her adversaries as the enemies of Christ. She did so with the Reformers, with Voltaire, who fought the Jesuits and their hypocrisy, not God; with the Huguenots, the Waldenses, the Camisards, the Encyclopedists, and others, who were in turn branded by Rome as "enemies of God and humanity" when she could not burn them at the stake. In the present instance thoughtful people found it rather strange that the most glorious names

of America and the stars and stripes and patriotic tunes like "Marching through Georgia" should be so ostensibly associated with hostile demonstrations against a sister republic, whose sons in days gone by had shed their blood and treasure for American independence, and this simply to uphold the Pope of Rome, whose government was once termed by Gladstone "the negation of God." Now, however, since the dust, the smoke, and the noise have abated, and the truth has become known, public opinion has mostly veered to the other side. Dailies which at first were so completely under the Jesuits' control as to refuse to publish any remarks from the opposite side have been compelled to admit facts and without danger now of losing their Catholic subscribers. We do not know what became of the prayer which a Protestant bishop of a New England diocese caused to be read in his churches for the benefit of his "persecuted sister church" in France. But Protestant ecclesiastics and periodicals who had allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by the half truths and untruths spread by the Jesuits' emissaries have mostly recovered from their momentary blindness. The separation law is now looked upon as one of the most tolerant, beneficial, and patriotic pieces of legal work ever framed by a freely elected Parliament.

It is well to bear in mind that the French nation, though called "eldest daughter of the church," is by no means so clerical as she has been represented. Neither is she so atheistic as has been said by her enemies. But it was the thousand years' alliance of her rulers with the Roman pontiffs against her democracy that made hypocrites or infidels of some of her people, while her best sons and daughters became rebels, heroes, and martyrs. The separation law was but the natural and ultimate outcome of the republican regime which the two previous republican governments, of 1789 and 1848, had not had a chance to complete before they were crushed under the reactionary forces which the papacy brought to bear against them. What are the two adversaries now at daggers drawn? What is the French republic? What is the papacy? The republic is the legitimate issue of the French electorate, representative of thirty-nine million free citizens who at the polls intrusted the present government with their temporal

and national interests. The papacy is an international, cosmopolitan, but mostly Italian, coterie, religious in name and pretenses, but in fact political and financial, aiming at universal dominion and exploitation. It is an oligarchy pretending to be responsible "only to God"; it is a "power" whose "sovereign" is a subject of the king of Italy while its "secretary of state" is an English-born Spaniard. Moreover, the pontiff, or "white Pope," is merely a figurehead, whose principal office is to throw dust in the eyes of the world, while the real head, the power behind the throne, is the General of the Jesuits, or "black Pope," who is by no means a "prisoner" in the Vatican, but rather the "jailer," and this for reasons of high and complicated papal politics. The pontiff pretends to be the mouthpiece of God on earth, but he is only the mouthpiece and tool of the enemies of humanity, the Jesuits. The struggle that is going on now between France and the papacy has been raging during the past twelve centuries between the democracies of Europe, represented by the "heretics" and the martyrs of liberty of conscience, on one side, and the papacy on the other leagued with the absolute monarchies. The papacy won some great victories, but it also suffered tremendous defeats. In 1054 the whole of Eastern Europe overthrew the spiritual and ecclesiastical control of Rome, for ever. But Rome had her revenge on the spirit of freedom from 1209 to 1213, when she succeeded in crushing and almost stamping out the incipient spiritual "rebellion" in Western Europe in her bloody crusade against the Albigenses, or early Protestants of Southern France. This wholesale massacre had an incalculable effect on the subsequent history of the Latin race. It meant the destruction of the splendid civilization, the language, and the magnificent literature of the troubadours. Geographically and linguistically the country stood half way between Italy and Spain, and was bidding fair to become the natural center of the Neo-Latin civilization, to unify the Latin race into one nation and one language under strong Protestant tendencies. But after the terrific crusade which, by order of a famous Pope, had laid waste Provence, Languedoc, and other sections of Southern France, the Provençal language fell to the level of a provincial vernacular, its literature lapsed into his-

tory. Northern France, headed by bigoted Catholic kings, superseded the South politically and linguistically. In the meantime the Florentine dialect became more and more prevalent in Italy and the Castilian in Spain. Thus three separate nations and languages came out of what might have been one. The policy of papal Rome, like that of ancient Rome, has always been to "divide and rule"—in accordance with the motto, *"Divide et impera."* Dante himself had begun his Divine Comedy in the Provençal language; in it the first three cantos of the Inferno were composed, and it was only on the representations of Petrarch, who convinced him that the Provençal was a doomed language, that Dante began it over again and completed it in his native Florentine tongue. Most poets, thinkers, and historians of the Latin countries attribute the weakness of their race to divisions, jealousies, and foreign interference, continually fostered by the Popes for selfish reasons. France owes to the papacy most of her civil wars, also the awful massacre of Saint Bartholomew, in 1572, when half a million Huguenots were slaughtered treacherously or banished by order of their own king, Charles IX, and his bigoted Italian mother, Catherine de Medicis, blind tools of the Jesuits. To the papacy is also due the duplicate of that horrible crime more than a century later, in 1685, at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, under Louis XIV, swayed by his Jesuit confessor, Father Lachaise, and the bigoted royal mistress, Madame de Maintenon. This was the only condition on which the king's sins would be forgiven him by his spiritual advisers in Rome. After these three deathblows dealt to France by the papacy Te Deums were ordered sung in all the Romish churches for such great "deliverances" from heresy. Memorial medals were coined in Rome to commemorate the "glorious" event. The great French Revolution of 1789 was far more anti-popish than anti-Christian. The nobility and the clergy, liege to the crown and papacy, had slowly absorbed four fifths of the public domain, while the remaining fifth, left to the common people, had to bear the burden of the entire taxation. This became intolerable, and caused the Revolution of that awful year, ending in the overthrow of the monarchy, nobility, clergy, and their religion. The only God the French masses had been allowed to

know was the god of the tyrants and clergy. The French masses had found that god cruel, odious, and absurd. They decreed its abolition, and put up a goddess in its stead. It was the shape taken by the millennial struggle between popish tyranny and liberty of conscience. It was the first attempt at a separation law between church and state in France. If demagogues and sycophants carried it later to absurd conclusions, it was the fault of the popery that had killed the last vestige of faith in their hearts. The papacy, however, asserted itself again under the first French empire, when by means of the Concordat the Pope gained recognition by entering into a new compact with the first Bonaparte, again with the Restoration, and at last with the second Bonaparte, against the French people, when the second French republic was crushed by the coup d'état of 1852.

Frenchmen of education and others remember that during the past twelve centuries most of the good things that came to the papacy were obtained through France, that is, through her bigoted monarchs, while most of the disasters that befell France were brought upon her through the papacy. In 753 Pepin, the usurper, was recognized by a Pope as legitimate king of the Franks, and in return for the kindness he crossed the Alps at the prayer of Pope Stephen III, and defeated the Longobards, who were then about to unify Italy. He wrenched from them the exarchate of Ravenna and gave it to the pontiff or bishop of Rome. Thus began the temporal power of the Popes, at the expense of the Italian nation, to which it proved a curse for upwards of a long millennium. From the eighth century down to the *"année terrible,"* 1870, the interference of the papacy in French affairs was a curse to France. Even that last great war, that brought France to the verge of ruin, was due to popish intrigues. The papacy had been watching with much concern the rapid growth and approaching hegemony of Protestant Prussia on the continent of Europe. She must crush her, at all costs, through and for the benefit of the Catholic French empire. What Empress Eugénie, the Spanish wife of Napoleon III, said at that time was at least very suggestive: "This is *my* war!" And there has been ample evidence brought to light since to show that, had imperial France

been victorious in 1870, a new massacre of Huguenots and Waldenses would have taken place. How such plans were providentially brought to naught, how the downfall of the last French monarchy entailed the fall of the Pope's temporal power and the consolidation of Protestant Germany, the unification of Italy, and the birth of the third republic in France, is all well-known contemporary history. Such is also the frustrated attempt of Napoleon III toward the restoration of monarchism and Romanism in Mexico at the time when the Civil War was threatening to wreck the Protestant North American Union. Have Yankees forgotten that the then temporal ruler of the Vatican was one of the first foreign potentates to recognize the Southern Confederacy? Pius IX well knew that, if successful, said Confederacy would have meant a weakened Protestant America, divided against itself. It was natural, therefore, that the present republic of France, born during the Franco-German war in 1870, should have learned something from her ill-fated predecessors of 1789 and 1848, and started early to complete her work of absolute liberation from popish encroachments and insidious meddling. And this she did with a will, and not only in her own interest but also in the interest of European democracy and of humanity, which were looking up to her for inspiration, and help, and precedents. But the papacy also realized pretty soon that it could not have held out very long against the free institutions of republican France, therefore they must be destroyed, *per fas et nefas.* During the past thirty-six years of republican regime in France numberless monarchico-clerical conspiracies have been unearthed, including the Boulanger and Dreyfus scandals. Each time the papacy emerged from the fray shorn of some of its prestige and mortified by some unwelcome exposure, while the republic kept gaining in favor and strength. Both were fighting for dear life, and the struggle is still on, but the papacy has at last been worsted, and ousted, and no other weapon has been left to the Vatican but the old game of cant and blackmail—and it is using them both with the skill of an old hand. Having failed to strangle the popular institutions in France, the Vatican at once started to act the part of the innocent victim and to give the republican government the reputation

of an "executioner"—just as it had tried to give Italy a bad name throughout the world when she abolished the temporal power of the Pope and made Rome capital of the kingdom.

It is interesting to note the gradual victories the French republic has gained over the papacy since 1870. Slowly but steadily the most vital points were snatched from the clerical grasp—public education, civil service, the army, the navy, etc. Every sphere of public life was gradually purged from the papal virus that was sucking its very lifeblood and poisoning the whole nation. The last act came about as follows:

First Scene. Visit of the president of the French republic to the king of Italy in Rome, where he utterly ignores the Pope. An almost immediate reconciliation of the two sister nations follows.

Second Scene. The Pope protests to the great powers against the "insult," but his protest is ignored.

Third Scene. The French republic abolishes her embassy at the Vatican and the papal nuncio in Paris is given his passports.

Fourth Scene. The French Parliament, by an almost unanimous vote, abolishes the Concordat and adopts the law of complete separation between church and state.

The leading features of the separation law are the following: 1. Separation of church and state. 2. Full freedom of conscience and worship. 3. Gradual withdrawal of state support to the clergy and the granting of life pensions to the actual superannuated priests, pastors, and rabbis. 4. Transfer of all ecclesiastical property to lay boards of trustees, called "Associations Cultuelles," to be elected by and within each parish. 5. One year's time allowed for the election of said boards. In the parishes which should refuse, or neglect, to elect such trustees within one year the ecclesiastical property to revert to the state or "commune" (township), to be devoted to other public purposes, such as schools, hospitals, libraries, museums, and the like. 6. This law to be applied to all state churches alike, whether Protestant or Catholic or Jewish. The law thus abolished all privileges, civil or political, hitherto enjoyed by the clergy, who were no longer to be considered as dignitaries or functionaries of the state, but were

reduced to the dignity of private citizens. In all this the French Parliament acted independently, practically ignoring the Roman Catholic hierarchy and its pretensions and claims to be heard in all the internal affairs of the republic. This was the most sensitive spot in the papacy, long used to dictating and meddling in international politics through the upper clergy. The Vatican would have sacrificed all else, even the most sacred rights of French Catholics, if it had only been granted public and official recognition and diplomatic honors, to save its face before the world. This the government declined to do. Protestants and Catholics were treated alike, and the papacy was sent after its spiritual business. The Vatican's pride was wounded; the blow was too keen; the precedent created by France and the example thus set to the democracies of Europe would be disastrous to the Romish hierarchy everywhere. Hence the law must be resisted at all costs, and set aside if possible, even if France must be plunged into the horrors of civil war and the civil world aroused against her. To that effect the secret machinery of political Romanism was at once set in motion throughout the world, while in France the Catholics were forbidden, under threat of excommunication, to accept the separation law or submit to it.

The vast majority of the French episcopate and clergy were in favor of and willing to accept the law, but a tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon them from the Vatican. Some three hundred priests and parishes that submitted to the law, and accepted from the government the financial and other advantages the law offered them, were excommunicated. The bishops known to be or suspected of being favorably inclined toward the law were gagged and threatened with suspension *a divinis*. Some splendid examples of "ecclesiastical rebellion" were recorded in France and Corsica, and the indications are that more will follow, and that the Catholic Church in France is on the eve of a national schism and a probable return to Gallicanism. All know that France is now fighting, on French soil and under different circumstances, the same battles that were fought by the Protestant princes during the Thirty Years' War in Germany against the same enemy and in the same cause—national and spiritual independence from the

reduced to the dignity of private citizens. In all this the French Parliament acted independently, practically ignoring the Roman Catholic hierarchy and its pretensions and claims to be heard in all the internal affairs of the republic. This was the most sensitive spot in the papacy, long used to dictating and meddling in international politics through the upper clergy. The Vatican would have sacrificed all else, even the most sacred rights of French Catholics, if it had only been granted public and official recognition and diplomatic honors, to save its face before the world. This the government declined to do. Protestants and Catholics were treated alike, and the papacy was sent after its spiritual business. The Vatican's pride was wounded; the blow was too keen; the precedent created by France and the example thus set to the democracies of Europe would be disastrous to the Romish hierarchy everywhere. Hence the law must be resisted at all costs, and set aside if possible, even if France must be plunged into the horrors of civil war and the civil world aroused against her. To that effect the secret machinery of political Romanism was at once set in motion throughout the world, while in France the Catholics were forbidden, under threat of excommunication, to accept the separation law or submit to it.

The vast majority of the French episcopate and clergy were in favor of and willing to accept the law, but a tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon them from the Vatican. Some three hundred priests and parishes that submitted to the law, and accepted from the government the financial and other advantages the law offered them, were excommunicated. The bishops known to be or suspected of being favorably inclined toward the law were gagged and threatened with suspension *a divinis*. Some splendid examples of "ecclesiastical rebellion" were recorded in France and Corsica, and the indications are that more will follow, and that the Catholic Church in France is on the eve of a national schism and a probable return to Gallicanism. All know that France is now fighting, on French soil and under different circumstances, the same battles that were fought by the Protestant princes during the Thirty Years' War in Germany against the same enemy and in the same cause—national and spiritual independence from the

papacy. Be it noted here that I use the word "papacy" instead of "Rome," the two words being no longer synonymous as they were in past centuries—up to 1870, when Rome became capital of United Italy while the papacy was reduced to its spiritual sphere only, and its outward action limited to the Vatican. It is contended by the friends of the Vatican that the French republic had no right to withhold the ecclesiastical property. They forget that the church buildings and seminaries were as much state property as the post offices of the land, the barracks, and the fortresses; also that the republic demanded guarantees that such property, if alienated by the state, would be used bona fide for religious purposes only, and put to no other uses, some churches and rectorates having already become notorious as centers of conspiracy against the republic; also that said property should be free to all and controlled by the people themselves, through their own trustees, instead of being under the exclusive and arbitrary control of the clergy.

In all this controversy little or nothing was said about the Protestant state churches of France, as though the Roman Catholic Church alone were in question. The state Reformed and Lutheran Churches of France, 902 parishes in all, assumed, one and all, a very different attitude. They submitted cheerfully to the separation law, and made the best they could out of it. The reason why? There was no foreign or theocratic ruler to dictate to them against their own conscience, their government, or their fatherland. Still, it cannot be supposed that the French Protestants, as a political party, had anything to do with the framing of the separation law. The hatred and resentment against the papacy and clergy are to be found mostly among nominal Catholics that have ceased to believe in popery and are tired of its everlasting encroachments on the liberties and rights of the people. These hostile Catholics constitute the great mass of the French nation. They are intellectual, intensely patriotic, and republican. Statistics collected by the archbishop of Rheims throughout the thirty-six thousand parishes of France and Corsica, and published in some Catholic periodicals, showed, to the consternation of the clerical party, that out of a population of thirty-eight million nominal Catholics, scarcely

three and a half million attended church or confession at all, and these were mostly women and children. A city of over twenty thousand Catholic population reported only three men at the Christmas confession, and it was even hinted that these three had submitted to it to please their wives or mothers-in-law. In a word, France is tired of popery as a religion, and of the papacy as a political organization, and if the present ministry or Parliament went down, it would be replaced by a more radical one. Sensible Frenchmen blush when they realize that for over a millennium the throne of the popes was practically propped by French monarchical bayonets against the wishes of the Romans, and that most of the Roman rebellions against the iniquitous misgovernment of the pontiffs were put down by French monarchical aid—including the crushing of the Roman republic in 1849—down to 1870, when Napoleon III collapsed under the German invasion. Then only was the last French garrison withdrawn from the Eternal City, and the Romans, left to themselves, hastened to vote for annexation to United Italy. So it is now over thirty-six years since France, delivered from the monarchy, ceased also to be the humble servant of the papacy and started in earnest on her independent, glorious career. The abolition of the embassy at the Vatican and the disestablishment of the church are only the natural consequence of national liberty, the last touch to the lasting edifice erected by the French republic.

Now, in conclusion, is it asked what the practical results of this final divorce between France and the papacy can be? They are many and far reaching. Among them may be mentioned the definite consolidation of republicanism in France and its eventual and inevitable triumph over monarchism throughout Europe. This conflict between the republic and the papacy has brought about a hearty and lasting reconciliation between France and Italy, the latter having no worse enemy than the papacy in Rome and throughout the world. A great burden has been lifted from the French taxpayers, who had hitherto to contribute to the support of an ecclesiastical machinery which they hated and despised. It is true that a state salaried ministry had also its advantages. It rendered the minister independent of the local ecclesiastical

bosses and moneyed members, it made rich and poor equal in the church, and a pastor and preacher could afford really to be fearless in his preaching and in the exercise of discipline. The duties and privileges of the pastor were clearly defined in the community, and there was no place for underhand intrigues. But the new regime will call for more personal energy on the part of rich and poor and develop the spirit of enterprise and self-support. It may even quicken the remains of French Catholicism into a new life, after the pattern of Catholicism in the United States. But the question of the unity of Romanism as a universal institution is now pending. There is no telling what shape it may take in France. It may possibly develop into an independent, liberal, national Gallican movement from which Popes and Jesuits will be excluded, with a national council of bishops vested with supreme authority in ecclesiastical matters, and the abolition of compulsory celibacy. Other organizations, like the Old Catholic Church, may also benefit, as may the French Apostolic Church recently organized in Paris by Archbishop Vilatte, who received his orders from the patriarch of Antioch, successor of Saint Peter. The real head of this French Apostolic Church, however, is a distinguished layman, M. Des Houx, who seems now somewhat anxious to drop Vilatte, on some technicalities that make the latter *persona non grata* to the more than thirty priests and parishes connected with this movement, which is continually gaining ground in Paris and in some of the provinces. The vast majority of French nominal Catholics, however, will simply be nothing for the time being, until they can choose freely whatever form of religious thought may appeal most strongly to their mentality. Many will, no doubt, join the ranks of Protestantism if the churches and missions of France awake to their opportunity, and if the sympathy and help of their foreign Protestant friends is not denied them. The heroic Huguenot churches that did so valiantly for centuries amid the most unrelenting persecutions and privations cannot fail to win new laurels and trophies for Christ under the bright republican sun of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." In round numbers, according to the French Protestant Year Book (Agenda Annuaire Protestant), the Protestant population of France is a little over

the half million: Reformed Church of France, 560,000; Lutherans, 80,000; other religious bodies—Wesleyans, Baptists, Free churches, McAll and other missions—about 10,000. Thus, though in a small minority if compared with the total population, the Protestants of France constitute a magnificent reserve force from which to draw an almost unlimited number of pastors, evangelists, and missionary workers qualified and willing to work for the moral and spiritual redemption of their countrymen. The disintegration of Romanism in France is truly the "open door" prognosticated by Bishop Burt, and it may lead to most eventful consequences. Will American Methodism enter France in earnest as she did Italy? All the indications are that she will.

For the papacy, therefore, the outcome of this quarrel can only be disastrous. The example of France bids fair to be followed by other nations, the times are maturing, and the spiritual downfall of the papacy is drawing nigh. It will be a far greater event for the world at large than was the fall of its temporal power in 1870, and the apocalyptic prophecies of Rev. 18. 9, and 19. 2, shall be accomplished.

T. D. Malan

ART. II.—THE LATEST METHODIST UNION

EACH Ecumenical Conference serves as a landmark in the movement toward Methodist union. In 1881 there were represented four Canadian Methodist Churches. By 1891 their number had been reduced to one—the only reduction to be reported in their statistics, for in all other respects there had been a notable enlargement. At the time of the 1891 Conference Methodism in Australia existed in four sections. It was announced by the Rev. James Berry in his speech at City Road, in 1901, that all these had been united in "The Methodist Church of Australia." In 1901 the English Methodist members of this world-assembly came from seven different churches. When the Ecumenical Conference of 1911 calls its roll responses will be heard from five only, and yet no section of English Methodism will be ignored. There are four years yet before the completion of the decade, and it may be that before that date there will be news to report from the western side of the Atlantic. But at any rate, the union of the Methodist New Connection, the Bible Christians, and the United Methodist Free Churches, accomplished in September, 1907, will be the most important event, of the period, to be chronicled in Eastern Methodism. This amalgamation illustrates the fact that a large undertaking is sometimes easier to carry out than a small one. From 1863 to 1868, and again from 1888 to 1891 negotiations were in progress for the union of the New Connection and the Free Churches, and from 1868 to 1870 for that of the New Connection and the Bible Christians, but without result. Now that for the first time a serious attempt has been made to secure the union of all three bodies, it has succeeded almost without a hitch.

If I were to try to recount in detail the history of the formation of these three denominations, it is likely that the susceptibilities of some excellent men would be offended. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires," and, although the present generation knows of the earlier controversies of Methodism only as records printed in books, there exists a keen feeling of jealousy lest un-

favorable reflections should be made upon the character or wisdom of the fathers. But everyone nowadays is at least prepared to make the general admission that in these old conflicts mistakes were committed on both sides, and that if all the consequences had been foreseen, the course of Methodist history might have been very different. Yet it is possible to state briefly the causes of these divisions, even though one refrains from comment on the methods of either the conservative or the reforming party. The establishment of the Methodist New Connection in 1797—just a century ago, it will be noted—sprang out of the troubled conditions which followed Wesley's death in 1791. Of the ecclesiastical constitution Wesley bequeathed to Methodism it might have been said that "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." The relation of subordination to the Church of England could only be temporary. It could not long be tolerated that members of the Methodist Society should be required to attend at the parish church for baptism and the Lord's Supper, and that Methodist services should be limited to the hours when the parish church was closed. Concessions were made in these respects after much agitation, but the clerically constituted Conference refused to share its authority with laymen in any degree. That was the first rock on which English Methodism split. Alexander Kilham, William Thom, and the other reforming leaders who met in Ebenezer Chapel, Leeds, on August 9, 1797, and formed the Methodist New Connection, carried with them about 5,000 members. The second in chronological order of the three bodies now united was rather an independent growth than a secession. William O'Bryan —whose remains now lie in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, under the name of William Bryan—was a Methodist local preacher who at the beginning of the last century carried on a vigorous evangelistic campaign in the neglected districts of North Cornwall and Devon. He permanently established several new preaching stations, but his irregular zeal was frowned upon by the local Wesleyan ministers. On his exclusion from membership, and at the request of some of his converts, he formed a society of twenty-two persons at Lake Farm-house, Shebbear, Devon, on October 9,

1815. His followers were first known as Bryanites, afterward as "Bible Christians," which was applied to them on account of the prominence given to the Bible in their instructions. Their first Conference was not held until 1818. The United Methodist Free Churches date from 1857. They were formed by a union of churches owing their origin to the vehement conflicts which shook Methodism for several decades after the first secession. They included the Protestant Methodists (1827), the Wesleyan Association (1835), and the Wesleyan Reformers (1849). The occasion of the first of these latter separations was a dispute about the erection of an organ in a chapel against the wish of the majority of the members, that of the second was a proposed scheme for ministerial training, and that of the third was the publication of a series of anonymous pamphlets. In each instance the real cause was the growth within Methodism of a spirit that would no longer brook clerical control, especially as exercised by the dominant authority of those days, Dr. Jabez Bunting. The significant story of these years may be read in the pages of Dr. Benjamin Gregory's Side-lights on the Conflicts of Methodism. The difference that the last of these secessions made to the parent church may be realized when it is stated that during the five years of this agitation it lost no less than 100,000 members, a large number of whom fell away from religious fellowship altogether. The names most prominently associated with these movements were those of Samuel Warren and Robert Eckett in 1835, and James Everett, Samuel Dunn, and William Griffith in 1849.

The three churches whose early history I have now outlined have had a vigorous and useful career. The New Connection has flourished mainly in the Midlands and the North, and the strength of the Free Churches has been in the same districts with the addition of the eastern counties and London. The Bible Christians have worked principally among the smaller populations of the western counties. Both the New Connection and the Bible Christians made a valuable contribution to Methodist union in Canada and the Bible Christians to that in Australia. All three denominations have entered the China mission field—the New Connection in Shantung and Chile, the Bible Christians in Yunnan (includ-

ing the Miao tribes), and the Free Churches in the Ningpo and Wenchow districts. The Free Churches have also extended their operations to Jamaica and to East and West Africa. The statistics of these three denominations as far as their home churches are concerned are as follows:

	Ministers	Lay Preachers	Members	Church Buildings
Methodist New Connection..	204	1,123	42,317	457
Bible Christians..............	205	1,534	33,000	644
United Methodist Free Church..	424	2,979	85,603	1,331

The new united church will, consequently, have a total membership of about 161,000, and its numerical position in relation to British Methodism as a whole may be estimated by comparison with the membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, reported as 536,612, and of the Primitive Methodists, namely, 205,407. It would be unpardonable, in even the briefest notice of the work of these churches, to refrain from mention of a few of the names distinguished in their history. In addition to the founders the Methodists of the New Connection claim William Cooke, James Stacey, Samuel Hulme and John Innocent; the Bible Christians, James Thorne, William Reed, John Hicks Eynon, James Way and Frederick William Bourne; and the United Methodist Free Churches, John Guttridge, Marmaduke Miller, Thomas Wakefield and Charles New. Among the laymen who were members of one or other of these churches were Billy Bray, the Cornish miner; Abraham Lockwood, the "Bishop of Berry Brow," and John Ashworth, the author of Strange Tales from Humble Life.

It is now time to summarize the history of the union movement which has just had so successful a termination. It was started by a resolution of the Ecumenical Conference of 1901 commending the subject to the "serious consideration" of the churches of the eastern section. The Conferences of these three denominations in 1902 confirmed this resolution and appointed representatives to a joint committee. This committee submitted to the Conferences of 1903 an encouraging report, which was heartily adopted. The circuit or quarterly meetings of each denomination were then asked to declare whether they approved (1) the general

proposal of union with the two other churches, if found practicable, and (2) an effort being made to draft a constitution. An affirmative answer to these inquiries was given by an average of 93 per cent, about one half of the remaining 7 per cent being neutral. The joint committee then proceeded with its work, and drew up a constitution which was approved by the Conferences of 1905 contingent on the verdict of the circuit meetings. These were again overwhelmingly in favor, and the draft constitution was finally adopted by the Conferences of 1906. To avoid the possibility of such troubles as marred the recent Presbyterian union in Scotland it was decided to secure the passing through Parliament of a private bill enabling the three churches to unite under certain conditions—the first bill of the kind ever introduced into the British Parliament. This bill passed all its stages and received the royal assent in the summer of 1907.

The new organization will bear the name of the United Methodist Church. The joint committee proposed the Union Methodist Church, but this suggestion proved unpopular and was thrown out by each of the three Conferences. Several other names were proposed and dismissed, including the Liberal Methodist Church, the New Methodist Church, and the Presbyterian Methodist Church. The conditions of membership are officially stated to be "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, evidenced by a life in harmony therewith, and by attendance at the Lord's Supper, together with the practice of Christian fellowship, as provided for in the class meeting or such other means of grace and Christian ordinances as may be recognized from time to time in the United Methodist Church." The only important theological change is that the doctrine of eternal punishment is dropped, being superseded by the statement that they that have done evil shall come forth unto the resurrection of condemnation. It is provided, by the way, that both the doctrines and the constitution are subject to revision every tenth year, but that no alteration can then be effected unless it has been previously approved by a majority of the votes of the circuit meetings and by a three-fourths majority of two successive Conferences. The itinerancy is retained, with four years as the normal limit of a ministerial term.

A two-thirds majority of the circuit meeting is necessary for continuance beyond that period, and extension beyond the seventh year must have the sanction of Conference by special resolution. The crux of the ecclesiastical problem was the status of the ministry in relation to official meetings. In the old United Methodist Free Church constitution the chairmanship of the various meetings within a circuit was elective, whereas in the two other churches the ministers presided ex officio. It is now provided that the superintendent minister, if present, shall be the chairman of all circuit and church meetings, and that in circuits worked sectionally the minister to whose care a particular church is allocated shall preside at the church meetings, but that otherwise the chairman of a meeting shall be elected by its members. The Annual Conference will be composed of ministers and laymen, with equal authority and as nearly as possible in equal numbers. It will consist of twenty-four guardian representatives holding office as such for six years, of certain denominational officers and representatives of denominational institutions, and of 300 representatives of the district meetings. The functions of the district meetings will be entirely advisory to the Conference. Disparities in minimum salary, in allowances for children, and in arrangements for superannuation have been satisfactorily overcome, and it is hoped that a Thanksgiving Fund will enable conditions to be equalized all around.

Many glowing forecasts have been made of the results that are to be expected from this amalgamation. Some of the most enthusiastic of its advocates have been supporting their predictions by the story of the remarkable results which have followed the Canadian union, but there is obviously no sufficient justification for expecting in England a duplication of what happened in the Dominion under very different conditions. In Canada the opening of new settlements in the West was calling for a religious provision which the various Methodist Churches were attempting to undertake separately at a cost of men and means that they could not afford, inasmuch as the population of the newly opened region was too thin to supply a membership for each of them. Future extensions in England, on the other hand, will be in crowded dis-

tricts where there is little fear of ruinous "competition." In Canada, again, the union was on a sufficiently large scale to decrease immensely the existing "overlapping" in small townships. But the union just effected in England will be comparatively little felt in village Methodism: there will remain in a large number of country places the "overlapping" of two or more Methodist churches, and this condition will be ended by nothing short of a combination into one body of the whole of English Methodism. Something will be gained by the enlarged scope henceforth offered to certain of the institutions of the uniting churches. Their colleges and schools, for example, will have more extended opportunities of usefulness, and the Deaconess Home established in one of them will enter upon a widened area of service.

But the main significance of this union in the history of English Methodism will be like that of each successive international arbitration in the history of the peace movement. As every additional instance of the settlement of disputes without war makes the public mind more readily inclined to dispose of the next controversy in the same pacific fashion, so it is as an object-lesson of the possibility of organic religious union and as an evidence of the tendency in this direction that the formation of the United Methodist Church will be of most account. It is something to show that Matthew Arnold's sneer at "the dissidence of Dissent" belongs to a past era. In this connection it means not a little that the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church should have passed a resolution congratulating these three bodies upon their union, and that the Primitive Methodists should also have taken a keen interest in the amalgamation. Several leading Primitive Methodists have indeed, unofficially, expressed their regret that their own church is not a party to the scheme, and it would not be surprising if this latest union should be followed not many years hence by negotiations for the combination into one body of all those sections of Methodism which favor a less clerical constitution than that of the parent church.

Herbert W. Horwill

Art. III.—AMUSEMENTS

It is the imperative duty of every minister of the gospel to know the character and quality of the times in which he lives. In no other way can he possibly be fitted to discharge the duties of his high office. Just as really now as in ancient days God's word to his minister is, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and if thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his way, . . . the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." This word of God is no less authoritative in A. D. 1907 than it was in the year 593 B. C. To this word each and every pastor ought to give the most careful heed. It is impossible to shift, or in any way avoid responsibility, so long as one holds the place of a watchman by divine appointment. But it must be evident to all that one cannot discharge such an important duty unless he be intelligent in regard to conditions and environment. He must know the dangers that threaten, and he must be alert to recognize all enemies of righteousness, and sound the alarm when they threaten, and undertake to thwart the plans of God for the salvation of men and the subjugation of this world to Christ.

No one can doubt, certainly no one who has observed the developments of human activities for the last fifty years can doubt that in many respects they have been the most memorable fifty years in the history of the world. There is not a continent, nor a country, and scarcely an island of the seas and oceans that has not been the scene of extraordinary activities. We are not living in the same world in which men lived fifty years ago. Notice the explorations that have been carried on in these years, explorations that have left not a single habitable part of the earth unvisited by men in pursuit of wealth, or knowledge, or fame. Notice how the great powers of Christendom have partitioned the vast continent of Africa. Meanwhile these nations have established a wonderfully prolific commerce, and have gone forward in the

work of colonization until Africa, which, from the time of Herodotus until very recent years, was an unknown part of the world, has now been traversed in all its length and breadth by brave and adventuresome Christian white men, and its deepest and darkest mysteries have been laid open to the gaze of the civilized nations. Think of a railroad running from the mouth of the Nile, from the city founded by, and named for, Alexander the Great, only now lacking a thousand miles or such a matter to connect it with the road running north from Capetown, and so making a continuous road of five thousand miles from north to south, with a branch down the valley of the Congo, and another down the valley of the Zambesi, and so laying a cross of steel on the breast of the long neglected continent. Meanwhile telegraph lines will be established on every mile of the main line and its branches, and the crossbar of each telegraph make a complete cross, whose shadow by starlight, and moonlight, and sunlight will rest upon the soil of this continent in which the Lord Jesus took refuge from the murderous jealousy of Herod. And notice, furthermore, the magnificent achievements of the Christian churches in the propagation of the gospel—more done in these last fifty years than in the last five hundred years to proclaim in many lands and to many people the unsearchable riches of the plan of redemption, by which a holy and righteous God can offer salvation to every soul of man. China, Korea, Japan, India, Africa, all of the western hemisphere, and a thousand islands are open, open as they never were before, to the heralds of salvation. Notice, again, that not a Christian nation now tolerates slavery. No serfs in Russia, no slaves in our own fair land, and liberty proclaimed for millions who fifty years ago could not lay claim to the possession of any right or privilege of freemen. Surely it is a great and glorious epoch of human history in which we are living. The grandeur of achievements already realized, the sublime prospects ahead, are well-nigh appalling in their immeasurable influence upon the destiny of the race.

God's watchmen do well to observe carefully the signs of the times. They must do so if they would fulfill their mission. They must do so or forfeit the confidence of God and man. But the thoughtful and diligent watchman must see that amid all these

wonderful developments, and this pronounced progress in many respects, and this universal awakening of humanity, and this persistent triumph of mind over matter, and this utilization of the forces of nature for the uplift and benefit of the human race, there is abundant cause for anxiety if not alarm. We need not go outside of our own country to discover that, at the present time, there is a drift or tendency in the wrong direction. From one end of the land to the other there are developments that are discouraging in regard to the experiment of self-government. Charges of crime are brought against senators, and one at least is sent from the senate chamber of the United States to the penitentiary. Not a few of our cities are under the domination of corrupt politicians. Graft, which is a modern term for theft, is quite too common. Monopolists, that defraud the poor, and crush legitimate competitors, and pile up hundreds of millions of their ill-gotten gains, find a way of escape from the penalties of the law, even when the laws are supposed to be enforced. We do not need to go to Paris, or London, or Vienna to find gilded and luxurious vice. We have it in our own cities, and one of the saddest features of it all is the wreckage of homes that often results; then the ruin of multitudes of young women and girls; then the murders and suicides that follow the carousals of infamy; then the worthless and worse than worthless lives that many of our wealthy people exhibit in the pursuit of pleasure, of self-indulgence, of soul and body pampering, and we see a tendency too often influential over multitudes of the less wealthy classes that is harmful to the last degree. Things and conditions like these were precursors of the awful scenes of the French revolution. The rottenness of crime, however gilded, or lust, however adorned, or bestiality, however elegant, is a most wretched foundation upon which to build a stable and enduring structure of either a government of the people, or of social life. There can be no doubt that since the beginning of the last fifty years there has been a decided lowering of the moral standards in many respects. The average man does not hold himself bound to recognize the validity and authority of the Ten Commandments. In point of fact, some of our so-called religious teachers have assumed to tell us that the Decalogue is altogether too

archaic for these modern times; that we are not living under law, but under the sway of love, and the "shall" and the "shall not" of this antique Old Testament code does not find any place in these modern times. It would be most extraordinary if under all these conditions the Christian churches were not seriously affected. Most certainly they are affected, and that to an extent that may well create anxiety in the minds of all good people. There is a drift in the direction of worldliness that is greatly to be deplored. Multitudes of church members have a much lower standard of ethics than formerly. They tolerate indulgence in worldly things for themselves and others which does not seem at all compatible with the vows they have voluntarily assumed, nor with what is supposed to be in harmony with a really Christian life. This drift manifests itself in various ways, but especially in a certain pronounced conformity to the customs, and fashions, and ways of unconverted and nonchurchgoing people. This drift has a well-defined quality of lawlessness. It allows nearly all sorts of Sabbath desecration in the form of neglecting the worship of God in the sanctuary; it makes the Sabbath a day for pleasure excursions, visiting, and idleness; it wants to play golf and tennis and other games on the Sabbath, and makes light of the laws that are on the statute books that seek to conserve one day in seven for the worship of God, and for the rest and refreshment of body and mind, and for the special benefit of those who must toil six days in every week to support themselves and those dependent upon them for the seven days of every week. They seem to forget, or be utterly careless of the fact, that it is a violation of any and every man's rights, and contrary to the plan and purpose of our heavenly Father, to oblige a man to work more than six days for a seven days' support. These people seem to have absolutely no reverence for law. They might well ponder the words of that wonderful man Abraham Lincoln where he says: "Let reverence for the laws be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor,

the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars." What a blessed thing it would be for this country if all our people would give heed to these wise and timely words of this great and heroic man! And what wonderful results would follow if all Christian people would thus obey the laws of their respective churches, and so set an example to all other classes of people.

But we must with great sorrow of heart confess that our own church has not escaped the contagion of worldliness that is so apparent in well nigh every community. The drift has greatly affected us, and never more so than at the present time. True, our numbers were never so great, our wealth never so abundant, our mission work at home and abroad never better supported, our social and public influence never so powerful as now; but we lack the grip on the hearts and consciences of men; we are not the aggressive spiritual force we ought to be; we find in our great cities a constant tendency to abandon the downtown churches, and forget in our anxiety for the heathen that we have hundreds of thousands in some of our cities that are fully as much in need of the gospel, and quite as well worth saving, and vastly more necessary for the perpetuity of our republic than any heathen people on the face of the earth.

There must be a remedy for this, and the remedy is within the reach of our people. The first and obvious thing that should be done is to hold on to our downtown churches, and put in their pulpits men of ability suited to the work that is to be done. It needs men who can preach and command the ear of the public. It needs men who know how to pray, and hold on in prayer with Elijah until they see the cloud of mercy gather for their relief. It needs men who are gloriously and tremendously saved. It needs men who believe in God and the Bible, in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, in the Holy Spirit whose office is to enlighten, convict, and persuade sinful men. Are there any such men in our church? If not, may God speedily raise them up, great, brave, dauntless men, ready to live or die, but forever bent on winning souls. If we have them already, then plant them in these most needy centers, and let them live among the people, and let them be well supported,

and whether we extend our foreign work or not, let us save the great cities, for we may be sure that if they are not saved, the millennium will be postponed for centuries.

Again, the drift of worldliness is manifest in the insistent attempt to indulge in various forms of amusement and diversions that devout and earnest Christians do not approve, and in which they do not indulge. In our own church three things may be specified that are not allowed to our members, all of which they are supposed to renounce when they unite with the church and take upon themselves the required vows. These things are the dance, card playing or games of chance, and theater going. By the General Conference of 1872 this supreme legislative body embodied its views in the well-known and much-discussed paragraph 248, in which paragraph dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theaters, and many other misdemeanors are placed on the prohibited list. Every person on joining the church in full connection is asked this question: "Will you cheerfully be governed by the Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church?" etc., and the answer is, "I will." And the paragraph already mentioned embodies the rule of the church in regard to the three things now under consideration. Thus every member is pledged before men and angels, and before God, to abstain from these prohibited amusements. And yet we find that good men, and even some who are prominent in the church, express the opinion that it was a mistake to insert this paragraph in our Discipline. It is said that it would be quite sufficient to say that we are to abstain from all amusements and diversions that "cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." And then let each person follow the course that his conscience appproves. It seems to be forgotten, by persons who advocate these views, that the consciences of some church members appear to be seared as with a hot iron; and when this is not the case they are so weak that they are liable to make a wrong decision in favor of indulgence when the temptation is adroitly and skillfully presented. Then it is a lamentable fact that a good many professing Christians lose their first experience of salvation. The world allures them, friends tempt them, the soul has lost its relish for divine things, and like the Hebrews when escaped from Egyp-

tian bondage, they still remember some of the things they once enjoyed when they were impenitent sinners, and, longing for them, they turn away from their best ideals of a Christian life, and seek for comfort and diversion in the beggarly elements of the world. Then the thought is not infrequently presented that it is not compatible with personal freedom and not at all wise legislation to specify some things and leave out some others, or, at least, only include them in the most general and indefinite terms. Would it not be well for this class of persons to remember that their views seem to contravene the methods of the All-Wise Lawgiver of the universe? Take, for instance, the Decalogue. It contains requirements that are very specific. Some of them say "Thou shalt" and others say "Thou shalt not" and in both cases the commands are intensely specific. It seems certain that if some of the objectors to Paragraph 248 had been permitted to make suggestions when the Decalogue was written they would have advised that this detailed form of specific rules and regulations be set aside, and the command "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself" substituted in place of the Ten Commandments. If we turn to the New Testament, we shall certainly find that the Great Teacher did not object to the detailed and specific requirements of the Decalogue, but he explained, intensified, and enforced them in all respects. True, quoting from Moses, he summed them all up in the greatest commandment of all; but at the same time he commanded prayer, and almsgiving, and fasting as among the things required of his followers.

The ethics of the Bible have to do with the minutest actions and the most secret thoughts of men. The good are specifically approved and the bad disapproved. And it would be well if we would modestly hesitate to improve, or even suggest improvements to, the laws of God. Besides all this we know very well that all governments make specific laws to fit all sorts of crimes and wrongdoing. The things prohibited are named and the suitable penalty is fixed according to the gravity of the crime. And the same principle applies in family government. It would be a short and easy way to adjust matters for the father, endorsed by the

mother, to say to the children, "Now be good and you will be happy," and then leave it all to their whims, and to their untrained consciences, with full permission to do as they pleased. There must be certain things required and others prohibited in every well-regulated home and household. It will never do to adopt any other course of administration in our church laws and regulations. To have any real and efficient guide for Christian conduct, as the world is now constituted, we must have a clearly defined code, and specific penalties must be affixed to each and every violation of law. No advantage will be gained by the claim that certain laws are not enforced. That many good laws on the statute books of all civilized communities are broken, or poorly enforced, is no good reason for their elimination. It will never do to adopt the policy of repealing any of our laws concerning moral conduct because some of our members break these laws. There is certainly a better way. If such a policy should be adopted, it would be the beginning of the end so far as genuine spiritual power and religious influence are concerned.

But why, it may be asked, should not the three forms of amusement now under consideration be prohibited? Is any one of them at all calculated to promote the growth of the Christian life? Is any one of them at all helpful to holy aspirations and spiritual activity? Is there anything in either of them that can aid in the slightest degree when one has a desire to become more and more like Christ? Will they make the Christian, who indulges in them, more efficient in promoting all moral reforms, and in winning souls? Only one answer can be given to these questions, and that is an emphatic and eternal No. Let us be instructed concerning these amusements by the candid and dispassionate opinions of men of wide experience and observation. Take the dance as the first item to be considered:

> Fashionable dances as now carried on are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest danger to millions.
>
> The gross, debasing waltz would not be tolerated for another year if Christian mothers in our communion would only set their faces against it, and remove their daughters from its contaminations, and their sons from that contempt of womanhood and womanly modesty which it

> begets. Alas! that women professing to follow Christ and godliness should not rally for the honor of their sex and drive these shameless dances from society.
>
> It is no accident that the dance is what it is. It mingles the sexes in such closeness of personal approach and contact as outside of the dance is nowhere tolerated in respectable society. It does this under a complexity of circumstances that conspire to heighten the impropriety of it. It is evening, and the hour is late; there is a delicious and unconscious intoxication of music and motion in the blood; there is a strange, confusing sense of being individually unobserved among so many, while yet the natural "noble shame" which guards the purity of man and woman alone together is absent. Fashionable dances, as now carried on, are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest danger to millions.

But why need more be said in regard to the dances and dancing of the present day? It would defile the pages of any respectable publication to describe them in detail, and the continued drift seems to be from bad to worse. The orgies of masked balls, and the Moulin Rouge, and in nearly all the great cities of Christendom will rival the shameful dissipation of the cities buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, or of those buried beneath the waves of the Dead Sea. No surer and shorter way to utter defilement and ruin can be found than in the dance.

At first glimpse one might suppose that card playing might be an innocent and mild form of amusement for weak-minded people, and for idle and indolent persons. But the truth is that many who seem to have a fair share of intellectual capacity, and who might better be employed in some useful occupation, are most persistently engaged in games of chance, especially in card playing. In these modern times cards are the most common utensil of gamblers. But gamblers are closely related to thieves. When successful they take from others what does not belong to them without making just recompense. It seems to be a mild form of robbery, for personal violence is not resorted to in taking unlawful possession of property that is not one's own. One of the worst features of this game of cards is that women, and many of them women of wealth and leisure if not of refinement, gamble with cards. And, indeed, it is to be feared that some professing Christian women play cards for "prizes" when they would shrink from playing for money. Why should it surprise anyone that our

church forbids all games of chance? for, even when the games are not for money, the natural and inevitable tendency is to countenance and encourage gambling in all its worst forms.

It is simply legitimate to expect that our church would condemn the theater. But no reasonable person would venture the assertion that all theaters, and all actors, and all plays are alike. At the same time it is absolutely certain that most plays of the present day are tainted with vileness, and that actors and actresses are not as a class distinguished for their high-toned morality. And it is equally clear that the average theater is not a place where the people go to learn lessons in pure morals. So it happens that the theater as an institution is to be condemned, and Christian people ought never to enter the doors of a playhouse to witness the performances. It is well to remember that intelligent men in widely different walks of life have condemned the theater in most emphatic terms. We do well to give heed to the opinions of competent judges: "But one does not need to be a Puritan in order to see the evil of such filth as the New York stage is reeking with just now. It is an offense against common decency, a disgrace to the manhood and womanhood that are offered this dramatic offal in apparent confidence that it will be relished." "These entertainments are indecent, are meant to be such, and are advertised in the expectation of drawing the patronage of those who like indecency. They are not fit to be seen by reputable women, and their accessibility to the young is an outrage." Long ago Plato declared that "plays raise and pervert the passions, and are dangerous to morality." Aristotle, the great philosopher, says: "The law ought to forbid young people the seeing of comedies till they are proof against debauchery." And it was a Roman who said: "Comedy subsists on lewdness." In harmony with these views are the opinions of many eminent Protestant divines. One calls the theater "the chair of pestilence"; another, "a cage of uncleanness and a public school of debauchery"; another, "the devil's chapel, a nursery of licentiousness and vice." And our own John Wesley says: "The theater not only saps the foundation of all religion, but also tends to drinking and debauchery." Some high-minded actors agree perfectly with the clergymen and others already

quoted. Macready, a famous actor in his day, says: "None of my children shall ever with my consent, or on any pretense, enter a theater, or have any visiting connections with actors or actresses." Edwin Booth, one of the most celebrated actors of the last fifty years, says: "I never permit my wife and daughter to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character." Sothern, for years a distinguished actor, says: "I have known some of our best performers who have found it necessary to first attend and see a play before they would allow their wives and daughters to go." Quotations such as these might be cited by the score. The secular press utters its opinions in no uncertain manner. A few of these opinions may well be quoted: "The two great plagues which threaten American society today are the sensational press and the sensational theater. . . . The scheme is to make money by pandering to vice, at the cost of the wholesale demoralization of the youth who are to be the backbone of the American nation in the future. The policy is not only diabolical but fatuous." "With one exception the plays of the past ten years are vicious. Most of them are prurient. Most of them turn on marital infelicities and infidelities, or supposed infidelities. Few modern plays are clean, and the dirt in them is very dirty dirt. . . . The modern play is flat and flippant, sensual, earthly, devilish." These quotations are not made from the utterances of sickly, sentimental doctrinaires and pietists, but from men who know the facts concerning which they testify. Surely, then, the time has come when, as never before, our church should emphasize its opposition to the dance, to games of chance, and to the theater; and, at the same time, hold firmly to its policy of prohibition. Eminent saints have been in complete harmony with this avowed and recorded policy of our church. We need not mention the living, though there are thousands upon thousands of our self-sacrifice and heroic Methodist ministers and hosts of our godly members who stand by this policy, and whose garments are without spot or wrinkle; and with them are arrayed the saintly ones who have won their crowns and palms, and are with the innumerable company in the presence of Jesus. Would that their spirit and example might fill and thrill all our people. If that

could be, how would our church, the wide world round, arise and shine and follow Christ in all his wonder-working power as he marches forth for the conquest of this world. Surely, it must be granted that persons who indulge in these prohibited amusements are not, as a rule, active, influential and spiritually minded workers in the church; indeed, they add but very little if anything to the supreme work of the church. And it cannot be that the unsaved can have any confidence in the religious life of those who indulge in these amusements. A dying sinner trembling on the brink of eternity would not ask the prayers of such a church member; nor would a convicted sinner go to such a person for help and guidance; nor would the children of such a person have faith in their father's or mother's prayers. There must be a separation from the world; a resolute, uncompromising refusal to yield to the sad drift of worldliness that impinges on the church of today.

Our church does not stand alone in its opposition to these three unworthy, immoral, vicious, and unchristian amusements. With very few, if any, exceptions the evangelical denominations, in more or less vigorous terms, denounce them, and they are prohibited by many of these denominations. It is an undisputed fact that people who really lead praying lives, who are filled with the Spirit, whose life and words are in harmony with the requirements of the gospel, who seek above all things else the glory of God and the salvation of sinners, do not indulge in these amusements. They do not say "We will make our selection of the plays and the places. We will not go to the vile and outrageously disreputable resorts, we will discriminate, and occasionally go to a respectable (?) place, and witness a clean (?) play." *No, no.* Those who follow closely in the footsteps of the Master will be careful to avoid even the appearance of evil. They will give no man any occasion to doubt the sincerity, honesty, and reality of their religious experience as manifest in their daily lives. When they were under conviction for sin they saw clearly that these amusements were wrong; and when they were converted, and knew that their sins were all forgiven, they had no desire, no relish for these amusements. Downright, out-and-out Methodists, when in the enjoyment of personal salvation, when they can read their

title clear to mansions in the skies, and hold constant communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, have not a vestige of desire for these wretched amusements. They will not be beguiled by these most miserable devices of Satan; they will stand square and true to the vows they have taken in the presence of men, and angels, and of the Triune God.

This article cannot close without an earnest, loving and tender word of persuasion addressed to all our preachers and people to obey to the letter every item of Paragraph 248, and use every proper, and wise, and legitimate means to retain it in our Discipline, remembering this: that if we as a people will keep ourselves clean from these idols, if we will emulate the lofty example of our honored dead, live lives that are not dominated by any form of worldliness, if we will renew our vows of consecration and serve God with glad and willing hearts, if we will leave all and follow Jesus fully and constantly, if each will set about the great work of doing everything possible to save the precious souls for whom our Redeemer died on the cruel cross of Calvary, then God will honor us, good angels will help us, unspeakable joy will crown our days and make glad our nights, and the hosts of heaven will constantly celebrate the triumphs of the gospel, as the news goes up to the throne that every hour of every year this world-encircling church of ours has bowing at her altars truly penitent sinners, who through faith are being saved and are having their names recorded in the Lamb's book of life.

W. F. Mallalieu

ART. IV.—THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE

EVERY pastor in the first work of his ministry is met by the old question, Why do people not go to church? In a small town he is soon able to know who attend church and who do not, and it becomes a matter of incomprehensible surprise that there is so large a number who apparently give no heed whatever to the church. That surprise could be easily explained were the non-churchgoing class confined to the openly wicked; but instead of this there are found respectable, well-loved men and women who seldom or never enter the church. Religion seems to be as devoid of interest to them as Bishop Turner's scheme for African colonization or the social laws of prehistoric man. They give to local charities, they stand for law, they are sympathetic and kind, but the church is no acknowledged factor in their lives.

Searching for some answer to this problem, one reaches two conclusions. First, many of these indifferent people conceive that they are performing their duty toward themselves and others. Of course their data and means of determining what they name as a duty are imperfect. But many are as true to their convictions as the average Christian is, though in the matter of a religious life they have no conviction for or against it. Secondly, man's volitional activities are always preceded by a sufficient and determining motive, and he who goes to church or he who does not has a reason for it. The reason may be to others wholly insufficient, or no more than an excuse; yet whatever the degree of merit, it is the motive from which springs the activity or inactivity. This being true, the question becomes one of subjective determining influences, and a study of these phenomena leads to philosophy. There may be a philosophy with no religion, but there can be no religion without philosophy. Philosophy is no more than the endeavor to explain the imminent rationality of life, and every person, having of necessity some view of life, is to that extent a philosopher. The greatest questions of philosophy, Who are we? Whence come we? For what purpose? Whither do we go? are the great questions of religion. Every man answers

them; not always didactically or even consciously to himself, but the quality and character of his life represent what he conceives to be the general meaning of life. A study of the life of a man is therefore a study of his philosophy, and any explanation of why he acts as he does involves the most fundamental functions of his nature. If we knew the man thoroughly, we would know why he is a Christian or why he is not; and if many persons were thus known, some practical principles might be discovered. Applied religion has too often been studied only from the pulpit end of the church, to the neglect of valuable secrets in the pews. The data necessary for a view of the church from the standpoint of the people cannot be obtained except from individuals who will frankly declare wherein to them the church is most at fault. Martineau says that it is not "possible to treat of ethics [a fortiori religion also] at all without continual reference, direct or indirect, to psychological experience." Nor is it possible to learn why the church fails to win men unless we view the church as the indifferent men do. Literally, this is impossible, but psychologically it is approximately possible. We cannot put ourselves in the place of another man, it is his by virtue of his distinct personality, but we can with some degree of accuracy discover our own subjective selves and communicate the data to one another. If we knew the true views of many Christians and non-Christians, and the reasons why they came to be as they are, we would have sufficient concrete knowledge to permit helpful deductions.

Believing this, I have made it a practice during my ministry to learn from all classes of people, by personal interviews and printed questions, what they conceived to be the strength and weakness of the various functions of the church. An endeavor has been made to secure facts from somewhat uniform numbers of persons in the various grades of life when only the general perspective was desired. Special questions were, of course, directed to those who could give particular information, such as those respecting the laboring man, the college man, the poor, the rich, and the like. Only partial results and general conclusions can be given within the limits of this paper. The data concerning age, race, occupation, place of residence and circumstances,

whether poor or rich, do not reveal any special relation to the religious life. It appears that the poor, equally with the moderately circumstanced or rich, find the church to be a necessary and congenial center of religious activity. Even the indifferent are not willing to say in words or to be understood as believing that the church is outworn or decadent. Some years since Dr. Stelzle, of the Presbyterian Church, sent two hundred letters to labor leaders asking for information respecting the attitude of the laborers toward the church. One hundred replies were received, and "with but one exception his correspondents have attacked the church." They declare that the church is not for the poor man, that he is not welcome, that the church is a rich man's club. I have not found sufficient evidence for accepting this extreme view, nor the current opinion that the poor man is hostile to the church. It is apparent that among certain labor agitators a few years ago there was an endeavor to create a misunderstanding between the church and the employed as a part of the plan of warfare against the employing classes. Many of the great capitalists are churchmen, and men of the Herr Most type have not wholly ceased to oppose what they favored and valued. Dr. Pentecost left the church because it failed adequately to seek the relief of the poor. The fact that he left the church is heralded, but that he returned to the church, saying that it is doing more for the poor than all other agencies combined, is scarcely noted. It is true that there is unfriendliness, but where it is in forms other than complacent indifference it especially exists among the foreign-born, low-toned elements, whose conception of the church is based upon ignorance or the prejudice of the demagogue. But the American poor man, the poor man of the country and small city, the average poor man of large cities, and the foreigner who has lost somewhat of his land of birth—the poor man who has had a measure of education and can think for himself—is as kindly disposed toward the church as other classes are.

Of persons who have received a higher education ninety-six per cent declare that the college was of spiritual value to them. Not all were led into the Christian life thereby, although many were, and it is a noteworthy fact that fully twice as many were

definitely converted at denominational colleges as at nonsectarian institutions, and the general experience of the one class is more satisfactory than that of the other. The former say of their college: "Deepened my spiritual nature," "The Young Men's Christian Association received me and later I joined the church," "Made me love God," "I there found Christ," "Led to my conversion," "Made the Christian life practical and beautiful," "My teachers cared for my soul and I came to care for it myself," "The Christian atmosphere formed me into a Christian," etc. The latter, speaking of their college, say: "My spirituality is growing here," "Increased my faith in a future life," "Added much to my spiritual life," "Gave me a larger view of life," "I am seeing that the Christian life is worth while," etc. No psychological fact is more certain than that concerning the value of early religious training in the home. Nurtured in a Christian home, the child finds his very vocabulary and objects of imitation surcharged with religious significance. Time invests his religious nomenclature with greater and greater fullness of meaning and unconscious influence. These terms largely condition his thought, for he must think in such terms as he possesses, and thought is the precondition of his deliberate life. Psychologically it is assured that the child of a Christian household shall normally be strongly disposed toward the religious life. From answers to a prepared list of questions it is found that about ninety per cent of the children of Christian parents become church members, while less than one third as many come from non-Christian parentage. In every instance where the church has been harshly criticised, and clearly beyond the limits of justice, the critic has had a home where parents were not Christians and the home life was without God. And, furthermore, it is a matter of deepest interest to note that those whose religious life is full and satisfactory generally speak of family worship as being observed in their early home. It will be a happy day for the church when parents cease to try to have their children become Christians without being so themselves, when the lesson of the Hebrew home that knew a priest and priestess in the father and mother is learned in the modern family. And another happy day will appear when pastors use more of

their energy in caring for the lambs instead of directing all forces in behalf of wandering sheep. The work will not be so spectacular, and the increase of membership will not be so immediate, but the kingdom and church will finally profit more. It is a well-known and much deplored fact that within the bounds of nearly every parish there are to be found those who have certificates of church membership which they refuse to place in the church, others who have removed from the former home without such a certificate, and some who have voluntarily withdrawn from the church. The first thought is one of reproach and pity for the church that cannot retain its members. Close investigation rather induces pity and blame for the recreants. One man confesses to "sheer laziness" as the real cause of his backsliding, and I am inclined to think that this cause is as free from blame as any that can be found. A large number leave the church because of some personal affront: "A church member cheated me," "One of your professed Christians lied on me," "A great injustice was done me by a fellow-member," "The members were bound to follow that old sin, Fashion, so I kindly stepped down and out," "I cannot endure hypocrisy," "Cannot respect the chief officers," "I think for myself," "I want to dance, and often pray while on the dancing floor," "Too much of politics," etc. Whoever shall discover what treatment to administer to these recalcitrants will never lack for fellowmen to speak his name in love. All are to be pitied, if not for their suffering, then for their foolish unreason. Certainly they need more of the grace of God and a larger portion of common sense. It is noteworthy that practically all of these deserters have had no religious training in their childhood.

There is surprising unanimity of opinion concerning the subject matter of sermons. No person replying to the formal list of questions has aught but criticism for the sensational sermon: "The City by Moonlight" and "The Gospel of the Grab-bag" interest them only enough to provoke a smile of pity. The Christian is sorry to see such a waste of opportunity and the non-Christian is never made to become a believer by such Quixotic balderdash. The tendency to make sacrifices upon the altar of the commonplace is general. What is popular, not what is best—expediency, not

right—too often determine. The college course is shortened to three years because some want an easy cut to a diploma, modern languages exclude the classics because it is demanded, the Sabbath is broken because a storm is raised if law is enforced. Peace is made when there ought to be war. And preachers who hear only the ring of the populace prepare their sermons for itching ears, wagging tongues, and newspaper reporters. Most of the respondents emphatically prefer the distinctly religious sermon; not, however, the gospel sermon which becomes an agonized exhortation or drivel covered with a shout. Nothing is more pitiable than the unsatisfied hunger of a soul. God, duty, salvation, and life were the doctrines of Jesus, and men are satisfied with nothing less—greater there cannot be. It is easy to condemn spiritualism, Babism, American Buddhism and Dowieism, and they should be condemned, but beneath this tremendous folly there is a tremendous tragedy—the tragedy of unfed souls, of souls which ask for saving truth and receive sermon-lectures on the "Idyls of the King," "Hamlet's Insanity," and the "Partition of China." So long as God and the devil bid for men, so long as men wrestle hand to hand with sin, the theme of every genuine sermon will be God, duty, salvation, and immortality. Furthermore, the people ask that the preacher shall be an orator in the sense that he so intensely believes the message that his hearers will be compelled to accept it. Nothing so soon betrays a speaker as his lack of conviction. If he does not fervently believe his message, he should get a message that he does believe, and if that message lie outside the ministry, honesty would direct him to go there too.

Personality nowhere counts for so much as in the ministry, and the preacher, more than anyone else, is expected to approach perfectness. He must be "cultured," "tender," "virile," "sympathetic," "a doer," "a strong man, gentle as a lamb yet brave as a lion," "one who sets people to work also," "a consecrated leader," "a lover and servant of all men," etc. Worse than any other defect is his failure to know the secret of the Lord. No man can reverence himself who is a pretender, and such self-respect is the beginning of others' respect for him. The minister preferred is "unspotted from the world," "Spirit controlled," "baptized with the

Holy Ghost," "one who can show others the Christ," "one who loves and preaches Christ," "one who knows God," "one who loves God in earnest," "one loving God and man," etc. The value of the pastoral call is much emphasized: "I never had a minister visit me without being helped," "It is good to know that he seeks out a poor parishioner," "Let him always come with a message of cheer," "I want him to inquire about my soul," "I want him to point out my duty," "If he is interested in me, I am interested in him," "His visits are helpful," etc. One college-bred woman and a church member says: "I never had a pastoral call. Once during an illness a member of my church called and repeated only a few verses of Scripture. It was very comforting, and stands out, a sweet experience, in my Christian life." Not more than twelve per cent consider the pastoral call unprofitable, and the majority of these have no connection with the church. There is general aversion to the perfunctory call and to all that savors of professionalism: "I want my pastor to be a man among men," "Let him lay aside his profession and be my friend," "Be, and not seem," "Omit the dignity and include the sympathy," etc. The minister for his personal good dare not omit the pastoral call. The homes of his people are his psychological laboratory. He must know his members, for how can he otherwise helpfully serve them? He must lead them, but he first needs to make them willing to be led; and he cannot do so unless he knows them. The conditions with which he is engaged are within and without the men who consciously or unconsciously ask for help. When the preacher knows the man, and has a proper equipment for himself, he has gained the citadel of a human soul. The preacher sound in body, mind, and soul is a prophet. Upon the authority of the Word and of his own experimental knowledge he is to proclaim mankind's ideal, and unfold those motives of grace and divine life which a union with God provides for the realization of that ideal. Practical, tactful, manly, he is to inspire and uplift; sympathetic, educated, forceful, he is to lead men into a personal knowledge of the Infinite. In precept and in life the preacher is to do this, and the Scriptures of salvation must be interpreted by all that he is and does.

The further these researches have been extended the firmer is the conclusion that the great mass of the people have a high regard for the church and the minister. As has been indicated, the hostility manifested has been on the part of the unthinking and misinformed, or from those unable to rise above some real or fancied wrong received from a pastor or layman. The criticism is based upon ignorance or prejudice, not upon fairness, and until the dayspring of the millennium there will be such people in the world. The generality of men love the church, and their expressed admiration for it is truly beautiful. We are weak and passionful, but the heart is sound. It is what one expects who knows aught of the soul's instinctive yearning for the Divine. It is the inborn philosophy of the race coming to its climax of opportunity: it is life being interpreted and vivified by the Giver and Guide of life. The church is regarded as the great institution of democracy, the safeguard and center of individual self-realization. These replies are from all classes of people, but in the presence of God they wipe away the outward signs and in the church seek to worship only him. Yes, it is what one would expect. Says Martineau, in the conclusion of a volume: "With a noble inconsistency all the great writers whose doctrines we have studied betray the tenacious vitality of the intuitive consciousness of duty throughout the very process of cutting away its philosophic roots; and Plato in his 'divine wrath' at the tyrant flung into Tartarus, Malebranche self-extinguished in the Absolute Holiness, Spinoza lifted from the thralldom of passion into the freedom of Infinite Love, Comte on his knees before the image of a Perfect Humanity, are touching witnesses to the undying fires of moral faith and aspiration." So man everywhere feels the need of God, and seeks to come to him because he is his Father.

Carl F. Doney.

ART. V—INSTRUCTION IN RELIGION IN OUR SCHOOLS

THE foremost question before the English Parliament in 1906 was the question of religious instruction in the schools of Great Britain. Most vital is this same issue on our side of the water. The fathers of modern pedagogy, Comenius, Pestalozzi, and even Rousseau, distinctly emphasized the value and the necessity of religious instruction in the education of men. No longer is it fashionable to ignore religion as the child of superstition. To neglect, in the training of the young, the culture of the spiritual life is now seen to be a fatal blunder. Germany provides most thoroughly for the spiritual culture of her citizens. France, though now separating church and state, is by no means disposed to throw overboard religion as an indispensable element of individual character, but provides a most careful program of ethical and religious instruction in her schools. England in her Board and Council schools has sought to look after this most important item in popular education. What are we in the United States doing in this direction? Are our schools really "godless," as charged by some? If the German errs in the excess of religious instruction, we have been criticised as going to the opposite pole of ignoring it altogether in our school programs. Our school system was originally planned with the assumption that the Bible was to be used in the schools. For more than a century this was the case in Massachusetts. The Bible and the catechism were used in the schools and the minister was expected to visit the schools and to catechize the children. The order of importance in the studies of the early American schools was, religion, morality, knowledge. Not only was this true in Massachusetts, but also in the formation of the Northwest Territory, in 1787, where it was provided that slavery should be prohibited and that religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government, schools and the means of education should forever be encouraged. How is it that we have swung to the other extreme and well-nigh ignored the religious element which the fathers deemed so necessary?

The reason is not far to seek. We have only to contrast the simple New England life, where an infidel was a *rara avis,* with the present cosmopolitan civilization and its score of religious sects. In the Boston Public Library may be found the curriculum of the public school in 1781. The course of study then consisted of the New England Primer, Dillworth's Speller, the Psalter, The Creed, the New Testament, closing with the study of the Old Testament. It is plain that from the very beginning to the close of the American Revolution the public school in New England was simply the handmaiden of the church. Practically the church and the state were one; but hardly a century elapsed before the controversy over the "Bible in the schools" occupied a large share of the public thought, and the homogeneous colonial society gave place to the numerous sects of Christendom. The use of the Bible in the schools caused the schools to be denounced as sectarian, and its exclusion from the schools led the same objectors to complain that now, without religious instruction, the schools were "godless."

The law respecting the use of the Bible in the schools varies in the respective states. In New York pupils cannot be compelled to attend religious services, and the law gives no authority, as a matter of right, to use any portion of the regular school hours in conducting any religious exercises at which attendance of pupils is made compulsory. Some places, the cities of Rochester and Troy, for example, unless the rule has been changed very recently, forbid any religious exercises. But the opening of the school with Bible reading and some form of prayer is generally considered unobjectionable and desirable. This is permitted unless someone in the community objects, and calls the matter to the attention of the state department, when the department immediately enforces the law. In other words, the Bible may be read if no one objects, but must not be read if anyone objects. Massachusetts requires some portion of the Bible to be read daily in the public schools. In Missouri the trustees may compel Bible reading. In Illinois a student may be expelled for studying during the reading of the Bible. In Georgia the Bible must be used in the schools. Iowa leaves the matter entirely to the judgment of the teacher and permits no dictation by either parent or trustees.

In Arkansas the trustees settle the question. In North and South Dakota the Bible may not be excluded from any public school, and may be read daily, for not exceeding ten minutes, at the option of the teacher. In most states that permit Bible reading no pupil can be compelled against the parent's wishes to take part in the reading or to be present during the reading. But in Maine a child expelled for refusing to read the Bible cannot recover damages. Arkansas forbids the granting of a certificate to a teacher who does not believe in a Supreme Being, and Rhode Island recommends the rejection of any teacher who is in the habit of ridiculing or scoffing at religion. Washington prohibits the reading of the Bible in the schools. Arizona revokes the certificate of any teacher who conducts religious exercises in the school, and in 1890 the supreme court of Wisconsin decided that the reading of the Bible in the schools is unconstitutional. In 1869 the Cincinnati school board was upheld in forbidding the reading of the Bible. New Hampshire requires that "the morning exercises of all schools shall commence with the reading of the Scriptures, followed by the Lord's Prayer." Pennsylvania says: "The Scriptures come under the head of text-books, and they should not be omitted from the list." In 1895 the Bible was read in 87½ per cent of the schools of the state. Virginia seems to have no law on the subject, but the Bible is generally read. South Carolina also has no law on the subject. The Bible is not read in any part of the schools of Utah.[1] That our schools are godless, that is, utterly lacking in any influence or atmosphere that may be called religious, will not be acknowledged for one moment by those who candidly examine the above facts. In the vast majority of the schools religious exercises of some sort are held, consisting either in the reading of the Bible or in the use of prayer or sacred song. Reports received from the superintendents in 808 cities, of 4,000 inhabitants and over, show that in 651 cities the Bible is used in a devotional way, prayer is observed in 536 and sacred song in 226. The reading of the Bible is prohibited in 99. In 47 cities a book of Bible selections is used.[2] In the next place the

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[1] Charles H. Thurber, Ph.D., Religious Ed. Association, 1904.

[2] Report Commissioner Education, 1896-7.

majority of the teachers are men and women of religious life and character, and members of some religious organization. If the personality of the teacher counts for anything, the life of the school is surely not godless. Yet it must be confessed that the present status is entirely unsatisfactory. To emphasize one thing in one state and to ignore it in another state gives a lopsided, uneven educational system. It is now generally recognized that the training of a man must include the development of the whole nature. Man is an integer. He may not be divided into sets of faculties. It is unscientific to leave out or ignore a whole group of facts which are now commonly recognized as constituent elements of human nature, the facts which show that man is a religious being. This admitted on all sides, the question arises, How are we to promote the development of the moral and religious nature in our modern systems of public education? Some would reply that we need no formal instruction in ethics and religion in our public schools, for the reason that all correct thinking is essentially religious. Only have the pupil trained in accuracy and clearness of thinking, and have the entire working of the school based on righteousness, and we may dispense with all ethical precepts. But to teach ethics and religion without alluding to ethical or religious principles would be like teaching mechanics without referring to the laws of motion. Example is a great teacher, but example and precept must proceed hand in hand. Thinking, even while correct, may be directed to immoral ends. We shall hardly allow this *laissez faire* method of teaching religion to satisfy our sense of the needs of the case. It may be said, again, that all religious instruction must be left to the home and the church; that the parent is the natural teacher of the child in ethics and religion; that the state is not *in loco parentis,* and cannot assume the duties which belong either to the home or to the church. But multitudes of homes utterly neglect all moral and religious culture, and parents are often utterly unfit to be the guides of childhood. Vast numbers of families have no affiliation with the church and their children never come into contact with the genial and tender shepherding of the church. The Sunday school is accomplishing a great work in presenting to several millions

of young people biblical ideals of life and character, yet in many cases the Sunday school teacher has no adequate training for his work, nor has he sufficient time in which to make an impression. Even if all young people were members of the Sunday school, the brief moments and the imperfect methods give no opportunity of forming the life by continuous and steady work upon the pupil.[1] In some respects the state does stand *in loco parentis* to the child. It insists that every child shall attend school, and enacts truant laws and appoints truant officers to search out the neglectful. It creates juvenile courts and appoints probation officers to look after erring children. The state must protect its very life, by preventing, if possible, the growing up of citizens who will be pests and nuisances to society. Where the parent utterly neglects the child, giving no attention to his training, the beneficent laws for the protection of childhood come to the rescue. Who is to answer the wail of the neglected child, "No man cared for my soul"? It is through our public school system as well as in our higher schools that the work of religious education should be carried on. Much may be done by the personal character and example of the teacher, by the tone of the school organization, by attention to moral lessons and ideals in literature and history, by occasional addresses, and by personal interviews, but all this cannot take the place of formal instruction of some kind. Some have given up all hope of introducing any formal religious instruction into the public schools, and hold that matters have come to an *impasse* in this direction. We are not so hopeless, as witness: 1. The organization and work of the Religious Education Association within the past few years and the practical federation of all teachers of religion brings into clearer light than ever the profound need for some kind of elementary ethical and religious instruction in our public schools. The entire question comes up anew for discussion. 2. Sectarian fences are being lowered, great Christian bodies are drawing closer together, and search is made for the common ground on which all good people may stand. 3. The National Education Association, composed of teachers

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[1] See address of Professor Clyde V. Volaw, Proceedings of the Religious Education Association, 1905, p. 92.

from all confessions, and whose instincts for the promotion of the highest interests of the children are wiser than the bigotry of secularism, declared in 1902, by a unanimous vote, in favor of the use of selections from the Bible for reading lessons in the public schools. 4. The sentiment among Roman Catholics, who have been supposed to be a unit against any use of the Bible in the schools, is less antagonistic and clearly divided. Archbishop Ireland holds that it is impossible to teach religion in a non-sectarian form.[1] On the other hand, Bishop Spalding maintains: "Not for a moment should we permit ourselves to be deluded by the thought that, because the teaching of the creeds is excluded, therefore we may make no appeal to the fountain heads which sleep within every breast, the welling of whose waters alone has power to make us human."[2]

For these reasons it is not improbable that we may yet unite on a text to be placed in the schools which will be acceptable to all confessions. It is true that occasionally there is a teacher of pronounced atheistic views, or one who is entirely indifferent to religion. On the other hand, the vast majority of the teachers in our public schools are religious people and stand for high ethical and religious ideals. The German system we could not work and do not want. We do need, however, to recognize the profound fact of the spiritual life of the child. We neglect the spiritual element in education at the peril of our citizenship. The plea of Professor Huxley, made more than a generation since, may well be recalled, because of his well-known lack of bias toward evangelical religion. It was in the London School Board that he declared:

> I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology, but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color, and even the noble Stoic, Marcus Antoninus, is too high and refined for

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[1] Proceedings of the National Education Association, 1890.

[2] Means and Ends of Education, J. L. Spalding, 3d Ed. Chicago, 1901. To the same effect, see Proceedings of the Religious Education Association, 1905. p. 102, Address of Professor Shahan, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

an ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors, eliminate, as a sensible lay teacher would do if left to himself, all that is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain and is familiar to noble and simple, from John o' Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to the Italians, that it is written in the noblest and purest English and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form, and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could the children be so much humanized, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?[1]

Not less pronounced was the opinion of Matthew Arnold when, as inspector of the London schools, he wrote:

There was no Greek school in which Homer was not read; cannot our popular schools, with their narrow and jejune alimentation in secular literature, do as much for the Bible as the Greek school did for Homer? If philosophy and eloquence, if what we call, in a word, "letters" are a power, and a wonder-working beneficent power in education, through the Bible only have the people much chance of getting at poetry and philosophy.

By the side of this tribute to the Bible as literature and its value as such in the common schools may be placed the similar opinion of Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, expressed at the meeting of the National Education Association in Minneapolis, 1902:

Owing to a series of causes, operating over a considerable number of years, the knowledge of the English Bible is passing out of the life of the rising generation, and with this knowledge of the Bible is fast disappearing any acquaintance with the religious element which has shaped our civilization from the beginning. . . . The neglect of the English Bible incapacitates the rising generation to read and appreciate the masterpieces of English literature from Chaucer to Browning, and it strikes out of their consciousness one element, and for centuries the

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[1] Contemporary Review, December, 1870.

> controlling element, in the production of your civilization and mine. I hold this to be true, even if there is not one person living in the United States who subscribed to a single article of any Christian creed. . . . My contention is that we have made it impossible for the pupil to understand history and literature as they really are, because we have eliminated from his reading and study that which has been, from a very early period, a controlling force in both.[1]

When we consider our higher institutions, there is much ground for encouragement. The ignorance of the Bible displayed by the average college student is a subject which has been well threshed over in our magazine literature. Coming to college with this profound lack, it reveals the defects of his preliminary training in the home, the church, and the school. Because of this ignorance he is incapacitated from appreciating or interpreting much of the fine literature of his own language, to say nothing of the positive loss in his intellectual and moral equipment. Within the last quarter of a century there has been a great awakening of the higher institutions. Forty years ago it was impossible for a student to find courses in biblical instruction in any New England college. Now there is scarcely an institution of higher class in which biblical instruction in some form is not found in the curriculum. In many schools chairs of biblical instruction or of the English Bible have been established, and strong courses are offered in scientific biblical study on a level with other college work. In 1836, when Thomas Arnold became a member of the Senate of the University of London, he took the strong ground that some acquaintance with some part of the New Testament in the original should be required of every candidate for a degree in arts. He contended that a degree in arts ought to certify that the holder had received a complete and liberal education, and a liberal education without the Scriptures must in any Christian country be a contradiction in terms. We are not up to this standard, but rest satisfied if we can introduce the student to the Bible in English. It is a calamity for a college student to have failed to come under the refining and broadening influence of the poetry, philosophy, history, and ethics of the Bible. No study of ethics can be serious which omits the sayings of Jesus and the lofty standards of the

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[1] Proceedings of the National Education Association, 1903.

New Testament Church. It is quite as important to know the Pauline view of the world as to become acquainted with Aristotle and Kant. No student of sociology can afford to omit the study of Hebrew institutions or to pass by the Hebrew prophets. To know the history of Greece and Rome and to be ignorant of the evolution of the kingdom of God, to have read Æschylus and Goethe and to be ignorant of Job or Isaiah, to know the letters of Cicero and Seneca but to have missed the exquisite epistles of the New Testament, to know more about the life of Confucius or Mohammed than about the life of Christ, is surely to have missed sadly some of the most profound and fundamental material of a liberal education. That a better state of affairs is at hand in the matter of biblical instruction in our higher institutions is cause of gratification. The editors of the Biblical World recently sent out inquiries to about five hundred colleges to ascertain the number of students in Bible study in the college of liberal arts only. Responses were received from 271 institutions, showing that, in 100,000 students, 16,000 were taking curriculum Bible work, 18,000 were engaged in devotional study of the Bible, while 11,000 were enlisted in other forms of Bible study. But this is only part of the story, for if the professional schools were counted the percentage in devotional study would be seen to be much larger. Much remains to be accomplished in the curriculum work. A vast majority of students graduate without any careful study of the Bible as literature and history, for the reason that there are so many courses of study which appeal to the student because of their utilitarian value the purely culture courses are crowded out. And then the average student does not conceive of the Bible as a subject for study or as of cultural value. He has read it in Sunday school, has had it preached to him, has committed to memory a few of its promises and precepts, but has never attempted fairly to secure an adequate idea of any large portion of it. It is the opinion of most teachers of biblical literature in college that these considerations largely handicap such courses. The tendency in modern college life is to reduce the required studies and increase the electives. This has its advantage, but it is decidedly unfortunate for many students, especially where the

electives begin in the early part of the course. Unless he have at his elbow some wise friend, the freshman may fill up his schedule with a number of studies ill suited to his needs and capacity, and when it comes to biblical subjects the very name suggests something religious and churchly which he takes care to avoid; these subjects are, in his estimation, for preachers and missionaries. And so he goes through his course without a glimpse of the great fields, some knowledge of which is necessary to bring him *en rapport* with the genius and spirit of his literature and civilization. I am clearly convinced that there should be some one course in biblical literature required of every student, in the early part of his course, purely from the standpoint of its cultural value, just as there are requirements in Latin, English, mathematics, etc. The same sentiment, I find, was expressed by President Francis L. Patton, on the occasion of the sesqui-centennial of Princeton University:

> I believe that in the early years of the undergraduate life a course of elementary biblical instruction, adapted to the needs of young men who are no longer schoolboys, on the one hand, and are not yet students of philosophy on the other, is a most important part of the curriculum; but I would not carry biblical instruction into the upper years of the curriculum unless in point of scientific thoroughness it could compare favorably with the work done in other departments; and then, of course, I would not make it compulsory, though I firmly believe that advanced students in philosophy and literature should have the opportunity of seeing how the problems of literature and philosophy bear upon the Bible and Christianity.[1]

Many will not accord with this opinion, for "required biblical instruction" suggests narrow and dogmatic religious teaching. Until we can somehow take away the *odium theologicum* from the study of the Scriptures it will be difficult to secure required biblical courses in the higher institutions. We need have no fear, however, that the scientific presentation of the Bible as literature and history will fail to win its way in our schools.

Amos W. Patten

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[1] Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1896–7.

ART. VI.—ART FOR ART'S SAKE

IN our day much is said of art for art's sake. Many, indeed, regard the phrase as the perfect expression of all that is highest and best in life. Other phrases are linked with it, such as "pure science," and "truth for its own sake," in the belief that they, individually or collectively, provide an open sesame to unlock the doors of truth and to remove the barriers of corruption and commercialism that bar the progress of civic virtue. These spokesmen of the common thought of the age would no doubt regard it as a hard saying if they were told that corruption and commercialism sprang from the same root as the ideal which they advance with the claim that it is a panacea for the evils of the day. It is, however, nothing new that, metaphorically speaking, the same fountain should send forth sweet water and bitter; and we have the word of the apostle, as well as the witness of life, to the fact that out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. Systems of thought and belief so antagonistic as to lead even to the shedding of a brother's blood are found to rest, in the last analysis, on the same presuppositions. Aristotle held that in order to conflict things must belong to the same genus though specifically different. And experience amply confirms his opinion; for we know that there is no hatred more deadly than that between brethren. What, then, you will ask, is this common root of growths seemingly so diverse? It is the love of things for their own sakes; the belief that certain ends, not ultimate, possess worth in and for themselves, irrespective of their relations to a something higher. In other words, it is the love of things; and by things I mean intellectual, æsthetic and religious as well as things material. What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own life? Life is more than the raiment, and more than all that is considered to make up life. Men of every cast of mind and in every walk of life have had and will continue to have, their idols. It is sometimes difficult for the theologian to perceive that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. It is even more difficult for him to conceive that his

creeds and formularies may become idols that should be cast down. The philosopher loves his dictum and believes that truth is in and of itself a good. The artist sacrifices all to the achievement of beauty, fondly dreaming that, having attained it, there is, for us as for him, *nil plus ultra.* Just so the speculator and the grafter stake life and fair fame on the narrow margin of chance, if so be they may acquire the things they have set their hearts upon.

I have said that all this is due to a love of things for their own sakes. But this is at best a superficial statement and contains hardly half the truth. Men do not love "things" as such; their real devotion, or, if you prefer, their real enslavement, is to habits. What one craves is the guerdon of going on and not to die; the pleasure of going on in the same old way, endeared alike by failure and success and transfigured by the fallacious sense of finality and perfection that comes of long usage and devotion. But habit, though on its physiological side largely or quite individual, finds its fullest expression in the social organism. What are laws and institutions but racial habits sanctioned by usage, and calculated to control the individual act and keep it in line with the social movement? This is equally true of all social activities, whatever their kind or purpose. The individual, in pursuit of some interest, strikes out a line of endeavor. He may or may not perceive its bearings, but others, taking up the thread where he left it, prosecute without regard to his motive the work he instituted, prompted solely by the intrinsic interest of the pursuit and fascinated by the activity itself. A healthy child acquires a new habit every day and discards an old one. Indeed, every act is potentially a habit, its development or disuse depending on the complex of habits already established and on the margin of spontaneity remaining in the constitution of the agent. At first the child appears to be "all nerves," as we say, responding to every stimulus and trying out every suggestion. As his life becomes organized into a set of habits his impulses grow more and more defined. If you ask the young child what he is about, in all his restless activity, he invariably assures you that he is "doing nothing." When he grows older he falls mechanically into doing

something very particular, into doing the things he has come to like to do. Insensibly his character is forming; and if you could read aright the signposts along his way, of which he is commonly himself unaware, you could "plot his curve" with a considerable approximation to accuracy. In some men this change is long delayed. Many a genius seems to be biding his time, "doing nothing." He has no definite line marked out for himself, but he continues, like the child, to try out every suggestion. Is it to be wondered at that he does not find a place in some ready-made pigeon hole, but blazes his own path and makes his own niche in the world? The same development has occurred in human society at large. To discover the beginnings of the process it would be necessary to go back to the cradle of the race. But even within the range of historical times the movement may be traced. Primitive man, whenever or wherever he lives, has but one end—to live. We need not here inquire what that involves; for to every man, according to his stage of development, life means less or more. Life being his end, primitive man did all that was requisite to attain it. Of specialization there was little, and what one man knew of life his neighbor knew also, making due allowance for the inevitable differences in natural endowment. In such a state of society, if ever, it was possible for one to see life perfectly and see it whole. But man was not content to remain at that stage. The exigencies of communal life, aided by the differences in natural endowment and by the habits of association, led to differentiation and specialization. This process has not gone forward, however, without occasional nodal points of comparative rest and apparent reaction. At such times civilization is thrown, as it were, into the melting-pot, to be subsequently cast into other molds. These are periods when life seems to return to the primitive freedom, and there is an unconscious taking of stock and casting of balances. The Middle Age was such a period in Western civilization. Once more it was possible, as in the days of Homer, to see life perfectly and see it whole, and we find Dante at the end of the period summing up life, as it then was, in a picture that has never been surpassed for unity and completeness. The Renaissance, too, was a period of taking stock, but of a different kind. After

the close of it there appeared another man who summed up in his person and in his thinking what it had to teach. That man was Leibnitz. He mastered the thought and knowledge of his day, and became a second Aristotle. But since his day the growing diversification of knowledge and the absorption of the best minds in the extension of its boundaries have rendered it impossible to comprehend the dust of the earth in a measure and weigh it in a balance.

Out of this specialization of effort, this enslavement to habit imposed upon us by the interests of a former generation, has grown our modern life with all the good and the evil which it involves. Every specialty has striven to attain to the dignity of a science, and every science claims coördinate rank with its fellows. There is no arbiter, because each has become an end in itself; and the man of our day forgets, if he ever knew, that these rival claimants to the primacy sprang, one and all, from the radical desire of mankind to have life and have it more abundantly, and that, in consequence, they have neither worth nor justification except in relation to it. On all hands one hears the complaint voiced by thoughtful men that our life wants coördination; but few there be who comprehend that the only hope of coördinating the diversified activities lies in subordinating all alike to that which is higher than all else. The result of the condition above sketched is that, as there is no arbiter to adjudicate the dispute of the aspirants, so there is a growing tendency to contend that in order to judge of the work of one of these specialists one must himself be a specialist, and, if possible, the greatest specialist. Who shall judge of a poem or a picture? Only he who can do the same thing better. If one asks, Is, then, human nature not to be heard? the answer is that no man can do two things supremely well. This point of view was strikingly put by Swinburne, I believe, in an essay on Blake. In extenuation of certain moral delinquencies of his hero he said that one could not reasonably be expected to be at the same time a great artist with the pen and brush and also a great artist in the conduct of life. That is art for art's sake. The cure for this state of things is the same for society as for the individual. Habit may be good or evil according as it is

controlled by an overruling purpose or is allowed to master the will. The good man is he who governs his habits and does not submit to be governed by them. The supreme fault of our age is that it is a slave to habit. Philosophers are fond of saying that man is a being who looks before and after; he sees the whence and the whither. It is only in so far as he does both that he can guide aright his course of life. If conversion be, as some contend, the emergence of a new ideal, the way for it is surely prepared by a scrutiny of one's past life and a return to the innocence of one's childhood, for of such is the kingdom of righteousness. Someone has said that we have today not life, but frayed ends of life. If the demand for a new coördination of our intellectual life is to be satisfied, the whole fabric of education will have to be reconstructed. If life in general is a chaos, this is true of education in even greater degree. The only reason why the absence of a recognized ideal of education has not wrought absolute havoc is that men go out into life and are led perforce to correlate, each for himself, the knowledge they have gained in application to concrete problems. But surely this is a poor comfort for those who have heard the lament of serious men that their knowledge is of detached fragments, each standing by itself, with no clue as to their connection among themselves or as to their bearings except as regards particular pursuits.

Man is, as has been said, a being who looks before and after. If education is to be harmonized, greater emphasis will have to be placed on two classes of studies: those that look before and those that look after. These may be roughly called the historical and the philosophical sciences. By historical sciences I mean such as give the student an insight into the past in its relation to the present. They teach what men have done and show the steps by which mankind has come into its present estate—the purposes, expressed or tacit, which led to the institution of the habits embodied in our modes of thinking, our laws, and our institutions. When a court passes on the application of a law it has recourse to the "plain intention" of the lawgiver. Any science may be so classed (as it plainly has a history) if only it be taught historically. But everybody knows that this is rarely, if ever, done. At a given

point in the systematic exposition of the subject it may be casually noted that A discovered such and such an element in such and such a year: That is not history; it may hardly be said to be information. What one wants to know is *how A came to discover it;* and that, if seriously taken, is a long story, too long, in fact, to be embodied in a systematic exposition. The result is, as has been said, that the student gets detached bits of knowledge, and even the so-called historical data furnished have no vital connection with what he elsewhere learns as history. For "history" itself commonly means little more than a recital of the course of political events. Of the philosophical sciences there is not much need of speaking at length. In a rational scheme of education their purpose should be to coördinate the life of the student, and to set his face toward a future worthy of man. If subjects were rationally presented regard would have to be had both to the past and to the future; that is to say, they would be handled historically and philosophically. Thomas Hill Green somewhere says that in every stage of the process of acquiring knowledge we are moved by a forecast, however vague, of its result. It is this forecast which alone gives meaning to the pursuit; and unless the student is made to contemplate the result the activity in which he is engaged sinks to the level of unintelligible routine.

One result that may be expected to flow from an education that is truly historical and philosophical is that, by giving to life its proper orientation, man will regain his freedom. The child is free because his life has not yet been organized into a body of habits. The same kind of freedom is neither possible nor desirable for man; his proper freedom consists in the secure possession of the world, seen in its true relation to himself and to his self-appointed destiny. "All things are yours," said the apostle; therein is the secret of human life. Christianity is, of all things, the law of liberty; and that true liberty of the soul and of the mind once realized there will be little need of adding with the apostle, "and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

W. A. Heidel.

ART. VII.—SOME NOTES ON THE SHORT STORY

THE quality of the average short story in many of our monthly magazines seems to be responsible for a somewhat widespread opinion that such stories are necessarily trifling, amusing, rather than serious and vital. Doubtless the fact that there is now a market for a great number of brief tales implies that many will necessarily be mediocre, and, consciously or unconsciously, the public generally seeks something which can be read almost thoughtlessly. But this is not fair to the short story, nor is such an estimate true of the better sort. One does not say merely "interesting," "pleasing," of The Fall of the House of Usher, or of The Man Who Would Be King. These stories demand and obtain our closest attention, most sympathetic interest. And how eminently satisfying is the impression which they leave! Too many editors, even at the present day, seem to love attractive dilettanteism or so-called "cleverness"; yet several living writers could easily be named who give us much more than these, who give us what is truly worth while, and whose intent is to disclose some important division of that always inspiring theme, human life.

The need for the short story in large numbers, for what we may term the magazine short story, is comparatively recent. The lover of paradox may assert with some truth that the history of this form of literary art is best described by the statement that it has no history; for it is a fact that the past thirty years cover the real triumph of the short story. It took its rise somewhat earlier, however—with Edgar Allan Poe,[1] about 1835; or, better, with Poe and Hawthorne, for in short story annals these names are always to be mentioned together. Both were conscious artists, perceiving and deliberately choosing certain unique means to certain unique ends. Herein they differed markedly from previous tellers of brief tales, who worked without proposing to themselves a definite art. This is largely true even of Irving; much more so of Boccaccio or the author of The Arabian Nights. What Poe

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[1] The French school (Mérimée, Balzac, etc.) was contemporary; but Poe's influence was much greater.

and Hawthorne desired to accomplish, and did accomplish, was not primarily to tell a story, to center attention on "what happens"—that is, on incident pure and simple. One sees in neither of these two writers any reminiscence of those ancient and blissful formulæ, "once upon a time," and "lived happily ever after." The conventional heroes and heroines, the conventional modes of progress, are curtly dismissed. Hawthorne's stories, Poe's stories, are above all effective. The result of their cunning craftsmanship is always one striking effect. The office of The Fall of the House of Usher is obviously not merely, or even mainly, to relate a chain of incidents. It is, rather, to weld these incidents into the one homogeneous effect, for which all was prepared, prepared with labor the most nice and conscientious. Plainly, here was no task for the dilettante. It is worth while to insist still further upon this novelty of short story characteristics. Professor Brander Matthews, with his usual picturesqueness, affirms: "It cannot be said too emphatically that the genuine Short Story abhors the idea of the Novel."[1] Nor does this statement contain much exaggeration, for, though the same central conception may serve for both literary forms, the treatment is radically different. Poe's famous dictum—that the important difference between the two forms consists in the fact that the short story can be read at one sitting—is helpful only in part, for it is not so much a matter of length as of method. The novel, as it should be told, and by such masters as Thackeray, Scott, and George Eliot is told, delineates in detail one or more human lives and their environment; the short story deals mainly with a single scene, situation, or character, in as isolated a condition as possible. There can be almost no complexity of any sort, whereas in the novel this is what is most essential. George Eliot's Romola requires two bulky volumes to depict the degeneration of Tito Melema; Stevenson's Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde performs a similar office in less than a quarter of the space, chiefly by a series of violent contrasts. Sometimes a novel or romance centers about the events of only two or three days, but it is seldom or never a great novel—generally a mere whirl of action. On the other hand, many of the best short

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[1] The Philosophy of the Short Story, p. 26. New York, 1901.

stories treat only a single incident. Hawthorne's The Ambitious Guest shows a traveler seated at a family fireside when suddenly an avalanche hurtles down upon all. Poe's The Masque of the Red Death mirrors the splendor of a royal masked ball which is sobered into terror by the entrance of a crimson-clad specter bearing the contagious and swiftly fatal disease. Stevenson's Markheim pictures a murder, the reflections of the criminal, and the appearance at the door of one to whom he confesses the crime. In all these there is merely a picture, a kind of tableau. And a longer short story—Maurice Hewlett's Madonna of the Peach Tree, for example—is almost always reducible to a brief series of such pictures, flashlights, so to speak.

Not merely from the novel, moreover, does the short story radically differ, but, as has already been suggested, from the brief tale as well. Not even at the present day, it is true, do the genuine short stories exceed in number these brief tales devoid of method. Yet of the really good, the permanent stories, the great majority conform pretty closely to the type created by Poe and Hawthorne. And let it be stated emphatically that it is chiefly with this species that the present discussion is concerned. What, then, is this type? What is the essential mark of the short story? Very often it is, in a peculiar sense, "impressionism": one is made to feel something very definite, very striking—an atmosphere of horror, of sublime idealism, of profound mystery, of pitiless fate, of undaunted courage, of tenderest pathos; a realization of one human character standing out never to be forgotten; an ethical principle conveyed through the concrete. Some one thing rises in this manner mountainlike out of the narrative, and all elements contribute to its rise. Everything is subordinated to the preconceived effect. In the short story, government is often monarchy the most absolute. At once imperious and just is the command of the single effect. The Fall of the House of Usher leaves only a feeling of vast and supernatural horror, of vague desolation and night. The plot is slight, the characters puppets to the artist's purpose. It is really anyone, anywhere, in any circumstances and connections, if only in that atmosphere of dreadful expectancy. Similarly, one of Hawthorne's best stories, The Artist of the Beautiful, centers about

a man's passionate love of ideal beauty, his desire to create a thing of such beauty. All else in the story is mere background. To take a modern instance, Maurice Hewlett's Madonna of the Peach Tree aims, not to tell the story of Vanna and her aged husband, but to show one aspect of the religious atmosphere of mediæval Italy—the wonderful reality of the worship of the Madonna and the infant Christ. A still more recent example is Joseph Conrad's Youth, which, as Mr. Henry Canby has shown, has almost nothing in common with tales of incident:

> When the plot of this story is stated after the manner of The Decameron it is merely this: A youth desires to go to a certain place, and after many delays gets there. In short, it is scarcely a plot at all; it has no distinct point, and it is of importance only in so far as it serves a purpose that is something more than to make the story move for the sake of the narrative. The writer has conceived, not a story, but a situation. The aim of his narrative is to create in the reader's mind a vivid impression of the desire of a boy for the wonders of the unknown East; and it does so with complete success.

Mr. Canby adds:

> In Rip Van Winkle Irving is interested to some extent in situation, but much more so in the series of events. And if one should rewrite Rip Van Winkle, intending to convey an impression of the pathos of Rip's situation alone among strangers, a very different story would be the result. The story that has unity, restriction, and, therefore, a single effect, is not the same as the story with unity, restriction, and an attempt to convey an impression of a situation, although the term "short story" is fitly used to cover both.

In all such stories it is evident that a highly developed technic is essential. The truly great short story is a paradigm of order, of design. If one may offer an approximate definition for the sake of clearness at this point, it may be denominated such a story as, purposing to convey a single effect or an impression of a situation, sets forth to secure this by an introduction which strikes the keynote (the opening of The Fall of the House of Usher is a model in this respect), by skillful touches of suggestion which hint at the outcome without revealing it, by maintenance of atmosphere and unity, and by progress toward a climax which is unexpected and dramatic, and which, with the addition at times of a few

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[1] Dial, Sept. 1, 1904. The Modern Short Story.

words to restore a quieter tone, abruptly ends the narrative. But it must be freely admitted that so many types of the short story have revealed themselves that it is impossible to frame a definition which shall cover all, or even all of the best ones. In the endeavor to obtain these unique qualities several devices are employed. The importance of the strictest unity, for example, is so obvious as to call for no discussion. Equally important is a wise brevity. Perfection in any art is said to consist but in the removal of all surplusage. At any rate, in the short story brevity should be carried to an extreme. The question which we should be continually asking ourselves is, Will not a half page serve where a page has seemed necessary? And if so, by what skillful means can it be reduced? Plainly, not by any haphazard slash of the critical blade; for, as someone has well said, there is no kinship between a short story and a story which happens to be short. If the central idea is one which calls for two thousand words, it is only the bungler who puts it into three thousand, just as it is the bungler again who, when this central idea requires four thousand, puts it into two. This cavalier treatment will never serve. It is too much like that Procrustean bed to which all guests were fitted by being chopped short enough or pulled long enough. But brevity should obtain so far as is consistent with artistic effect. Suggestion—at least, skillful suggestion—is much more forcible than direct information; the old lady gossips have known this from time immemorial. It is a case where the half is greater than the whole, mathematics to the contrary notwithstanding. The psychological principle is a sound one: we enjoy most what we have only covert glimpses of; what is always before us but never quite grasped until the end. Human nature likes to guess, and although the good short story never degenerates into a riddle it does not disdain to use the motive of curiosity—or perhaps what we may call "the higher curiosities." The short story artist is known by what he omits as well as by what he selects. No one knew the secret of this quite so well as that notable Frenchman, Guy de Maupassant; he was terseness personified, a true Laconian in speech. He is doubtless a trifle bare and plain, even near to outline and sketchiness at times, but his directness is a most salutary lesson

to his fellows. Nothing goes to waste in his work. In The Necklace, the scene at the ball is dismissed with only a dozen lines because not essential to the central purpose. What opportunity for brilliancy, for picturesqueness, was sternly foregone there! Your second-rate story-teller might have made his dozen pages of it.

The greatness of such brevity is illustrated in poetry by Robert Browning. He portrayed only those supreme moments in which is revealed the quintessence of character. In a Balcony and the first scene of Pippa Passes, between Sebald and Ottima, are in many respects versified short stories in dramatic form. But the typical short story in verse—at least, the short story of character—is Browning's dramatic monologue; a form of his own invention, in which one person speaks to one or more silent listeners. My Last Duchess is a whole tragedy in some four hundred words. Andrea del Sarto fixes the soul of that hapless painter unalterably upon the sympathetic reader. Almost everything in these two poems is told indirectly, by deft suggestions. Brevity and Browning are synonymous; and, though the passion for it sometimes led him into obscurity, it was this master's skill in selection and omission which made him the great portrayer of single situations, characters and moral crises that he is now acknowledged to be. There was more of the Renaissance spirit, declared Ruskin, in The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's than in any other piece of modern English that he knew. This is praise indeed for the short story method of depicting character. The most characteristic manifestation of method, however, is perhaps in the management of climax. The short story which has no climax at the close is, one is tempted to assert, no short story at all. Indeed, one may almost say that the narrative should be begun at the end and written backward, since the climax, the unique single effect, is always preconceived by the skillful writer and all things in the story are made to subserve it. This singleness of effect has already been spoken of; its place of complete manifestation should be at the end. The best short story is one of suspense and of more or less perfect surprise in the denouement. One lays the train in order to apply the spark. Wilkie

Collins' succinct formula for novel writing was: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait"—and it applies here. The waiting process especially must be artfully planned. The suspense should be of such a character as to stimulate the reader without irritating him, and should be cumulative in effect; that is, should increase in intensity as the plot unfolds until everything bursts into sudden light at the climax. A model conclusion is that of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Marjorie Daw, or Maupassant's The Necklace, where the surprise is complete and the emotion profound. In the latter story the poor wife has toiled herself into a common drudge through ten cheerless years. And for what? To pay for a silently purchased substitute for a borrowed and lost necklace the diamonds of which, as she finally learns from the friend who had loaned it, were paste! It all comes upon the reader like a flood; and there, without an added word, ends the story. The progress toward this climax has been direct, unfaltering, inevitable. The whole tale is written with this plainly in mind, governing, altering, proportioning every smallest element—truly a case where the last shall be first. It would be inaccurate, of course, to assert that all good short stories have such a complete surprise or striking climax at the end. But this is the type which may be called characteristic, the safe principle to follow. "It takes a good lawyer," said a keen judicial wag, "to know when to disregard the law." Possibly there is something of the artificial in the principle of climax, as in several other principles of the short story. Things seldom happen so in real life, we say. Existence is not, after all, a succession of supreme moments; it is not spent at continual high pressure. Naturalness seems to be sacrificed to power. Characters are shown only for an hour, or a day, or in brief, lightninglike glimpses for a few months. There is none of the complexity of genuine life. Problems are simplified beyond the mathematical limit. There is too much isolation, segregation, for literary experiments. Well—all these accusations have some weight. And yet the total effect of one of Stevenson's stories, or Kipling's, or Hawthorne's, is not an effect of artificiality. They have achieved nature through an artificial form. All art, of course, is merely representative, is in

some sense artificial—"nature to advantage drest." The short story *form* is indeed highly artificial; but when the master weaves his tale upon this form the result is something very different, something profoundly moving or eminently inspiring. And this the artificial can never accomplish.

Thus far an attempt has been made to point out some qualities in which the short story is nearly or wholly unique; in which it justifies its title to a place as a distinct literary form. It is probably safe to go a little further, to assert that even in style the short story reveals something new—though chiefly in degree rather than in kind. The demand for the nicest accuracy in choice of word and phrase, for example, is much greater than in the novel. Mr. Bliss Perry has stated this distinction excellently: "The short story writer has but the one chance. His task, compared with that of the novelist, is like bringing down a flying bird with one bullet, instead of banging away with a whole handful of bird-shot and having another barrel in reserve."[1] No one can fail to perceive how this "one word for the one idea" is illustrated in the brief tales of Stevenson, Kipling, Hawthorne, or Maupassant. Occasionally in some of these authors one suspects that he sees too much brilliancy, too much that approaches mere cleverness, but only occasionally. Generally this use of color in addition to accuracy lends extraordinary vividness and vitality, thus serving the purposes of the short story much better than the unobtrusive style of such a novelist as Thackeray. That Hawthorne, who at first used this unobtrusive, rather colorless style, soon felt the need of something more effective is suggested by the fact that any one of his latest stories shows a dozen striking and apt phrases to one in his early tales. Compare, for example, The Gentle Boy (1832) with The Great Stone Face (1850). Let us remember that we are confronted by a problem *sui generis,* demanding a style *sui generis.* An aptly chosen figure often serves for a half page of commonplace, and in Kipling or Stevenson many are the half pages thus saved. It should be unnecessary to add that a style may be striking and brilliant without lamentable departure from the best standards of taste. No novelist ever wrote better English

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[1] A Study of Prose Fiction, p. 324. Boston, 1902.

than is to be seen on every page of Robert Louis Stevenson's short stories. What a marvel of adaptation is that passage in Markheim which describes the shop as it appears to the guilty conscience of the murderer! The room seems to be filled with "noiseless bustle" and keeps "heaving like a sea." The inner door, which chances to be standing ajar, seems to peer "into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger." The force of nature and of art can go no further. Whatever dispute may persist over this question of the unusual word and the striking phrase, it is, at any rate, certain that in one other important respect short story style differs sharply from that of the novel, namely, in the relations of force and clearness. In the short story force must be obtained above all. Brevity and suggestion demand it. Clearness is secondary, decidedly secondary. For, although the tale must not be actually obscure, yet it may be left at various points largely to the interpretation of the reader's skill. He must discern what is between the lines; and in a story by Kipling, or by any other worker in the short story, this is a good deal. The one situation, which is all that many short stories have, must possess, before all else, vividness and dramatic strength, and in order to attain these everything must be concentrated upon a few points. By lack of completeness, therefore, clearness will suffer, but there is no other satisfactory solution of the problem. The short story is not a bureau of information. The reader must constantly use his mother wit if he would seize upon all that the author means to convey. There is not a little of abruptness and apparent lack of connection in a typical short story. Now, this is to many readers distasteful because of the difficulty of interpreting the true meaning and purpose of the tale, and, indeed, you shall often find very intelligent people differing considerably in their interpretations. This is generally a fault, however, in the narrative, for if force really exclude clearness, the author is not a great artist. He may venture perilously near the verge—Kipling often does, especially in a fantasy like his recent study, They—but he must never actually topple over. Yet, particularly in the sinister and the tragic, a half-mystery, a daring challenge to the imagination, are in the highest sense effective. An extremely skillful use of this

principle is to be seen in the climax of W. W. Jacobs' story, The Monkey's Paw. A door is about to be unbarred to admit a horrible visitant from the supernatural; something intervenes suddenly, during the delay of drawing the bolts, so that when the door swings open only the blank, impassive night appears. But the strange suggestion is indescribably intense. The story once read, it is quite beyond our power to forget. And this perfect impressionism generally marks the success of a typical short story.

The final question to be asked, however—if we are to assign the place, the rank of the short story as compared with other forms of literary art—the final question is always this: Does it satisfactorily portray human life? And here is the point at which this form of art is most likely to fail. It seldom fails when attempted by a master, but it often does in the care of the lesser men. For it is difficult, extremely difficult, to overcome the artificiality of isolating bits of life, segregating characters, and with rigid parsimony choosing emotional crises. If the rounded effect of life be present, it is often present not because of the short story method but in spite of it. Out of isolation to obtain completeness—it is a kind of miracle of the loaves and fishes. Yet it is almost always done by a Hawthorne, a Stevenson or a Kipling. Human nature is never distorted, never falsified, by such craftsmen as these. The Man Who Would Be King, or Without Benefit of Clergy, or The Artist of the Beautiful is a monument of its true interpretation. And, although the brevity of the short story necessitates intensity rather than breadth of imagination, yet it is often imagination of a high order which is revealed—as in The Birthmark of Hawthorne or The Brushwood Boy of Kipling. The complexity, it is true, of complete, normal human life is lacking, and only the novel can supply this lack. But, though a Henry Esmond must rank above any short story, the place of the latter form is, nevertheless, a distinct and worthy one, necessary to certain modes of study in character and life.

Harry T. Baker

ART. VIII.—STEVENSON AND HIS GOSPEL OF CHEERFUL LIVING

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

No one but Robert Louis Stevenson could have written that couplet in just that way. "The most memorable quality attached to the sayings of eminent men is not usually the wit, or the wisdom, or the truth of the saying, but the stamp of a distinct personality upon it." Thus someone suggests that Goethe's remark describing architecture as "frozen music" is so far removed from the personality of Goethe that any one of a thousand might have said it and it would have run its suggestive course in the minds of men; but the great word of the dying statesman, Pitt, "Fold up the map of Europe," is dependent for its significance upon the stamp of his distinct personality with which the saying is branded. The two lines which I have quoted from A Child's Garden of Verses are in quite the same case. Their significance is dependent upon their intimate association with the personality of their author. They bear the distinctive thumb-marks of the man who wrote them, and, as such, they furnish the clue which enables the biographical detective to unravel the life story of this great apostle of joyous living; this cheerful criminal who from somewhere stole so much of sunshine, and whose "glorious morning face" has not ceased to illuminate a world which has fallen on weary days. A gray-haired negro was laughing heartily at his cabin door, his back bent with the burden of years, his ebony face fairly shining with merriment. A stranger stopped long enough to inquire the reason of his good humor and received the laconic reply: "Oh, I 's jes' glad I 's livin'." This was Stevenson's Credo. He went through life with the arrows of death quivering in his heart, but he uttered no complaint, offered no apologies, made no wry face, and in the end gave it as his deliberate verdict: "Sick or well, I've had a splendid life of it."

Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson (his baptismal name) was born at Edinburgh on November 13, 1850. He came of good

Scotch Covenanter stock, but unfortunately his parents were not so sturdy in vigorous physical vitality as in moral and religious principle. On his father's side he belonged to a distinguished family of engineers and lighthouse builders. Grim, sober-minded, determined Scotchmen were these early Stevensons. From them came the spirit of adventure, the love of the sea, the instinct of travel, and something of the gift for literary expression which later ripened into such rich fruitage in the genius of the author. His mother was a Balfour, daughter of a Scotch clergyman. It was from her that his life received its inclination toward cheerful living. "Her desire to be pleased, her interest in any experience, however new or unexpected, her resolute refusal to see the unpleasant side of things, all had their counterpart in her son." But along with this heritage of gayety and cheer she gave to him also a birthright of suffering which overshadowed him until the end. During all the early part of her married life Margaret Stevenson was more or less an invalid with persistent and alarming symptoms of consumption. Her only child, Robert Louis, inherited from her a predisposition to affections of the lungs. "He was unfortunate, besides," says his wife, "in having to endure in infancy the climate of Edinburgh, which with its cold mists and penetrating east winds was far from a desirable home for a delicate child." Had Stevenson's infancy been passed in the fresh air and sunshine of a milder climate, his whole life might have been different. This sentence of death which hung about him affected his entire career. It determined his choice of literature as a profession. It made him a wanderer in the earth. It drove him out as an exile from his native land, of which he never ceased to think with wistful longing. Afar, on a lonely island of the southern seas, he heard the echo of a mission bell across the beach, and thus he muses in his diary: "How very different stories are told by that drum of tempered iron! To the natives it is a new, strange, outlandish thing; to us of Europe it is redolent of home. In the ears of mission priests it calls up memories of French and Flemish cities. In my homesick heart 'tis talking of Scotland, of the gray metropolis of the north, of a village on a stream, of vanished faces and silent tongues." But he never saw the gray

metropolis again. It would have been fatal to return. Indeed, all his work was done under this shadow of impending death, and perhaps for this reason he worked so furiously, pursuing his vocation amid difficulties that for one of less courage and persistence would have made any kind of work impossible. He writes thus to a friend: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness. The battle goes on; ill or well is a trifle, so as it goes. I was made for contest, and the powers have willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle." I have laid emphasis upon this physical burden which Stevenson carried in order to create the dark firmament in which the silver star of his unfailing cheerfulness shone with such undimmed and steady luster. "Think of the nature of his life," says Dr. W. J. Dawson. "A consumptive youth, grazed by the arrow of death in the first lap of the great race of life; for year after year knowing immoderate sickness, and scarce a day of moderate health; at thirty-three, in spite of incredible exertion, still unable to support himself; yet in all his letters not so much as a complaint, amid all his sickness not a moment's relaxation of intellectual toil." When his right arm was bound to his side, for fear of its movement causing a hemorrhage, he learned to write with his left hand. When that was forbidden he dictated to his wife. And when silence was finally imposed he learned to dictate by the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. Thus his literary toil ceased not.

In their general tone and attitude toward life Browning and Stevenson are very closely and deeply allied. Both maintain the same cheerful optimism. That the latter felt this kinship of spirit is demonstrated by his sympathetic and frequent quotations from Browning. But in physical conditions the contrast between them is wide and deep. In his charming study of Browning Dr. Lockwood says: "Throughout life Browning was a man of robust health and overflowing vitality. First, last and midmost, as we read his works, or read works about him, is this impression of vivid healthfulness and abounding life. There is present all through his

poetry, too, the ringing note of joy in mere sensuous existence, as when in Saul he breaks forth into lusty song:

> Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
> Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
> Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
> The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
> And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
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> . . . .
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> How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

Now, in Stevenson also there is this same vibrant joy in life; this same masculine delight in existence. But for him, invalid that he was, there was no "prime vigor of manhood," no actual leaping from rock to rock. That would have brought on a hemorrhage. He spent many of his days in the sick bed which his imagination transformed into what he called the "pleasant land of counterpane." Thus, while the optimism of Browning sprang, at least to a degree, from the abounding physical vitality of his own life, the cheerfulness of Stevenson was the reuslt of a deliberate and determined purpose to be happy himself and to give happiness to others. He did not consider happiness to be the ultimate reward which mankind is seeking. In fact, he quotes with approval a saying of Fleeming Jenkin, when someone said to him that she would never be happy again. " 'What does that signify?' quoth he; 'we are not here to be happy but to be good.' " Neither does he believe with some "canting moralists" that happiness and goodness stand in the relation of effect and cause. He states in strong terms his opinion that happiness is by no means a certain accompaniment of right conduct. But if the happiness of duty is questionable, the *duty* of *happiness* is of preëminent importance. And this is the message of his life. We have no right to be gloomy upon any pretext. In a poem entitled The Celestial Surgeon this sentiment finds its most complete expression. In it he prays with tragic earnestness for anything that may save him from lapsing into a condition of joyless apathy:

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Brooks, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in.

While there was a natural gayety in his disposition, the circumstances of his life were such that the inclination had often to be reinforced by the stern sense of duty. Had he not resolutely clung to optimism, pessimism would not have been far away. But "when all was dark he deliberately pointed his telescope right into the blackness and found a star." Whatsoever things were true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, these he determined to dwell upon to the exclusion of all else. He had small patience with the author who, in an effort to afford a popular flavor and attract the morbid mob, adds a steady current of what he called "the rancid." "I think the crier-up has a good trade," he said, "but I like less and less every year the berth of the runner-down." He could not even endure the chant of a Miserere which he heard in Moyon Cathedral. He considered a Miserere to be the composition of an atheist anyway. He could have borne it himself, he says, "having had a good deal of open air exercise of late," but he was distressed for the old men and women worshipers who were present. It was not the right sort of music for them, and he believed that everybody preferred a Jubilate Deo for his ordinary singing.

Mingled with this deliberate choice of wholesome, happy thoughts he developed through the discipline of experience a philosophic tranquillity of mind. "An imperturbable demeanor," he says, in an Inland Voyage, "comes from perfect patience. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on, in

fortune or misfortune, at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm." So Stevenson preached and practiced the gospel of joyous living. Making mock of his own illness, he turns his troubles into farces, lives a strenuous life of intellectual activity, crosses the Atlantic as an amateur emigrant in the steerage. In later years he rises from what promised to be his deathbed, again crosses the ocean, and the Continent, and sails away into the south seas on an exhilarating voyage of adventure and observation; becomes experienced seaman, planter, politician, friend of savage peoples, plunging into every sort of action with a kind of joyous fury, yet preserving, except on rare occasions, a calm, unvexed tranquillity and a determined purpose to leave the world brighter than he found it, and with the prayer upon his lips: "Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation." When, in 1879-1880, Stevenson fell on evil times in California he spent some months in the village of Monterey. There he formed one of his happy friendships with Jules Simoneau, the keeper of a French restaurant. Not long ago in the Century Magazine appeared the account of an interview with this old Frenchman of almost ninety years, who is still erect and sturdy and immensely proud of his one-time intimacy with the famous author. He was asked by this interviewer the secret of his long and happy life, and he replied, "Shall I tell you ze zecrete? I nevair fret. If good luck comes, I enjoy; if bad luck, I get out of it as soon as possible and I nevair get *sick* with *desir* for what I can not have. *Enfin,* I am content." And then, throwing out his chest proudly, he added: "Stevenson was like me." The old Frenchman was right; Stevenson was like him. "He truly made always the most of the best, the least of the worst"; he, if any, practiced the courage that he preached, and by his example has led countless souls to resolve with him to "play the man."

Having thus tried to emphasize this great task of happiness which Stevenson steadfastly set before himself as a duty of cardinal importance, a fundamental Christian virtue to be prayed for and cultivated, I wish now to point out some of the practical

and available sources of gladness which Stevenson deliberately drew upon and encouraged, and which we also may cultivate. In these modern days, when there is matter for discontent on every hand, when men and women are hurried, worried, and preoccupied, and we are grown somewhat hysterical about the undoubted miseries of human life, and are driven in our search for a panacea to all manner of strange experiments in philosophy, sociology, and science falsely so called, we are quite in need of rediscovering the sources of cheerful living. To begin with, Stevenson kept ever a child's heart beating in his breast. When he became a man there were some childish things which, happily, he did not put away. This is the unending charm of his Garden of Verses, where, as we read, we wander like happy children in meadows flecked with flowers. For him everything is singing:

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings,
  And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
  In ships upon the seas.
The children sing in far Japan,
  The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
  Is singing in the rain.

His rich and active imagination never suffered him to outgrow the innocent love of play. He could spend hours with his foster son, Lloyd Osborn, on the floor of a large attic chamber at a great game of war, in which they built roads and fortifications and planned fierce campaigns in which squadrons of tin soldiers were ruthlessly slain. Another charming evidence of this boyish delight in toys is to be found in his story of an Inland Voyage. He and his friend find themselves in an old French village where Stevenson is immensely taken up with watching the antics of three little mechanical figures on the town clock, "who look knowingly at one another, and then 'kling!' go the three hammers on three little bells below." "I had a great deal of healthy pleasure from their maneuvers," he says, "and took good care to miss as few performances as possible." His intense delight in nature is like that of a child let loose among the woods and meadows. Everything gives him pleasure, "so that to see the day break, or the moon rise,

or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joy." Some very violent squalls strike them in the south seas, "but everyone rejoiced," he reports; "it was impossible to help it; a soul of putty had to sing." Thus he gave himself up to simple enjoyment in the great theater of the natural world about him, where real men and women are the actors, where real mountains and rivers and stars make up the scenes. There is a gospel for us all in this. We are too complex in these days. There is too much pepper in our modern soup; we have seasoned it too highly for enjoyment. To be sure, we cannot go back to the wigwam and the camp fire, but, like Stevenson, we can keep alive the child spirit and find simplicity in the midst of complexity. Another source of unfailing cheerfulness was the breadth of Stevenson's sympathies—the catholicity of his interests. He could be equally at home among the savages of the south seas or in the drawing room of English aristocracy. He had a most marvelous genius for friendship, and men of the most diverse types were fastened to him by hooks of steel. Every life and every object had an interest for him. He had no patience with the specialist whose life was cramped and narrowed by devotion to one thing, even though such an one became an authority on the classification of toadstools or the meaning of a Greek root. He is filled with an invigorating sense of the opulence and the wideness of the world. He is a hater of houses. He delights in sky-room and sea-room and the broad stretch of peopled lands. Very frequently we notice that he brings together on his pages lists of persons and things quite unrelated. Now it is "Brooks, and my food, and summer rain"; again, "The state, the churches, peopled empires, war and rumors of war, and the voices of the arts." In one of his prayers he contrasts the handful of men on the island with the myriads of trees and the teeming fishes, and prays that they may understand the lesson of the trees and the meaning of the fishes: "Let us see ourselves for what we are, one out of the countless number of the clans of thy handiwork. When we would despair let us remember that these also please and serve thee." Thus does he move about the crowded world, with a breadth of appreciation which relates him in understanding sympathy to

every detail of creation and a wealth of interest which is all-inclusive. Such a man will never be troubled with ennui or despair. Life for him will never become dreary or uninteresting. He will find enjoyment even in unpleasant places because the whole glad world will be ever singing in his heart. But, if the unique joyousness of Stevenson's life sprang from naturalness and sympathy, its deepest source was an essential confidence in the order of things—in brief, his faith. So much depends on the mental attitude with which we approach life. If you teach your child that the world is peopled by malignant spirits, that in every shadow lurks a ghost or a goblin, that every night gives birth to monsters who will leap upon him out of the dark, what product will you have? A poor, puny, fearful lad, without spontaneity or joy, who finds in life only an awesome mystery before which he must tremble and despair. But, on the other hand, suppose you teach him to approach life in the spirit of confidence, knowing that the dark cannot hurt him, that there are no shadowy shapes of blackness except the unreal fancies of his own misguided mind. Out of such confidence, or faith, if you please, in the order of things, will come a healthy, vigorous character which will go through life with a firm tread and a buoyant, happy heart. This was Robert Louis Stevenson's attitude toward life. His was not a false optimism, which shuts its eyes to the pain and misery of existence. He had looked both death and life squarely in the face, and yet he tells us in Pulvis et Umbra: "In the harsh face of life faith can read a bracing gospel." From the thick of his great political fight in Samoa, little more than a year before his death, he wrote to Professor Colvin: "The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker; and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say that it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it." This man was able

> To feel, in the ink of the slough,
> And the sink of the mire,
> Veins of glory and fire
> Run through, and transpierce, and transpire,
> And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
> And the answering glory of battle fill my heart.

Speaking once of a crisis in his own experience he said: "I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God." This faith may be taken as the basis of his optimism.

Mr. John Kelman, of Edinburgh, who has written a suggestive volume on The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson, calls our attention to an incident in the life of Robert Stevenson the grandfather, the distinguished lighthouse builder of Scotland. They were constructing the Bell Rock Light when a great storm broke upon the reef and the ship Pharos riding at her anchor. After twenty-seven hours of what seemed imminent peril Robert Stevenson came out of the cabin. "On deck," he says, "there was only one solitary individual looking out, to give the alarm in the event of the ship breaking from her moorings." This sailor was lashed to the foremast to prevent him being washed overboard. When Mr. Stevenson looked toward him he appeared to smile, as though all were well. And the old engineer records that the smile of that watch on deck set his mind at ease and resigned him to whatever result might follow. Mr. Kelman very beautifully uses this story as an allegory of the grandson's faith. "His storm also was long and affrighting, and he likewise was at ease in his own mind and perfectly resigned to the ultimate result. The reason was that he too, looking out, had seen a smile upon a certain Face."

Lucius H. Bugbee.

ART. IX.—OXONIANS AND AMERICAN COLLEGIANS

IN 1905 the Review of Reviews published an article which stated some of my first impressions of the comparative scholarship of Oxonians and American collegians. What I said I believed; but I also believed many other things which were left unsaid. The burden of Rhodes's desire for Anglo-Saxon amity was heavy upon me, and I was reluctant to say of the English undergraduates anything which, in its coming from so recent and so peculiarly conditioned a student as an American Rhodian, might justly be accused of being in bad taste and might also provoke bad feeling. The good effects of the Englishman's confined range of study, his acquaintance with literature, his intelligent appreciation of art contrasted with the ill effects of our own rosary of educational smatterings and our ignorance of many of the things that are fundamental to one's possession of what is commonly termed "culture"—there was plenty to be said on these matters, and, on hearing it said, the Oxonian could only arch his back and purr. Now, however, after three years at the English university, I feel myself less the guest of Oxford and more an ordinary Oxford student whose tongue may freely wag in more than one direction, since its owner holds no brief for either country, or, rather, briefs for both.

It is hard to determine the "average Oxonian's" intellectual attainments. The members of different colleges are miles apart, scholastically. Every college, to be sure, has its "slackers" whose aspirations center round the cushions at the bottom of a Cherwell punt; its athletes whose souls, minds, and bodies are wrapped in blazers of 'varsity blue—though not so impenetrably as those of our own athletes in their "H" and "Y" sweaters; its sports who hunt, make quick trips to London, and reside at the university because it's one of the best places for a good time extant; its "bloods" who herd together and deplore the existence of those "rotters," the rest of the college; its intellectual snobs who crack jokes only in Latin or Greek iambics; and finally, its types of the very best student of the humanities to be found in the world.

Nevertheless, as in our home fraternities, their various proportions of this mixture make Oxford colleges distinctly good or bad. Go to Baliol and stay there for a few weeks without knowing, even by reputation, the undergraduates in other colleges and you'll be convinced that the "average Oxonian" is a composite Pater, Jebb, Gladstone, and Kant—with a dab of Perkeo, if that's the name of the worthy who emptied the Heidelberg tun. Go to Pembroke under the same conditions and you'll think he's a Perkeo with a dab of Pater, for, practically, all these Englishmen, no matter whether through home influences, convention, or taste, have at least some love for art and literature, and even those who do not always approve of common orthography and common decency have some feeling for literary style. These college lines, I repeat, are not invariably clear and straight. There are still "Pemmie" men who point with pride to Samuel Johnson's old room on their quad; and more than one "Belialite" occasionally seeks an oasis in the desert of high thinking. But when one meets a man, as one often does, who really enjoys Æschylus, Hegel, Ruskin, and Browning as summer reading, one is right four times out of five in guessing that he's not a member of Pembroke, Worcester, Hertford, or of any one of half a dozen other "colls." And when one meets another man, as one sometimes does, who finds that entertaining literature begins with Meredith, believes that the drama reached its apex in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," or "Man and Superman," and wonders where he's heard of Dürer before, one may be reasonably certain that the ægis of Baliol or of New College doesn't cover him—unless he's an American, smuggled in out of deference to Rhodes's wishes, and a somewhat extraordinary American, too, in that he has an acquaintance, of sorts, with Meredith, Pinero, Shaw, and Dürer, and convictions on any artistic question.

Americans here and elsewhere are fond of quoting that hoary phrase, "Oxford veneer," in explanation of the Englishman's vast superiority in the humanities. It's a convenient phrase. It saves one the trouble of forming an opinion, saves one's face, and saves from a well-earned death our national trait of working overtime a derogatory resume of foreigners. If this "veneer" in the study

of the classics means the appreciation of a work of ancient literature as literature, at the sacrifice of acquaintance with the last German notion of it as an archæological tilting-ground; if "veneer" in general means the knowledge and enjoyment of the artistic masterpieces that contribute so largely to making life worth while, and a willingness to talk about them while athletics and theatrics are taking a deserved rest—if this is "veneer," Oxonians have it, and it's a pity we haven't. Nothing is more wearisome than an affected love of art, but it was the real thing that I once heard dismissed by an American Rhodian as being fit only for "Sissies." Yet, despite his example, this affectation is preëminently our own characteristic. Notwithstanding his greater ability to do so and notwithstanding his mysteriously earned reputation, the Oxonian does not try to "show off" to the extent we do. Sometimes he goes to the other extreme and assumes a don't-know-anything-about-anything air which fits most deceivingly with his stolid countenance: some of the cleverest, wisest criticisms I've ever heard have come from an English friend who is always dumb in the presence of strangers, his face immobile as a pyramid and intelligent as a cod's. This "veneer" calls for nothing but our unqualified admiration and envy. Yet one doesn't have to follow Spencer to the bitter end to feel that there's something to be said for the man who has a substitute for the other fellow's ability to describe "the labors of Hercules." The educational training of the Englishman who reads for the school of "Literæ Humaniores," the distinctive Oxford course, has its defects: our own collegian's training has its virtues. A most clever young Briton, whose acquaintance with literature, philosophy, and art made me, in my mortification, regret the passing of the primitive life, somewhat revived my self-esteem by finally alluding to Mexico as the capital of Texas. I joyfully led his imagination on and on through the realms of physical geography, sociology, economics, anatomy, and European history, sparing him the higher mathematics, physics, and chemistry of which he had scarcely heard—and though I remembered next to nothing of those subjects, his naive expositions made me feel myself almost a man once more. An American collegian invariably finds that he knows at least something of

many subjects upon which the Oxonian ventures only with disaster, and subjects no less important, though less fitted for the conventional drawing room discussion, than a refined appreciation of the state of the modern drama or of the last Academy exhibition. But we need a somewhat less broad curriculum—or better memories—to be quite the Englishmen's equals so far as amount of assimilated information is concerned. The Oxford classicist, to my mind, gets the best classical education in the world. But here again we have at least something to show by way of atonement for our failure to read Greek and Roman literature as literature. During my first term at the university I rashly engaged in a discussion of ancient poetry with an Oxonian. Immediately he bombarded me with enough quotations from various authors, in illustration of his points, to stock a library. My own painfully amassed supply of couplets dwindled to exhaustion: he held the floor for half an hour and then left the room triumphantly spouting a terrific ode from the "Agamemnon" in Anglicized Greek, at the same time meditating, no doubt, the illiterateness of Americans. Yet even this man, who can write, talk and quote Latin and Greek more or less like a belated Cicero, reveals quite sizable gaps in his classical knowledge. He has taken some of the biggest prizes open to Oxford classicists, but of ancient topography, public buildings, epigraphy, numismatics and palæography he is entirely ignorant. He took an allusion to the "C. I. L." (Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum) for an attempt to bring chemical formulæ into the argument—a double-headed "floater" best to be appreciated by an American classicist. Still, in the quantity as well as in the quality of his classical knowledge this man excels any of our own students I've ever met: and there are many Oxonians who are scholastically his peers.

The great good points of our system of smatterings appear to me to be its applicability to the life of the majority of American graduates, its potential benefits, and the sense of proportion it fosters. Till quite recently the educated men of England were necessarily graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Practically speaking, only the well-to-do could apply, many of them men who need never work for a living, most of them men who were to

"go in" for one of the "gentlemanly" professions. To these men, England being then and now something of a social stamp-album, the two universities gave what they wanted—an education that had little to do with the sordid interests of everyday life and everyday people. Incipient gentlemen were popped into the oven of learning and full-fledged gentlemen were drawn out, nicely browned and ready for the top strata in English society's pâté. This is only a bit less true today. The Oxonian and Cantab come from homes very different to those left by the students at other English universities and by most of our own undergraduates. Just as the Oxonian gets from his university what he wishes and needs, so do our collegians get what they need—though all of them, no doubt, at times wish that they, too, could make the easy transitions from comfortable home to comfortable college, to comfortable, unworldly education, to comfortable, "gentlemanly" occupation. But our collegians come from the people, not from a class; and they must in the majority of cases go back and live among the people. Their future is not clearly outlined, free from storm and stress. Comparatively few American students, chiefly for the reason that our college educations are so widely distributed, see ahead of them pleasant little grooves in which to stroll along during the rest of their lives. They must be prepared for all sorts of work, all sorts of associates, all sorts of rapid changes. The Oxford course in "Literæ Humaniores" would be to many of them, in some respects, worse than useless. Unnecessarily, but almost invariably, it is a course of study which *tends* toward disqualifying a man for a life wherein adaptability, wide human sympathy and intuitive action are of primary importance. Especially is this true of the course as taken at Oxford by men who are all of approximately the same class socially and financially. Of the struggles, the privations, the feelings, hopes, and needs of three fourths of the English people they know nothing and therefore care less. Splendid exceptions one may easily recall. But in most cases it is despite rather than because of the view of humanity afforded by an Oxford education. Put an Oxonian in Australia or in Canada, in any capacity but that of a schoolmaster, and he—and the colonials—have a hard time till he has unlearned

half of his 'varsity acquisitions. He can't understand their crudity and they aren't disposed to overvalue his culture. I have this on the authority of many colonial Rhodians at the university, and it would be equally true of his life in the States. The American student's collegiate smatterings, on the contrary, do not remove him from the world at large, the less so, since an American university is infinitely nearer to being a miniature United States than Oxford a miniature England: he is merely prepared to take a more intelligent interest and a more helpful part in what interests everybody. Moreover, he has become accustomed to facing new questions, new fields of study: it is partly this training that makes him less apt than the Englishman to be afraid of being the fool to rush in where angels fear to tread—an experiment that has so often spelled success and progress.

Closely related to this good feature of our educational system are its potential benefits. Four years at an American college on top of many years of precollegiate odds and ends seldom make a man a scholar and often fail to make him a man of scholarly tastes. Our scholars usually are the result of our graduate departments—much better organized, by the way, than that at Oxford. At any one time the Oxonian has at command more scholastic facts than the American student, simply because the latter has grazed over an impossibly wide range of subjects. But when the need arises, as it more often does arise for the American than for the Englishman in after life, our 'varsity graduate can easily brush up and add to his information on a large number of subjects that lie perilously close to the brink of his memory, subjects which the Oxonian had never studied and would be timorous of entering upon. A priori reasoning would make this wide education offered by our colleges a more suitable preparation for an Indian civil service man than the training in the Oxford classical schools which now best fits him for the examinations for those well-paid posts. Yet more efficient public servants can hardly be desired. It is not their intimate knowledge of Plato, however, that makes them efficient administrators, but rather the upper class Englishman's innate executive ability, nourished by practiced convictions of class superiority and by the sense of intellectual superiority which this

classical course at Oxford generates. Their easy self-assurance and self-esteem are unqualified virtues in India.

Kindred to the other two is the third advantage of our students' fleeting glimpses of many vast fields of study, the sense of proportion thereby acquired. The Oxford term for chemistry, "stinks," is significant. Many scholars have at least a half-admitted belief that their own line of study is the only one of real importance in the world. But the Oxford student of "Literæ Humaniores" too often has a contempt, born of ignorance, for those "extraordinary" pursuits that are not his own. The American collegian better estimates the value of all of mankind's activities and is more apt to respect knowledge wherever he finds it.

These, in brief, seem to me to be the main points of difference, for good and for bad, between the "Literæ Humaniores" Oxonian and the American collegian: we need some of the things they have, and England is gradually becoming a place wherein they might not be the worse for some of the things we have. Mutual grafting must be cautiously attempted, but it is not impossible.

Paul Nixon

ART. X.—THE WORLD'S DEBT TO JANE WELSH CARLYLE

THE false impressions, regarding the social and domestic life of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle, as conveyed by James Anthony Froude's Reminiscences and Letters, can never wholly be gathered up and the world given correct views of the home life of these greatest workers and helpers of the nineteenth century. It is the story over again of the lifting of the lid of Pandora's box—only the evils which went out this time were imaginary. Pathetic beyond expression is it that for so long a time the general reading public should have seen a distorted vision of the really beautiful home life of the Carlyles. The books, edited by Froude, were seized with avidity, because, as Ruskin would say, we loved gossip like the maid and the stable boy. We read, and our opinions were so fixed that when other Reminiscences and other Letters appeared but few cared to read. Carlyle left the Letters for Froude to edit because he called Froude his friend and "friend" meant much to Carlyle. He was sure of his own strong love for his wife and knew, as no one else could know, how devotedly and unselfishly she loved him. The Letters, as he passed them over to Froude, told this truth to Carlyle. Froude knew the reading world and knew its delight in a sensation. He, also, by force of habit could have done nothing different from what he did do.

> Habit with him was all the test of truth:
> "It must be right; I've done it from my youth."

In Paul's Life of Froude, published in 1905, going from Froude's dreary childhood to his career at Oxford, he dwells upon the time when he was under the spell of John Henry Newman. Herbert Paul says: "Froude could not have done better for his style or much worse for his loyalty to truth." He wrote for Newman the Life of Saint Neot and was instructed to "rationalize when the evidence is weak; this will give credibility." For a man who was by nature unexact this was most unfortunate. His history of Henry VIII was avowedly written with a "polemical

purpose." The least of the charges regarding his History of England is that "it is sophistication of history," "*polemical* dealings with facts," and "perversion of morality." His Cæsar is for the reader to examine through Froude's own glasses. When the Carlyle manuscripts fell into his hands, after a life of misstatements, how could he have done differently? It was as easy for Froude to omit a sentence or a word as for the schoolboy who quoted Scripture "When sinners entice thee, consent thou." It was most natural for him to guess at an interpretation; omit, twist, spread before the world what would make it believe that Carlyle and his lady wife lived a cat-and-dog life; that the husband neglected, scolded and ill-treated his wife who was never satisfied with her husband, and he, after the death of his wife, lived in a constant agony of remorse!

With every one else, I had this impression of the Carlyles after the first reading of Reminiscences and Letters. When I had lived my second decade with a busy professional man I again read the books, putting myself in the place of Jane Welsh. I found I began to look at the domestic life of the Carlyles from a new point of view. Carlyle was no longer belittled. I turned again with pleasure to his Heroes and Hero Worship. I took down my Sartor Resartus and saw that Carlyle had, right before him, at Craigenputtoch, a marvelous object-lesson when he talked about the bliss and glory of duty well done. I went back to an old copy of Froude's Life of Thomas Carlyle and among the few letters there, some of them charming, I found that I had two characters standing before me, who lived in a home where was sympathy, felicity, beauty.

I have read The New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle (edited by Alexander Carlyle), chosen from what was left unpublished by Froude. These show the domestic life of the Carlyles from a different standpoint than that taken by Froude, but I had already sifted falsehood from truth in the letters I had read, so I really learned nothing new. Many of these letters of Mrs. Carlyle are fragrant with adoring love for her Mr. Greatheart. Writing a friend, Mrs. Carlyle says: "We see numbers of people, but are always content when alone. My husband some-

times reads to me. I read, or work, or just sit and look at him, which I find as profitable employment as any other." In another letter: "If he were only here, there would not be such a happy pair on the face of the earth." To her husband she writes, not knowing that all the world could read it: "I wish I could give you a kiss for every minute I have been absent." We do not need these expressions to show the devotion of Jane Welsh for her husband; we need only look at this society-loving woman six years on that moorland farm, fifteen miles from a lemon, happy in her husband's silent company while he wrote and wrote at his wonderful Philosophy of philosophies. *Her* husband had no need to say to her,

A man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's heaven for?

She believed in her husband's greatness. She knew the power of help and sympathy that lay in her; she "knew she had strength to stand the struggle before his greatness was recognized," and, "If the knocker makes no sound for weeks, I am happy and glad." "My husband is as good company as any reasonable mortal could desire." When the world began to recognize Carlyle's genius, when he was delivering his lectures on Hero Worship, she gleefully exclaimed: "I knew it long ago!" She did know it, and she patiently and encouragingly kept his face toward the goal no matter how deep he might be in the slough of despond. In the Carlyle and Goethe Correspondence we find, throughout, in his letters, a tone of appreciation for the influence and ability of Mrs. Carlyle. Carlyle shows his pride when he says: "My wife knows you in your own language and her first criticism of you was, expressed with some surprise—'This Goethe is a greater genius than Schiller!' She would have me, in her name, beg of you to accept this purse, the work, as I can testify, of dainty fingers and true love. She sympathizes with me in most things and agrees, also, in my admiration of you." In Carlyle's correspondence with Emerson, from 1834-1872, in all the exquisitely charming Letters there is never one from across the waters but gives the impression of a sane, sensible, happy home, and, as Carlyle would have quoted from his "friend Oliver," "It had exceeding much refreshment

in it." Scores of times Carlyle speaks of his wife in tenderest tones. Emerson speaks of her with the frankness of a warm friendship of thirty-nine years, and always gives his impression of Mrs. Carlyle as a happy woman wholly in sympathy with her husband's lifework. Letters of Carlyle, among the papers of Daniel Hope, a merchant of Glasgow, speak of Mrs. Carlyle as an invalid, but full of courage. There are but few letters, and the main reason for publishing seems to be the fact that the Carlyles dined with Daniel Hope! Mrs. Carlyle's Letters to Her Housemaid, simply show the kind heart of the writer—just such letters as a real lady would write her maid who was in her childhood home and sorrowing on account of the death of her mother. Edward Strachey, who publishes Letters from Carlyle, speaks of Mrs. Carlyle as a lover of her home, proud of her husband, a woman of wit and humor.

Whenever the beautiful life of Jane Welsh has come to mind, for many years I have felt as though Carlyle transmuted that life into words whenever he described the rewards of duty—words that he who runneth can read. Looking at the life behind the "words," we learn that wives of brain workers cannot count on cushions of ease. The wife of a genius must find her joy in her husband's work. As a "Hannah Jane"? Perhaps. As a financier, like Mrs. Emerson? Sometimes. As a comrade and friend, like Elizabeth Barrett Browning or Jane Welsh Carlyle? "Bliss beyond compare." But to every woman to know such a beautiful, helpful, unselfish life as that of Mrs. Carlyle's, helps us all

> To take patience, labor, to our heart and hand
> From her hand and heart and her brave cheer.

The forty years Jane Welsh lived with Thomas Carlyle was no holiday life. She lived beside him, often in silence but always believing in his genius, which, when acknowledged by the world, caused her no surprise. Bread, earned with a pen guided by a conscience that allowed only the profoundest thought of the soul to go out to the world, she knew would be but a meager slice. So, with her maid, during the seven years on that Scotch moorland farm, she cared for the poultry, the eggs, the farm produce that helped keep poverty from the door while Carlyle sometimes worked

all day over one thought, sending out those magnificent essays, on Burns, Heyne, Goethe, Voltaire, Novalis, Johnson, Jean Paul Richter, and that wonderful prose poem, Sartor Resartus, published later (1834) but written at Craigenputtock. An author of today remarks: "My book was dashed off in six months!" Then he wonders why it had no length of days. Carlyle's book, with the title of an old Scotch song—The Stitcher Restitched: or the Tailor Done Over—after nearly seventy-five years, sells annually by scores of thousands. Written by a seer, a prophet, it is a book full of encouragement to a soul battling with doubt, despair, and spiritual foes. He worked seven years on The French Revolution; four on Cromwell; thirteen on Frederick the Great. At the time Carlyle was at work on his French Revolution he tells in a pathetic way of their poverty and trials. "How poor we were and, yet, how rich!" He gives a picture of their attendance at a theater for which they had received free tickets. They could not afford a carriage, the walking was muddy, and his wife's overshoes came off and he had to put them on, much to the disgust of both, who had on their very best attire. In traveling from their farm-home to London, to save expense they dined in the coach, and "poor Jeannie retired, in silence, with one of her terrible headaches. Such headaches were nothing less than agony. Oh, my heroine; but she suffered in silence." How the wife cheered her husband as he wrote, he himself tells. When writing the French Revolution, he says: "I was not easy to live with, but she flickered round me like perpetual radiance, and in spite of my glooms and misdoings never at any moment ceased to love and help me." "No one but myself knows how hard the battle of life was at this time, and her part was brighter and braver than my own." "I was Thomas the Doubter, the unhoping, the half-believing in myself and my priceless opulence." "Worthless I was of your divinity; wrapt as I was in your perpetual love of me and pride in me in defiance of men and things. Oh, it was beautiful!"

Carlyle's health was not good. Intense brain work is a weariness of the flesh. His wife made for him that one bit of paradise left after the fall—a home. She made dishes he could eat. She made quiet for his work. She entertained people who bored her

husband, read his chapters, criticised, encouraged, gave him of her time, talent, genius,—freely, gladly. In their poverty she could not give dinners for the great people who came to them, but if, like Leigh Hunt, they did remain to eat, they partook of her Scotch porridge and went away thinking they had eaten the food of the gods. When John Mill, by accident, burned the manuscript of one hundred and twenty thousand words—the whole of the first volume of The French Revolution, "Jeannie flung her arms around my neck and lamented, consoled, and encouraged like a second self. Under heaven is nothing beautifuller," says Carlyle. "We sat late talking about it and she said: 'It shall all be written again.' She made me promise to do the work which proved such a task that it was a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. Jeannie, alone of beings, burned like a steady lamp beside me. I forget how much money we had,—perhaps £280 to front London with. 'It shall last till The French Revolution is ready,' she said, and she made it last."

Jane Welsh never sandpapered her husband. Whatever her worries, they were borne in silence. At this time, when life seemed one great burden, she wrote articles for the Review and used her money for household expenses. She economized; with her skill as an artist she fashioned her own garments. She ate Scotch porridge but made dishes for her husband which he enjoyed, never knowing how brave she was. She brought him from his work to take his daily walk or horseback ride and smiled on him when he returned to his pen and his own thoughts. He was diligent but desperate. Not rebellious or impious against God, but he says that he often looked at the fine horses and equipages in Hyde Park, as he took exercise, and said to himself: "None of you could do what I am doing, yet my poor Jeannie has to walk—*walk*—not even an omnibus for her. When I am through I will fling the book at your feet, buy a rifle and spade, and hide myself in a wilderness far from human baseness." His soul was all astir. There were many books to be read and sifted; manuscripts to be searched and personal tales to hear. He became nervous and irritable. He wrote Emerson (April, 1836) as he started on the third volume: "One pull more, and *then!* It seems

to me, I will fly into some obscurest cranny of the world, and lie silent there for a twelvemonth. The mind is weary, the body is very sick; a little black speck dances to and fro in the left eye (part of the *retina* protesting against the liver, and striking work): I cannot help it; it must flutter and dance there like a signal of distress, unanswered till I be done."

When his last chapter was finished, at ten o'clock, on a rainy evening, January 14, 1837, his wife sat by with a cup of tea and a cheery word. "What will they do with this book, Jeannie, lass?" he asked. "None knows," he sadly replied to his own question. "But this *I* know. For two hundred years no book has come more truly from a man's heart. Let them trample it under foot if they will." "That! 'Trample under foot'!" exclaimed the wife. "They cannot do that." He was comforted and strengthened.

Emerson helped Carlyle, by the American edition, to £150. "Pathetic; but never mind, dear," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to her husband who was from home. This amount, which represented the years of work, the thought, the talent, the genius of her loved one, made sore the wifely heart but she bravely wrote, "Never mind, dear. We can get along and it *is* a big work. You are famous!" and she pinched in the poverty and gloried in the fame. Fraser, for the English edition, gave Carlyle £100. "This is the way the world always rewarded its truest benefactors," said Jane, "but, never mind, dear, we can get along," and she hid her poverty the best she could. She greeted the great world of famous people in her little, exquisite box of a drawing room—made three feet larger by cutting the three feet from her bedroom—and all the great people made her happy because they acknowledged the fame of her husband. How proud she was! How she exulted in what Carlyle had done! He was her god. Tall, muscular, straight as an arrow, great of intellect, broad intelligence, wide knowledge of books, well versed in the languages, marvelously interesting as a conversationalist, independent in speech, free with his wit and careless of it, too, a laugh that was contagious, loved by a few, admired by all—and he was her husband! And she knew and she knew that her husband knew she had helped him to be all this. How unworthy the name of Love! Is anything less

than this stuff made of service, faith, courage? Love—that transmutes human clay into a god and offers self as a sacrifice—how divine a thing it is!

Claudius Clear in British Weekly says, in "The Carlyles": "Mrs. Carlyle was jealous of her husband's fame. She was not content to shine in his light. She loved the glory of her own. There are unmistakable traces of annoyance at his praises and his reputation. Wherever this element enters married life it is fatal to the highest happiness." I went thistle-hunting for ten years for this very thing and I could not find it. Right here let me quote the closing paragraph of Birrell's Essay on Carlyle: "Brother dunces, lend me your ears! not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: 'Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet we are so constituted that we cannot live without it.'"

When Carlyle went to London, in 1834, Byron, Shelley, Keats, had finished their lifework. Tennyson had made one poor, little attempt toward fame. England was low morally and socially. Fashionable life had kept pace with the debased court of four Georges and a William. The lower strata of society dipped in the same direction. Carlyle looked on all this and his soul was stirred to its depths. He called London, "Fog Babylon," and said the church had fallen speechless from obesity and apoplexy, with spinning dervishes in the pulpit. He was moved to write such political pamphlets that his best friends called him a lost man. He said only one friend in all the world stood by him, encouraging him to do his best for humanity, and that friend was his wife. His books were not a financial success. Two professorships, which he hoped might come to him, went to less worthy men, and he also failed to get the editorship of The London Review. Their main income was from lectures which were forwarded by their friends, the Wilsons, Miss Martineau, Henry Taylor, and others. This was in 1838. Carlyle speaks of the lectures as, "Detestable mixture of prophecy and playactorism. Nothing could be hatefuller to me. But I was obliged. It was odious confusions, horrors, and repugnancies, yet it was compulsion absolute. And she—oh, *she* was my angel and unwearied helper and comforter in all that.

How we drove together,—we poor two to our place of execution! She, with one economical drop of brandy, to give me at the very last and then shine around me like a bright aureola when all else was black and chaos. Oh, her love to me—her cheering, unaffected, useful, practical help to me! Was not I rich, after all? She had a steady hope in me, too, while I had habitually none—except of the desperate kind. Yea, she had a steady contentment with me and with our lot together, let it be what it might. 'The more I wriggled in my agony of incipiency the more the people liked it, and the greater the success of the lecture,' she declared, encouragingly." This year Mrs. Welsh came to visit her daughter and Carlyle, who was proud of his lady wife and her lady mother, rejoiced because "select individuals of the aristocracy" were noticing them, and they were, as he sarcastically called it, "rather rising in society!"

Queen Victoria came to the throne this year of 1838, and Carlyle had greater hope for England, and looked upon life with more faith and courage. He saw the queen one day as she passed. He removed his hat, saying: "May our maid redeem us as France was redeemed." The latter part of this year Carlyle went to Kirkcaldy, and remained in Scotland nearly two months among friends he had not seen for twenty years. Mrs. Carlyle's letters at this time are exceedingly bright and interesting. They abound in what the Germans call *coterie-sprache,*—family-circle dialect—the bits of witticism sparkling like diamond points. The word pictures are so clear that one sees those days at Chelsea and lives with her during her husband's absence. The first night after Carlyle's departure she slept three hours; the second, forty minutes and the third none at all. Then she applied to the doctor for a sleeping draught which had no opium in it. He gave her red-lavender which took effect at once. "Not that I drank it," she writes; "I merely set it by my bedside and the feeling of lying down under new circumstances—of having a resource—put me to sleep!" She speaks of her callers. "People are very attentive. Almost too attentive, for they make me talk more than is good for my soul and go through a power of my scanty store of tea and bread and butter!" A gentleman of influence, an admirer of

Carlyle, invited himself to lunch and she invites him to be seated to what she had provided for herself—two potatoes, a small fish and a spoonful of hash, the latter being hastily added to her "sumptuous repast." She writes about business matters: *"Our* first two volumes of the Miscellanies are published," sending a copy and suggesting what changes will be necessary. Receives money from Emerson, on the French Revolution, and declares fortune is actually smiling on her husband from over the seas. "I pray you, my dear, don't be bashful but smile on her in return." Some lady friend told her that "Sartor, poor beast! is getting on, having been honorably mentioned!" A young Roman Catholic called to tell her how much he enjoyed this book, and had written an article about Carlyle for the Dublin Review. Glad of Carlyle's opinions about "sacrifices," which are entirely conformable to theirs. A Swedenborgian calls; he enjoys the book which expresses his own views. Darwin came and asked, "What *is* Carlyle's religion?" After Carlyle's return from this vacation trip Jane writes his mother about his last lecture. She says it was "the most splendid her son ever delivered, and the people were all in a heart-fever about it. On all sides of me, people who did not know me, and might therefore be believed, were expressing their raptures audibly."

After the publication of The French Revolution—a book of live men and women breathing passion and vengeance and justice—Jane Welsh cheered her husband through another course of lectures; "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Chartism," and "Past and Present." She helped her husband during the four years he studied and wrote Cromwell. In writing her uncle, in 1843, she says: "Carlyle is over head and ears in Cromwell—is lost to humanity for the time being." In 1848 and 1849 she cheered and encouraged through the writing of his Latter Day Pamphlets, when his best friends, John Stuart Mill and Mazzini, turned the cold shoulder toward him on account of his statements in regard to the shams and pretenses of philanthropies and his assault on radicalism, but which Carlyle called trifling growls and words idly flung away. Then began the great work of Carlyle's life, his History of Frederick the Great, which in ten bulky volumes gives

the history of Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Carlyle is now nearly sixty years of age and Mrs. Carlyle over fifty. For much of the ten years to come she is miserably ill, physicians unable to ease the dreadful pain. Carlyle says of his own life and work: "Frederick was the most difficult thing yet. It was one long, desperate, dead-lift pull for thirteen years, and all my strength was devoted to it." For seven years of this time his wife transacted nearly all their business affairs and he wrote but few letters to his most cherished friends. "That first battle of Frederick's—at Mollwitz—1741—was a veritable slough of despond," says Carlyle, "but I wriggled through, and at last saw all clear ahead and around me." He took dreary journeys to Germany, and tells Emerson he suffered there six weeks of sleeplessness in German beds, but "was on two of Fritz's battlefields: Lobositz in Bohemia, and Kunersdorf by Frankfurt on the Oder; but did not, in the latter case, make much of that." Of "the tons of stuff" he examined—folios, pictures, manuscripts, books, maps—only his sick wife knew as she rested on the sofa, listened, advised, and encouraged him in his work. Carlyle said that evening hour with her, when he came down from the room he often hated, was the one bright spot of the whole day. He sat on a rug with his back well up to the open fireplace and smoked while they discussed his work and their friends, she always trying to have some cheering bit of news or hearty words of encouragement. It is at this time their acquaintance began with Lord and Lady Ashburton. Lady Ashburton was a gifted, brilliant woman, proud to have Carlyle at her house among guests distinguished as artists, statesmen or in literature. At the first Mrs. Carlyle did not understand that she was not as welcome as her husband. She, of the lineage of Knox and Wallace, could not understand that she was invited to this home to take a lower social position—like the wives of bishops—than that of her husband! Jane Welsh, with her gentle blood, rare talent, culture, pride, and sense of justice, not only could not but would not understand that she was not welcome in any home where was welcomed *her husband!* Jane Welsh did not believe in self-effacement. She could not play Heloïse to his Abelard. Neither was she a second Madame

Chateaubriand. Certainly she never encouraged her husband to visit his Madame Récamier! Geraldine Jewsbury—the maiden lady of whom Mrs. Carlyle once wrote Mrs. Russel as being "very unpractical, to say the least"—takes on, like a hired mourner, at this time because Mrs. Carlyle is lonely. Because her "inmost life is solitary: there are no caresses; nothing out of which one's heart can make the wine of life." It was not the worst thing in the world for Zophar to express his opinion about Job while Job was living, for it gave the grand old Arab sheik a chance to turn upon his "friend." If Zophar had waited until Job was dead, the world might never have known how far from the truth was his estimate of Job's character! Mrs. Carlyle's mother had died years previous, she had neither brother nor sister, she had no children, she was a constant sufferer with neuralgic rheumatism, but she was sure of her husband's honor and affection and knew her life had been such a success that, even then, she knew the overcomer's joy. Did she need caresses out of which to make the wine of life? The Romeo and Juliet love, evidently the kind that was in Miss Jewsbury's mind, is a fine thing to write about or to die for, but an uncomfortable sort for elderly people to take into the domestic life and live with. The good, substantial, old-fashioned, common sense love, like that of Carlyle and his wife—love, like a strong cord binding together mutual respect and common interests—will stand the wear and tear of everyday life much better than any emotional, passionate sentiment which calls the wife "half angel and half bird," and is "all a wonder and a wild desire."

After the death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother, to whom Jane Welsh in her girlhood had given her own property, there was a comfortable income. Neither time nor thought need be spent on the wherewithal to eat, drink or be clothed. Her tastes were so domestic that, once, in her early married life she said: "God defend me from ever coming to a fortune—a prayer more likely to be answered than most of my prayers!—for then the only occupation that affords the greatest satisfaction would be gone." To her, with her womanly woman's love of the domestic life, there was an uplifting, a refining delight in doing what, to a woman

with a different taste, would be simply drudgery. She has no worry now about income or outgo. She has a carriage and leisure. She tasted fame, the fame she coveted for her loved Carlyle. Because she found it to be Dead Sea fruit no one was to blame. It often is ashes to the taste. Her health was poor. She was full of pain. She was restless; Eve was; all her daughters have been. Mrs. Carlyle did not know that there is only one thing which gives abiding peace. She liked to call herself "a heathen." How much that meant to her I do not know, but it is plain that she never knew about the perfect poise of the soul, about the repose, the peace, the perfect peace, of a heart set deep in God. After the death of Mrs. Carlyle, Miss Jewsbury says: "If she had only taken time to cultivate her own literary talent, she might have made a name for herself. If she had allowed her own talent to shine with an individual luster, she would have been happier." This remark of Miss Jewsbury made for years a fruitful topic for discussion in women's clubs, for which, doubtless, Mrs. Carlyle would not have been enthusiastically grateful! But she might, even, for the sake of humanity, have suggested a study of the work of an eminent painter's wife whose tastes and instincts being artistic considered it her right that her talent should be cultivated. She wanted "a name for herself"! They were poor. If she painted, her husband must go to the kitchen and nursery. It was either quarrel or submit. The husband, being a man of peace, yielded his prerogative. After a few years of a crushed ambition, an unsuccessful business career, the husband died of a broken heart in the mad house. Mrs. Carlyle had the pleasure and comfort of the closely clutched blossoms she coveted. She gathered in May. Because they withered with time, was no reason why she should have wished to go

> Back straightway to the fields and gather more.
> Another, sooth, may do it; but not I.
> My heart is very tired, my strength is low;
> My hands are full of blossoms plucked before.

In 1866 Carlyle was made Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Disraeli offered him knighthood with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and a pension. Carlyle declined.

Titles did not appeal to the Professor of Teufelsdröckh's Science! When these honors were offered Carlyle he was obliged to go to Edinburgh and deliver an address. They made many plans about Mrs. Carlyle going with her husband. She decided, at last, that she was unable to take the journey but encouraged him about the speech and ceremonials. He says, at the last good-by: "She kissed me twice (she me once, I her a second time). My one wish and hope was to get back to her again, and be in peace under her bright welcome, for the rest of my days." Carlyle was seventy years of age and his wife was sixty-five. While Carlyle was in the midst of honors in Edinburgh his wife died suddenly, in her carriage, April 21, 1866. The queen sent to him her sympathy. Friends rallied around the stricken man, but there was no balm for his wounded soul.

When we think of the domestic life of the world's great workers, many, like that of Johnson, "made up of drizzle and dry weather," we are glad to turn to this life of one who was, perhaps, more intimate in the intellectual and spiritual thought of her husband's genius than that of any other woman whose life had then been lived. Carlyle regarded his wife as the most talented woman he had ever known. When alone they were not only congenial as companions but were close as comrades. They made an invigorating atmosphere in which they lived above that of vain babblers. That Jane Welsh was a woman of intellect, culture, of tact, will power, executive ability, made it possible for her to keep her husband with his eye fixed on the goal. That she loved him with an unbounded, unselfish love helped her in holding his love, his honor, his respect for her clear to the end, so that he said, after her death: "In her bright existence she had a noble loyalty of heart which is rare. For forty years she was the true, ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted."

Charlotte F. Wilder

Art. XI.—THE MINISTER AMONG HIS BOOKS

The life of the Christian minister, as everybody knows, is full of a striking kind of fascination. This results from constant contact, in a most confidential and kindly way, with men, women, and children. It is easily perceived to be a life of love. However frigid and remote the minister may be by nature, his temperament softens noticeably in an atmosphere tremulous with the warm, passionate spirit of humanity. The very joys of others, the very things they suffer, the fullness of life or its poverty, the crying needs of struggling souls—all these, and more, appeal to the Christly minister with irresistible power. This, however, is but one side of the ministerial life. It is essential, now and then, to retire into the wilderness of the study, removed from both the jangle and the harmony of all human sound. The study is a wilderness, a solitude, so far as forms and faces and audible voices are concerned. A wilderness, however, it can scarcely be called from the vantage ground of books. One comes now with joyful and lofty mind into the presence of a host of kindred spirits. Silent voices of the illustrious living or the mighty dead utter to the listener the thoughts of ages. In this fairyland enchanted paths lead in all directions. Now you walk through shady lanes in the sweet June air; then you shake the dew from bowers of roses; afterward you come to rippling waters where you see the "sunbeams sparkling among the water lilies." Pretty soon you are quarrying rocks or delving for lost cities, and before long you are climbing the mountains and watching the day fade into evening while in the far-off heavens the pulsing stars come trooping into view. More than that, you get acquainted with a choice set of folk. People in strange apparel, with singular tones of voice and a quaint manner of expression, live with you. A cottage in some quiet nook of the countryside, or some rich room in a great house of some unfamiliar city, becomes for the hour your home. A child's cry makes your heart quicken. A woman's peril stirs the chivalry of your soul. A brave man, baffled, beaten back by circumstances and inherent proclivities, yet emerging from

deep shadows of obscurity, calls forth your shout of cheer. You get into the inner thoughts, the secret deeds, and the resultant life of those whose types of character are worthy of study—worthy because of the requisite knowledge to be gained concerning the many-sidedness of humanity. You get also the conclusions men have reached after struggling with those perplexing problems which have been the anxiety of every age, the problems which relate to the existence of man yesterday, today, and tomorrow, and when you have sifted their conclusions you—formulate your own. The minister spends much time among his books. This is obvious. The enrichment of his own mind is dependent in no small degree upon his reading. The people too have something to say about it, though they say it in secret thoughts to themselves, for the minister is a public servant, and as such he must bring whatever may add to the spiritual knowledge and culture of his hearers. A bookless minister means a barren ministry. An unthoughtful preacher means an unsatisfied congregation. In order to do the best possible work the minister must be among his books for definite and specific ends. Spontaneous thought is to be looked at askance, for it is seldom of the finest quality. It may not even be true, but if it is there is apt to be a greenness and flavor about it like unripe fruit. Thought that is best and most worthy of expression can be reached only through mature deliberation and ceaseless study. This implies, unquestionably, that the minister is a student. It is essential for him to spend long hours alone with his books, quarrying blocks of solid thought with which he may build his sermon of ample proportions and substantial strength. He must know his Book of books. Its history, its doctrines, its language, may, by familiarity, become a part of him, so that he will think its thoughts, which are the thoughts of God, and perhaps unconsciously he will assume its style in grand, solemn Hebraic eloquence or in the simplicity with which the parables of Jesus are clothed. Whatever books add enlightenment to the completer understanding of the Holy Scriptures cannot be ignored. Books of biblical interpretation, of philosophy, of archæological and scientific research demand attention. What a field is here for the minister to wander in! There is no limit to it. Great tomes stare

out at him from somber bindings in great bookcases, stack on stack. On some propitious day, when the minister can make up his mind to do so, let him enter the portals of that magnificent library of biblical learning and research, Hastings's Dictionary. The ripest scholars of the age will be his fellow thinkers. In such company he will find no poverty of thought. Every page, one might almost say, is rich in well-balanced and luminous studies of the modern attitude toward religious thought and its interpretation. Then, when he has culled what he may wish from this work, it will do him no harm to sit down soberly with old Matthew Henry. For rich devotional study Matthew Henry can scarcely be surpassed. Strange, striking, sudden turns of thought in this old writer, surprisingly and unexpectedly fresh, racy, and virile, abound on every page. Are the old masters in religious literature, as in all literature, masters still? If the exigency of his work demands that the minister should be among his books for the benefit of his people, it should not be forgotten that his place is there for his own culture. While he is diligently engaged in supplying food for his congregation he needs beware lest he neglect himself. An occasional reading of good old Thomas à Kempis will refresh his soul like a breeze from the cool, sweet balsams in the heart of the wood on a summer's day. It will take the fire of impatience out of his blood and brain. The religious life will seem not irksome, but joyous: all this because it is the will of God. "Ask not," says à Kempis, "what is pleasant and convenient, but that which is acceptable to me and for mine honor; for if thou judgest rightly, thou oughtest to prefer and to follow my appointment rather than thine own desire or any other desirable thing. Now doth the eternal dwelling and the heavenly country, full of festivity, delight thee. But that hour is not yet come: for there is yet another time, a time of war, a time of labor and of probation. I am he: wait for me, saith the Lord, until the kingdom of God come." Surely this is a voice of unmistakable faith, coming out of the religious chaos and gloom of the middle ages and telling to our age the secret of a life of inward calm. Our own Longfellow caught something of this devotional atmosphere which he lets drift through the pages of "Evangeline." The little Arcadian village,

nestling under the shadow of Blomidon, holds the nucleus of devotion within its simple tale of hopeless love and awful tragedy. But the kernel of the purest purpose lies within the husk of humdrum things, and when the frosts have cracked the husks, and the wild gales with relentless lashings have stripped the kernels bare, then the deep significance of life is brought to view. There is but one ultimate purpose, one strong, true, unregrettable spring of human action, whether for minister, or poet, or maid. It was enough that

> Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
> Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

After all, the reformation of a world of sin has its primal spring in the spiritual culture of the soul. The culture of the mind, however, is also a chief motive when the minister goes among his books. The Latin and Greek which he read in his college days have, no doubt, been somewhat neglected. He can hardly forget, however, the rich fields through which he toiled, nor fail to realize that the languages are prolific of culture and intellectual power. The ability to make a selection of proper words with taste and intelligence is greatly increased by careful attention to the ancient classics. They not only enlarge his vocabulary but they admit him into the realm of biographical knowledge. If Agamemnon and Achilles and Helen of ancient Troy were but creations of the poetic imagination, they were, nevertheless, very characteristically human. Perhaps, though, they were too remote. On the other hand, men who live in a real world, who do real things of so great value that subsequent ages feel the thrill of definite power, men gifted with the grace of art and literature and with the genius of philosophy and statesmanship, have an ever-present place in every generation. A rereading, for instance, of Plutarch's Lives will freshen the mind and deepen the impression that it is best to do something worth while. Boswell's Johnson will reveal in minute detail the life and character of a man unique, erratic, with human frailties in large measure, but with lofty mind. In modern biography, Morley's Gladstone is worthy of attention. Especially is this work remarkable because of the irrepressible tendency on the part of the great Englishman, so constantly and insistently brought

forth by the biographer, to subordinate all moral conduct and all public action to the religious faith. No one can read the lives of the world's great men without feeling anew the strain and struggle of the soul upward. Where men have wrought with spade and ax and hammer, and have accomplished their intended task, every stroke resounds down the corridors of time with a call to victory. Sluggish must be the blood that does not answer such a call. Where the fathers wrought there must the sons test the stuff of which they are made. Even the most languid must take fire in the presence of the burning zeal of men who built the great lights of the sea, and molded the millions of empires into mighty civilizations. But what about the civilizations themselves? On the shelf, there, stands that picturesque work, Greene's Short History of the English People. The people—that has a pleasant, neighborly sound. Why should we be forever jaded by the strut of purple-robed, lace-bedecked, and jewel-crowned men and women? Was not the Earl of Warwick called the king-maker? And did not Cromwell make an end of a king? Bold men and men of might have sprung from the people. The masses, if you will, constitute no mean proportion of the nation's grandeur. Whence came Shakespeare, and Burns, and Faraday, and Lord Eldon? Certainly they belong to the people—not people, even, of moderate circumstances, in some instances, but of utter hardship and destitution. Macaulay, writing of the task of the modern historian, says: "He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he also shows us the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind." An evening devoted to desultory reading in the annals of the past will bring back ancient Rome, with her law; Greece, with her art and literature; the middle ages, with the awful throes of a people in extreme depression and fear; the founding of a new republic, with its rise to the pinnacle of earthly grandeur. It is easily seen how the follies, the profligacies, and the luxuries of nations heralded their decay and doom. Like a dream those ancient peoples pass before the mind; yes, verily, pass. For they

have gone to sleep in some vast necropolis, westward toward the edge of the desert, and the dust of centuries has floated up from the crumpled and scattered ruins, that were once their earthly habitations, only to settle down forever upon their tombs. But their national history is food for thought. The knowledge of that age is wisdom for this. The joys, sorrows, pains, and sins of those times are not unfamiliar today. The minister feels the sharp edges that cut into his soul. Past and present are akin. Paul, Augustine, Bernard, Luther, Wesley strike hands with the minister of our own times across the ages, while bone, brain, and brawn stiffen and toughen before the innumerable specters of a troubled humanity that infest both night and day. Every true minister is a savior of his time. He stands with every moral fiber of his life stretched to breaking, baring his breast against the tempest of individual and national tendencies that rush on him, in their way, unless checked, toward inevitable moral catastrophe.

While the great panorama of world-history passes before the imagination the strain is relieved somewhat by rhythmic measures of the poets. From fact to fancy may not be a long leap, but the colors are changed and the music is different. Yet the leap is long from Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire to Browning's Song from Pippa Passes. But which is fact and which is fancy? Grim fancies of the historian, no doubt, were woven into the pages of his monumental work, while the graceful fancy of the poet made luminous a great fact which faith brought down to the consciousness of man. Where one extracts the nerve from the heart the other puts a thrill of hope in. The poet puts the bugle to his lips and blows a blast that is inspirational:

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

There is no reason why the minister should not put another log on his library fire, while the chill night wind rustles and whistles against the window shutters, and take down the poets. That Temple edition of Shakespeare, bound in red and printed in red and black, feels just right in the hand that has grown weary holding Gibbon. It is small, but a gem. If the wild night brings on the

mood, one can go out on the heath with Lear, whither Goneril and Regan let him go, shorn of his kingdom, outcast, and old, as

Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle.

Or, if the raging storm misfits the night, then try again and hie away to the forest of Arden, where now storm may be forgot. There you may "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Arden is a delightful spot. It is a quiet retreat indescribably attractive to the man who is physically and intellectually weary. Nobody ever comes calling through the forest.

In this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.

Perhaps it might be well, too, to go out of doors with Wordsworth into the full charm of the lake country among the English hills. In that wide, wind-swept and untrammeled world, where the far-flung horizon recedes yet more and more to remote distances, the mind, fretted by the ceaseless activities of life, may now break away from its bondage and be free. The remorseless regularity with which the sound of traffic, of whistle, of flying shuttle splits the ear and rasps the nerves now for awhile is broken, and communion with the loftier aspects of nature is possible—to endless profit.

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

Here are work and culture and recreation—graces three whose beauty and power are past excelling. Nothing is more common than the opportunity which the minister has to find that beauty and power. Dealing with elemental beauty and power is his life. The religious ideal has been wrought into masterpieces of form and color and sound. If the sculptor, the painter, the musician reached by the religious way the loftiest heights attainable, it at least points out the type of thought the minister is

most conscious of. Whatever reveals anew the beauty of human life ought to be caught up with avidity. Some hitherto unsuspected angle of vision presents a fresh vista. Perhaps, on the other hand, a world-old, commonplace truth which has been reset by a master throbs and thrills with inexpressible beauty and power. What, for instance, is more beautiful than Charles Lamb's essay on Dream Children? What is it? Why, a prose poem, full of delicacy of sentiment; a subtle, ingratiating atmosphere; an elusive fragrance like that of an exotic brought from some far-famed fields of asphodel; the thing that might have been but was not. Who does not understand this? Have we not been within the chamber of imagery, "with the painted window and the storied walls"? The lost hope—that belongs to many a life in the minister's parish. Why, then, let us sit awhile with Elia: "Suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impress upon me the effect of speech: 'We are not of Alice nor of thee, nor are we children at all! The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have an existence and a name'—and immediately awaking I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. was gone forever."

After an evening of such intellectual and spiritual friendship, when the logs have burned low on the hearth, the minister may go to his rest with the consciousness that he is heir to all the ages.

But for all that, "Fetch me the Book," said the great Sir Walter Scott. On that, then, let us pillow our hearts and our heads!

Geo W Farmer

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

From Richard Harding Davis's account of his adventures while hunting big game in the Congo River country we take the following:

"Before leaving the subject of the Congo, I wish to testify to what seemed to me the enormously important work that is being done by the missionaries. I am not always an admirer of the missionary. But in the Congo, almost the only people who are working in behalf of the natives, are those attached to the missions. Because they bear witness against Leopold, much is said by his hired men and press agents against them. But they are deserving of great praise. Some of them are narrow and bigoted, and one could wish they were a little more tolerant of their white brothers in exile, but compared with the good they do, these little faults count for nothing. It is due to them that Europe and the United States know the truth about the Congo. They were the first to bear witness, and the hazardous work they still are doing for their fellow men is honest, practical Christianity."

This testimony is from a man not naturally partial to missionaries or their work.

THE REBIRTH OF INDIA[1]

Great changes are going forward in Asia. They have been going forward for many decades, for the West could not impinge upon the East in the vital ways it has done without stirring the East to new thought and new life. Commerce, political interests, missionary propaganda, and the increasing stream of tourists' travel have all had their share in this leavening. The direct outcome of the Japan-

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[1] Few men are more competent to write intelligently of the present condition of India than is Bishop W. F. Oldham. This illuminating article from him on the Rebirth of India, arriving too late to find a place in the pages allotted to contributed articles and needing immediate publication, is admitted in our editorial pages and special attention is called to it. By this article, together with Bishop Robinson's statesmanlike discussion of "The Present Widespread Unrest in India" in our last number, a very complete representation of the condition of affairs is given from the point of view which most interests our readers.

ese war has been to surprise this gradual movement into self-consciousness. What has stirred Asia to the depths is not only the fact that an Asiatic power easily defeated what was held to be a great, if not the greatest, of the European powers, but the added fact that the English and American press extolled and glorified the Asiatic power in the most extravagant language. And this renascent Asia has a memory and several old scores to pay. In two directions particularly have parts of Asia felt sorely aggrieved. The seizure of vast territories by European powers has gone on under various pretexts through several decades. And the attitude of the conquering white man toward the subject yellow and brown men has been such as to stir deep antipathy. We have heard even among ourselves more than a little glorification of the Anglo-Saxon. And what the Anglo-Saxon says proudly in his own parlor, he is apt to act out arrogantly on other people's front doorsteps. And what is true of him is true of all other races of Europe. The German emperor's admonition to the army proceeding to China during the Boxer rebellion, "To make the Chinese tremble at the name of Germany," was only a brutal expression of the attitude of all of the other European powers towards the Asiatic. And Asia's memory is good.

In this newly aroused consciousness of nationality and worthiness of race India shares, and her people are profoundly affected. For in both regards mentioned she feels she has suffered greatly. The national domain has gradually passed out of the hands of the people. Coming as a small band of traders, the East India Company adroitly managed to secure the possession of some territories and the lease of others. The warring factions of India always made it possible for a small disciplined army to dictate terms, often first to one side and then to the other. Then came the mutiny in 1857 and the vast territories acquired by the East India Company passed under the direct rule of the English crown. Old Ranjit Singh voiced the feeling of many an Indian prince when, standing before an English official with a map of India in his hand, he cried, pointing to the extending boundaries of the English in India which were printed in red on the map, "Lal, lal—sab lal" ("Red, red—it is all red"), until now the red edge is coterminous with the boundaries of India and has gone far beyond. It is true there are several native states with their own rulers, but they are feudatory states, and the will of the British residents is a far more important factor in affairs than the wishes of their petty kings. Now all this may be, and in my judgment is, for the betterment of the

land and the good of the people. But it would be difficult to persuade the average Hindu, educated in Western ideas, of the truth of this characterization. But even more bitterly than the loss of anything like a national independence does the Hindu feel the social disesteem of the white invader. And, indeed, there is here room for complaint. It is not only the servants and poor employees who are treated with scant courtesy, but often cultivated and well-mannered native men are scarcely accorded what other white men would call polite treatment. That a coolie should be bawled at and sometimes kicked is not uncommon, but, alas, it is equally not uncommon for a Hindu, in whom all the attributes of a gentleman meet, to have the insult put upon him of being treated as an inferior. Englishmen when anything less than of the first order of culture always find it difficult to see excellence in others. And when it comes to subject peoples, particularly those of entirely varying characteristics from his own, lack of imagination makes the Englishman pretty nearly what others would characterize as boorish. The average sport-loving Englishman may understand a pig-sticking, polo-playing Sikh or Rajput, but words cannot convey his undisguised contempt for the somewhat loquacious Bengali Baboo, or the more reticent and therefore possibly more dangerous Poona Brahman. And if the Englishman be socially difficult, what shall be said of the average English woman? In her social relations with peoples whom she does not know she is simply impossible. For over her naturally humane and kindly disposition she throws a veil of frigid unapproachableness which the less restrained races resent to the core. Add to this that for over half a century the students of India have been studying the political ideas of the West and imbibing the thoughts of personal and national liberty which the English literature embalms. There has also been a gradual extension of the English tongue which makes it possible, for the first time in the life of India, for the educated men of all parts of the land to meet in a common language. All this has been slowly breeding a national consciousness which has developed into clear, well-defined outline by the outcomes of the Japanese war. Academic discussion has, therefore, now passed into peremptory demand; and young India, well read in the history of other peoples who have achieved a worthy national life, is now insisting upon a national program. Hence, a demand for a larger share in the government of the country and a new attitude of almost insolent insistence upon the undesirability of the English presence in any of the departments of life.

The first impulse of British officials was naturally to disregard this clamor of voices. India has always had a proportion of talkers, and these talkers have always been, for the most part, from the less virile races. It was thought, therefore, that this was a mere passing frenzy of words and but little heed was paid to it. Time, however, develops the fact that the talkers are not now merely talkers, but apparently they are the real mouthpiece of a nation's secret thinking. The Indian press, which has always been disaffected, has grown more bold, and in some cases almost openly defiant, while the platform on which the Indian grievances are discussed has come to be the center of attraction not for small crowds of mere debaters but for great gatherings of people of all grades of society.

The government is now thoroughly aroused. One of the platform agitators who had stirred the people to riot has been deported and two of the native papers threatened with being closed out; and there has been much searching of the official heart and a new keenness of vision in seeing the trend of sentiment. The English press in India which, with a few notable exceptions, can scarcely be said to be markedly intelligent regarding the actual thinking of the people, has taken alarm, and grave and serious apprehension, for which there is ample ground, is expressed in all quarters. England undoubtedly has on her hands a difficult situation for which the future would seem to hold but little promise of solution. Happily, the present Liberal Parliament is likely to search into the causes of unrest and to seek to mollify Indian opinion and win the people's esteem. Already a Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into Indian affairs, and whereas it used to be said that the very word "India" was enough to empty the House of Parliament, Indian matters are now commanding the attention of the best publicists at home. It is now foreshadowed that steps will be immediately taken to give Indians a larger place in the government, and a Council largely composed of Indian representatives will probably be created and this Council will be heeded. Increasing room will be made for the employment of intelligent Indians in the larger positions under the government, and a sincere attempt will have to be made manifest for the speedier intrusting of the affairs of India to Indian hands. But, whatever may be done, India is at the beginning of an agitation which, whether it lasts a decade or a century, will never cease until the claims of the people to self government be so impressed upon England's mind as to become the greatest question before the English public. Unless great wisdom

and unusual liberality characterize the future of British legislation, England will have in India an Ireland, which by reason of distance and magnitude of area and population will be a hundredfold more difficult than the land across the Irish Channel.

The question will at once arise in the minds of American readers, "Is India fit for self-government?" Her best friends, whether Indians or foreigners, will hasten to answer, "*Not yet.*" And the reasons are neither far to seek nor difficult to see and understand. They are chiefly three. Lack of cohesion in the parts that make up the whole people. It is not only that the dividing lines of races and language lie between the various sections, though this is very marked. To hold together without external pressure, the Rajput, the Mahratta, the Bengali, and the Tamil is scarcely a sane proposition. At least history affords neither parallel nor hope. While there have been great empires in which varying peoples, without mutual affinities, have been held under a common rule, there has always been a central power with military force to impose its will. But besides this, and more fatal than this to any permanent self-government, is the presence of the hateful system of caste. Caste so divides the people of the same race and language as to more effectually destroy mutual sympathy and coöperation than between different races. A Pariah is more an object of contempt and dislike to a Brahman than any Englishman could be to any Hindu. And when he grows intelligent, the desire for reprisal is stronger in a Tamil Pariah against a Brahman than any feeling evoked in the Pariah's mind by the presence of a noncaste English community. While the lower castes have in the past unhesitatingly followed the higher castes, a growing intelligence makes this increasingly difficult. For the low caste man sees that in any order of society established by Hinduism his rights and privileges are not likely to be considered. Besides this, again, there is a yawning gulf between the Hindu and the Mohammedan. About one fourth of the entire population is Mohammedan, but this is a fighting one fourth. The militant spirit of the Arabian Prophet makes this fourth formidable among people of their own kind. And it can safely be said that no native government of India could exist a month against which the Mohammedans united.

Again, there is in the educated Hindu, as yet, a lack of moral foundations. With a great host of honorable exceptions, it must, alas, yet be said that truthfulness and a sense of personal honor are difficult to find. India has yet to learn that mental acuteness, wide

reading, deep intelligence without honesty, and a profound sense of obligation and devotion to the interest of the public weal does not provide the stuff for conducting the government of a great people. It may be answered that more than one well-conducted Native State would turn aside the weight of this objection. It would, if the native states were not largely under the direction of their British residents, and were not aware that their existence depends upon their satisfying the demands of the suzerain power. Until India shall find a religious system which affords a more secure basis for morals than pantheism and theory of illusion, and shall have some other law of society than a system of caste, which irrevocably divides one section of a community from another, the hope of successful self-government is vain.

And again: what reason is there to suppose that it is time to put the country into the hands of its own people when they are so steeped in gross superstitions, with less than six per cent of men who can read a syllable, or write their own names? Worse still, less than three per cent of the women of the land, its wives and its mothers, can read the alphabet. This statement may sound like an impeachment of the British administration which has had the direction of Indian affairs for a century, but it is true. To the student of affairs, if the English rule in India has anywhere been grossly negligent and inept, it has been in the matter of public education. What has been given, has run entirely too much to the high school and the college and the result has been a small and noisy body of half-educated men. The great mass of the common people have been left in besotted ignorance. And while the higher education has had in it no teaching of moral sanction to restrain conduct among those who have been able to receive it, the common people have been almost utterly neglected. There is on foot at the present time a proposition to widely spread elementary education, but even this, if it be as nonreligious as the secondary education given by the government, and if it be not accompanied by elementary industrial education, will scarcely afford the means for India's regeneration.

But if it be concluded that the time for national independence in India is far from having arrived, it is fairly certain that the time has arrived when a more serious if not a more sincere attempt must be made by the British government to fulfill its pledges to train the people to care for themselves. India needs a greatly extended system of elementary public schools where intelligence and morality shall go

hand in hand; and the educated classes must be given a wide extension of privilege and opportunity to learn the art of ruling by being intrusted with it. This will call for a great increase of Indian appointments under the government. The Civil Service, Departments of Engineering, Accounts, Justice, etc., must increasingly be made available for Indian men. And in some way the voice of India must be encouraged to speak on Indian affairs and must be heeded when spoken. The Bureaucracy must increasingly be tempered by the public will, and that will be trained to find authoritative expression through authorized channels. Social deference must be paid to the representatives and leaders of the people and an earnest attempt made to forget all other grounds of social esteem than culture and worth. But beyond and above all this India's real hope lies in a religion which shall be a solvent of all religious antipathies and caste divisions and whose light shall shine away the gross superstitions that weigh down the people. If the writer were not a Christian at all, and were merely viewing the question as a student of public affairs and a lover of India, his earnest exhortation to the peoples of that great land would be to accept Christianity as the platform of their common ideals and the foundation of a unity which will make possible a self-governing Indian empire. The situation in India calls for the most ardent enterprise of Christian missions. Never has there been such an aroused state of feeling nor opportunity for so noble an appeal by Christian missions on the ground of the national welfare. Before there shall be a new flag added to the flags of the nations in Southern Asia, India must give herself to Christ.

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR"

THE traveler southward from Jerusalem soon sees a little village straggling along the western slope of a rocky hill, crowned by an enormous pile of buildings called the Convent of the Nativity. The village is Bethlehem; the convent is said by a tradition, reaching back beyond Constantine into the second century of the Christian era, to stand over the birthplace of Christ. In the limestone rock under this huge building is a vault, or cave, called the Grotto of the Nativity. (To this day in that country caves are frequently used as stables.) In this rock grotto one sees, by the dim light of swinging silver lamps, a silver star sunk into a marble slab in the floor to mark the supposed

spot of the birth of Jesus. Standing over it one wonders if proud Bethlehem caught the reflection of the wise men's star in a mirror, by some art fixed it there, and cut out the image with a diamond, to sink it permanently upon the spot where Mary brought forth her Babe; and looking down upon it, the Christian traveler is moved by a feeling of reverence which, when it turns toward the divine, is worship.

One day, almost two thousand years ago, three strangers arriving in Jerusalem from the further Orient said: "We have seen his star and are come to worship him." The Greek New Testament calls them Magoi, an appellation which points to Persia, being the designation of a class of Persian priests and nobles. A coincidence between an ancient sacred prophecy and a strange appearance in the heavens accounts for their journey. These men, versed in accessible literature, may easily have been familiar with the Jewish Scriptures in which the prophet Daniel predicts the coming of the Messiah, fixing it from a date in the civil history of the Persians themselves, namely, the commandment of Cyrus for the rebuilding of Jerusalem. As Eastern sages were generally astronomical observers and students of the stars, an unusual stellar phenomenon was a sign placed where the Magi would be most certain to notice and regard it. Whatever its precise nature, whether, as Kepler believed, a conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn and Mars which happened about that time, or, as others suggest, a comet which was then visible for seventy days, matters not. The token was suited to them; they observed it thoughtfully, were impressed by it, and followed it with reverent, eager and expectant spirits.

The guidance which God granted them is his pledged gift to all mankind who seek truth, liberty or light:

A cloudy pillar before Israel went,
  An angel kept Tobias in the way,
A star led up the Magians to the tent
  Wherein the new-born Child of glory lay.
  Therefore the wayfarer will always say:
"Praise be to Him who guides his servants' feet!"

We are in a universe of manifold utilities. The Creator is a great economist, making one thing serve many uses. Nothing lives entirely for its own, not even the huge insensate matter-bulk we call the world. As the lighthouse, which is a home for the family dwelling in it, is a beacon to the furthest passer-by on the outskirts of its

illumination, fortressing its own indwellers from the fury of the elements and at the same time sending abroad the radiant benefit of its light through three hundred and sixty degrees of the circle within the horizon; so a world, which hangs in space as the home for a race, sends light afar like a foreign missionary to render signal service to the most distant traveler whom it can stretch its philanthropic beams to reach.

On land and ocean men have rejoiced at the shining of a guiding star. The thankful mariner steers over the pathless sea by one steadfast star that befriends him out of the North. The caravan crawling by night across the trackless desert makes the tinkling of the camel bells follow the twinkling of the star that points the way. In years now happily forever gone, the bondman fleeing through the forests, wading swamps and swimming streams to elude the bloodhounds' scent and escape the overseer's lash, hiding by day and hurrying fast by night, rejoiced to see a kindly star that burned in the northern sky like a light in Liberty's window, signaling the way to Canada's friendly free soil, to manhood, and to the powerful shelter of England's flag flying north of the border.

As surely in spiritual realms as on sea and land a guiding light shines from above. In the sky of every human soul is some starry revelation which, if followed, may lead to the manifold liberty with which Christ makes men free. Even a false religion may possibly have a glimpse of some truth, entire loyalty to which would logically bring its votaries to Christianity. It may be a part of holy Christian strategy to move them on, as Paul did Athens, to the reasonable conclusion and only possible completion of truths they already admit.

If other evidence of knowledge and wisdom there were none, the course of the Magi in following the star entitles them to be called wise. They were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. They did not neglect a celestial token, however small. Tradition says they were three kings. Better than that, they are royal exemplars to all seekers after truth.

> The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar,
> And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to track the star.

So following, those obedient souls came in sight of Malachi's "Sun of Righteousness," and in like manner one little shining point may lead us to the glory that fills the heaven of heavens. In all things we come to what is hidden beyond by attending earnestly to what is revealed and near. "The little brook trickling among the summer hills

on which the sheep are bleating," will lead us, if we follow it, to the great universal sea on which the ships of all the world are sailing, whereon we may embark for any port in any zone. To the individual spirit one serious thought, one earnest mood, one flash of perception, one dart of conviction, one pang of dissatisfaction, one momentary melting of the heart, one tender recollection, one solemn apprehension, may be a ray shot out of heaven from the star which is intended to bring that soul to the Saviour.

In part the Magi were led forth upon their journey by prophetic predictions, For ages the promise of a Redeemer was the bright particular star shining out of the Sacred Scriptures, thrilling the hearts of devout Hebrews who waited for the consolation of Israel with the joy of Messianic expectations.

Never while any sense of loveliness survives in the beholder can the limpid and quiet charm of certain summer dawns on the Italian lakes be forgotten. Often at three or four o'clock in the morning, satisfied with sweet sleep, he leaned from his window to wonder at the beauty of God's world at peace in its dewy and tender coolness as he looked on sky and lake, alpine foothills and sleeping village. Above only the morning star was visible, and nothing but the ripple of wavelets on the pebbles was audible below. Over the sky was diffused a questionable beginning, a faint peradventure of morning light. On the ground and in the air no creature seemed astir. All the world was holding its breath as if in hushed expectancy. Nothing moved and no distinct sign was given of that which was to be, save that one solitary watcher in the sky above the eastern mountains held up his torch, its lambent flame slow fading, like a pasha's courier running before to signal the coming of his master. A secret surmise of possible glory ran through the silent world, a thrill of apprehension that the hosts of light were about to scale the high rocky alpine rampart which defended the horizon, and that sunrise might any moment burst wide open the gates of the morning and come marching in with its dazzling escort to take possession of the earth and the heavens.

The watching of what comes after God's morning star is a hallowed, ecstatic and memorable experience. The wise men from the East and illumined saints like Simeon and Anna searched for the signs which heralded the advent of the Light of the World. Daybreak came nearly two thousand years ago; twenty Christian centuries have sung, "the darkness is past and the true light now shineth"; and now the gospel day is moving toward millennial noon.

A WORD FROM WILLIAM ARTHUR

Some years ago, at the fall opening of Drew Theological Seminary, Dr. William Arthur, of England, author of that incandescent classic, *The Tongue of Fire,* made a fervent, lucent, persuasive and memorable speech. The entire address was a copious and limpid stream of wisdom undefiled. Its most impressive admonition was the following, reproduced not precisely in his words, but in substance: "Sometimes a progressive student or learned professor has allowed himself to be swept away by views and arguments which loosened him from long-established truths; and if the scholar or teacher who thus swerved from the faith could have returned to earth not many years after death, he would have found that the formidable man or the irresistible book which had torn him from his old anchorage was speedily forgotten, no ripple remaining on the surface of human thought nor wave-mark on the shore to show that such a man or book had ever been."

The sudden disappearance of novel theories has sometimes happened within the lifetime of their misguided victims. We have known men who forsook their old faith and embarked on a theory which quickly became a derelict, a deserted and water-logged hulk afloat without officers or crew on the high seas of thought. When the ill-constructed and rotten theory proved unseaworthy and had to be abandoned, some of those unhappy passengers have had a long row to shore, some have longed in vain for the old faith to come within their horizon and pick them up, and some have gone mad with the hunger and thirst of unbelief and leaped overboard into the bitter and icy ocean of despair.

At the time when William Arthur was speaking to the young ministers at Drew, Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere* was the sensation of the hour. That disturbing book, like others of its spirit and class, was ephemeral. The imaginary character whose name it bore was a fair sample of the faint-hearted, pusillanimous and inexcusable simpleton who gives up his faith without one decent reason for so doing and almost without a struggle. Whether that particular book numbered any victims to its unbelief we are uninformed; but at all events it is already well-nigh forgotten, and only adds one more to the long list of ineffectual attacks on the Christian faith. Not to speak of the assaults made in early centuries, though they were more fierce and violent than any in our day, it is easy to recall many bold theories which in modern times have seemed confident and formidable

for a while but have failed and faded away. Christianity, looking out of its windows, has seen a procession of would-be overthrowers and destroyers passing by with menacing gestures at its turrets and foundations, but impotent and ineffectual like the duke in Browning's *The Statue and the Bust,* passing and repassing through the years, "Empty and fine as a swordless sheath."

We recall how Hume, the mightiest of modern infidels, whose skeptical writings were for their purpose the perfection of literary art, carried away by his influence many cultivated men and despoiled them of their faith. But critical analysis of his reasonings afterward made it plain that his argument against the credibility of miracles would not bear examination. In course of time Huxley came and remarked—even he—"Whoso clearly appreciates all that is implied in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvelousness." And even such a skeptic as Goldwin Smith feels compelled to say: "Assuming the existence of a God and his care for man as his work, which Hume does not openly deny, there is no presumption against his revelation of himself in the only conceivable way, which is by an interruption of the general course of things; there is, rather, a presumption that he would so reveal himself." And so those who, at the supposed bidding of reason, went over at any time to Hume's unbelief, were found to have surrendered a rational and valid faith to unreasonable and invalid reasonings, and with opened eyes and clarified vision could see in the distance Reason and Wisdom standing with the Faith they themselves had irrationally and unwisely abandoned.

We recall Lessing, who made a startling sensation in his day—a brilliant, cynical, and daring mind, but no sound philosopher; rather, a guerrilla chieftain making dashing raids upon the seats of philosophy and religion, especially upon historic Christianity, with evident exhilaration over the consternation caused in some quarters by his performances. Dividing his time between destructive criticism and the gaming table, he was a gambler as well as an intellectual guerrilla, with the double recklessness of both. Half a century later Strauss applied Lessing's methods to the four Gospels and the life of Christ. Next in this most unapostolic succession came Baur and the Tübingen school. Their successors are the rash and reckless destructionists of today in Germany and England. But from Lessing to Cheyne their methods are discredited, and their wild conclusions denied in all the seats of sane and sober and sound scholarship. Harnack writes:

"Sixty years ago David Friedrich Strauss thought he had almost entirely destroyed the historic credibility not only of the fourth but also of the first three Gospels as well. The historical criticism of two generations has succeeded in restoring that credibility." Strauss's *Life of Jesus,* which attempted to explain the Gospels on the mythical theory, claiming the miracles and other incidents in the career of Christ to be purely mythical and imaginary, shook the faith of some; but Strauss himself in the second edition of his *Life of Jesus* receded from his own theory, at least in part. And all the years since then have been filled with the increasingly sure demonstration of the historicity of the Jesus of the Gospels and with assured verification of the Scripture accounts of his life, under the application of the severest critical tests known to the most searching modern scholarship.

Renan's *Life of Jesus,* with the bewitching beauty of its literary style, its poetic atmosphere, and fascinating romantic coloring, produced in some circles of European thought, a prodigious sensation. Its bold speculations secured a wide reading. But as soon as capable critical examination got to work upon the book it became quickly manifest that with all its show of erudition, it lacked critical basis, being built more upon imagination than upon history. The brilliant but superficial Frenchman treated one Scripture incident as historical and another as mythical by arbitrary whim and without any assigned reason; the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, for example, being regarded as in a sense historical, while other recorded miracles are assumed without any given reason to be totally unhistorical. Such picking and choosing among recorded miracles is, to say the least, rather hazardous business for anybody. He who gives up all other miracles cannot hold on to the miracle of resurrection whether it be of Lazarus or of Jesus.

Another book marked, like Renan's, by boldness of theory and display of erudition, was Buckle's *History of Civilization.* It had no charm of style and was the work of a prodigious plodder piling up statistics and sorting them to support his theories. Buckle's thesis was that all human progress, even the moral and supposedly spiritual advancement, is traceable to physical or at least human influences and can be so accounted for. He held that there are no supernatural and unreckonable factors at work in the development of humanity; but that the factors can all be scientifically ascertained and measured and the course of human history calculated and predicted as surely as expected duration of life is figured out by life insurance companies

from a study of vital statistics—almost as precisely as the orbit of a star is mapped out by an astronomer. The teaching of Buckle, as of Gumplowicz and Bourdeau, was that the actions of men are impelled by forces which they cannot resist, and that the tide which brings on events is uncontrollable and inevitable. No place is allowed to the will of man or to the immeasurable power of personality. For example, Bourdeau said that if Napoleon had been shot at Toulon, then Hoche, or Kleber, or somebody else would have done—would have had to do—precisely what Napoleon did; which is like saying that if Napoleon had not existed, somebody else would have had to be Napoleon and play his part. But actors who were able to play the part of Napoleon were not plentiful. There was only one in fact—Napoleon himself. If he had not been there neither his deeds nor any like them would have been done. Human progress is not mechanical or automatic. The incalculable power of personality, both human and divine, must be reckoned as a mighty and moving factor.

Buckle's book, with its accumulation of alleged facts in huge heaps and its pompous marshaling of figures, forty years ago disturbed the faith of some. Mature members of the senior class in college were overwhelmed by it. His display of knowledge exceeded in bulk all that the seniors had extracted from the faculty in all the recitation rooms. Seniors so grave and reverend of aspect that freshmen stood in awe of them, could not answer Buckle with all their vast acquisitions of learning, and they had passed up on everything except the final "exams." Many quite mature undergraduates were disturbed and dismayed, and some lightly concluded that the Spiritual was done for.

But it did not take the world long to perceive that in his prodigiously laborious task Buckle was only bolstering up a pet theory and trying to fortify and justify his chosen philosophical scheme by piling up the facts of history around it. His big book was merely a piece of special pleading on behalf of a theory which had little or nothing to stand on. John Fiske, when but a college boy, was quick to see through Buckle's fallacies and struck them down on sight, as Borden P. Bowne, when just out of college, exposed, as thoroughly as it has ever been done, the fallacies of Herbert Spencer's philosophy. Buckle's *History of Civilization* was justly characterized by Charles Francis Adams as "crude, impulsive, hasty in generalization and paradoxical in judgment." Justin McCarthy says it "was a monument of courage, energy and labor, but is now a heap of ruins." When

Dr. Crozier mentioned Buckle to Carlyle, the gruff old Scotchman growled: "Of all the blockheads by whom this bewildered generation has been deluded, that man Buckle was the worst. A more long-winded, conceited blockhead, or one more full of empty formulas about the progress of the species, progress of this and progress of that, especially the progress of science, I have never come across. A poor creature he was that could be of service to no mortal." It is not inexact or unfair to say that Carlyle's opinion is now generally held concerning Buckle's theories. His attempt to unspiritualize history failed. His scientific hypothesis in explanation of the course of human affairs has been completely discredited. On Buckle's tombstone appear these words taken from the Arabic: "The written word remains long after the writer: when he is resting under the earth his works endure." Not of his writings is that inscription true. His writings have already passed into oblivion; men cannot be hired to read them; only his name remains—the name of one who tried to eliminate the supernatural Presence and the spiritual meaning out of history and to deny the reality and power of personality, both human and divine.

All mature scholars know that many disturbing and disrupting theories once voluble and self-important are now so remote and unrelated to the modern mind that even when restated they no longer transmit either sense or sound, but are like Markham's great picture of Semiramis rocking on an ancient road of hell, of whom he says that "when her voice was dead, her weary lips beat on without a sound." Joseph Parker, the shaggy lion who made the City Temple famous, once said in his pulpit: "In the past thirty-three years I have seen enough dead theories, exploded nightmares, and discarded hypotheses to fill a full-sized cemetery. They have gone the way of all the earth—dust to dust. They flamboyantly entered the world like an amateur military band, with much noise and swagger, and coughed their way out of it like a squad of consumptive tramps. Whenever a preacher is parading a new and sparkling theory in religion, I know the first nail in his coffin has been driven and clinched. The one thing that is forever new and fresh is the old Christian Evangel, which is in fact from everlasting to everlasting."

We heard some one asking, "What would Joseph Parker say to the present occupant of the City Temple and his 'New Theology'?" A fairly explicit answer to that question would seem to be contained in the words just quoted.

THE ARENA

THE MYSTERY OF GOD

In our study of nature we find some seventy-odd simple substances which compose, or from which are compounded the multitude of animate and inanimate forms in the kingdoms of the world. We also observe a variety of activities constantly progressing in the organic and inorganic kingdoms. Force is at work in the world, and is exhibited in these activities and various forms of motion. We may trace all these activities and forms of motion to force as causing them. We therefore may contemplate before us an array of seventy-odd isolated simple substances. Each of them possesses a variety of properties, yet in itself and apart from all external substances and forces none of them acts as an independent cause, producing, changing, or destroying motion. We are therefore led to inquire after the origin and seat of force. Does it originate in any simple substance? If not, does it exist in nature as a separate and independent entity? If not, does it have its origin in some substance not found among the simple elements of nature? Every one of the simple substances is inert. Not one of them, in itself and apart from something external, is capable of producing, changing, or destroying motion. It is a fact also, that force is not a separate and independent entity. It does not exist in the abstract. However, the activities and forms of motion produced by force are everywhere exhibited in the world. The functions of physical organs in animal bodies, and their growth and development, depend upon the food supply furnished by the kingdom of vegetables. The vegetable kingdom in its turn depends upon the heat and light of the sun for its life and growth. So we may trace the activities of the animate and inanimate world to the sun as the source of power. The sunbeam sets in motion the machinery of nature. But whence came the heat and light of the sun? Heat and light are forms of molecular motion. We know of but three sources from which heat and light can come, namely, friction, combustion, and electricity. But friction presupposes some external force which caused the motion producing the friction; and combustion presupposes some external force which brought together the elements of combustion; and electricity, a product of friction or chemical action—and produced in nature in no other way known to us—presupposes some external force which caused the motion producing the friction, or which brought the chemical elements together. Whence, then, is the origin of force? Where is seated that cause which is apart from every simple substance in nature, and which lies back of friction, combustion, and electricity, motion, and life itself? It is not in matter. It originates in spirit. "Power belongeth unto God," who is both in nature, and yet apart from the simple elements of nature. It has been suggested that radium, a newly discovered substance, would confirm by its peculiar and startling powers the hypothesis that force originated in matter, and some simple substance is the unfailing source of power. The activities of

radium, however, seem to be electrolytic, and so far from being an undiminishing mass and unfailing source of power, Dr. Becquerel, of the Paris Academy of Sciences, finds that matter escapes from each square centimeter of radio-active surface at the rate of 1.2 milligrams in a thousand million years. So radium must be denied place as an independent creator of force.

The energy of the bent spring has been thought to point to the molecules of simple substance as originating force. The spring when bent by some external force—and it cannot bend itself without first being bent by an external force—tends constantly to recover its original form. This tendency or struggle to recover its previous form is due to the elasticity of the molecules, one of the properties of steel. The molecules resist bending and tend constantly to straighten themselves. In such an example do we find the nearest approach to the origination of force by the molecules themselves. But it is of no value to the materialist, for it makes even more apparent the impossibility of force originating in the molecules of any substance, for they cannot move, or transform their potential energy into kinetic energy unless first acted upon by some external force. Were the primordial elements of the universe at rest or in motion? If they were at rest, and widely disseminated in space, the motion which united them originated in some force external to themselves. It originated in Spirit, in God. On the other hand, if we conceive of the primordial elements of the universe as being in motion from eternity, and widely scattered in space, even then God must be admitted a place in the universe as the Supreme Mind and Force directing and controlling the movements and operations of the elements of nature in the evolution of orderly forms from chaos, for heat, light, electricity, and the known products of motion cannot be conceived of as originating life, volition, knowledge, and moral consciousness.

Our personal knowledge of the origin of force connects force with volition. However, our volition has its limitations. I am capable of originating simple motion, directly by my volition. I am unable to originate directly, by my volition, any other form of motion such as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, actinism, or chemical affinity. It is an interesting fact, however, that the electric eel by its volition directly produces both motion and electricity; and the firefly by its volition produces motion, and light, and probably heat. These powers have been delegated by the Creator to his creatures. This fact well suggests that the Creator not only originated motion in the universe, but is also the origin of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, actinism, chemical affinity; and of life, thought, and moral consciousness as well. We are justified in believing these modes of physical action are but the modes of God's activity. We have a consciousness of immediate and personal causation in our own sense of mental effort whenever we do anything, and it cannot be denied or ignored. In these cases of personal knowledge of the origin of force we find force connected with volition, and by inevitable consequence with motive and with intellect, together with all those attributes of mind in which our personality consists. It is, then, a logical deduction that the exhibitions of force in physical nature are ultimately connected with the divine volition, motive, and intellect. Man, by means of motion which originates in his own volition

and power, has set in operation the thousand activities of civilization; and likewise did the Creator set in motion the elements of nature, which, under his power and control, have resulted in the multitude of forms and activities in the universe.

We recognize two kingdoms—matter and spirit. Force originated in spirit. But what is the Supreme Spirit, and how shall we think of God? We sometimes think of God as being in the form of a gigantic man. We think of the Supreme Spirit as possessing hands and feet and eyes and brain. Such conceptions are erroneous. We can conceive of formless electricity and gravitation as filling the universe, and being everywhere efficient, but we cannot conceive of God as a gigantic man filling the universe, and being efficient in wisdom, power, and skill in all places at once. We must think of God as being formless and so filling the universe. When we think of God as being in the form of a gigantic man it becomes incomprehensible to us how his huge fingers could fashion the microscopic kingdoms of the world. But let us think of the omnipresent, formless Spirit, not as having hands, or feet, or eyes, or brain, but as having every portion of his omnipresent, formless Being endowed with life, volition, and with every moral and physical power in their infinite perfection. Is it conceivable that a Spirit which is invisible, and imponderable, and impalpable, and yet which is the seat of physical and moral powers, really occupies the universe? The infidel scoffs at the idea. We observe, however, that this same infidel implicitly believes in the existence of an all-pervading luminiferous ether, which is invisible, and imponderable, and impalpable, and yet is said to be more compact and elastic than any material substance we can see and handle. He implicitly believes in the existence of this invisible medium, which is said to pervade all space and even all material substances, and yet is unknown at all to science by induction, but only by deduction—just as God is known to the theologian—so these facts are interesting. The Christian and the infidel have at last found a point of agreement. The Christian by deduction finds an invisible and infinite Spirit in the universe. The infidel, also by deduction, finds an all-pervading medium, invisible yet real, in the universe. Let the infidel no longer, therefore, charge the Christian with being unscientific because of his faith in the invisible God, who is not known to inductive science. But an interesting question arises here. Is it not conceivable that the infidel has right here discovered the God of the Christian? Is it not possible, nay, is it not probable the luminiferous ether is, after all, identical with Deity? I am inclined to think they are identical.

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE H. BENNETT.

ADDENDA ON THE "DOUBLE"

THREE objections have been made to my proposed interpretation of the "double"—Isa. 40. 2. It is called (1) fanciful, (2) not in accord with the lexicon and (3) Hebrew commentators are quoted to show that while it plainly does not mean what the Authorized and Revised Versions translate it to mean, yet no one of them can be quoted to support my original sugges-

tion. Let me say a word upon each in inverse order. No quotation has as yet been given in the ARENA that had not been scanned before my first article. Several writers, of whom Kantsch may be taken as an illustration, hold the traditional view. But as no one in the ARENA has adhered to that we occupy common ground in refusing to be bound by it. Skinner in the Cambridge Bible says "double" means "double punishment," but significantly adds: "The idea that Jerusalem's punishment had been greater than her sin required is not to be pressed theologically." Mere dictum of course! Do not press it because men will not believe it. George Adam Smith takes the same view, but then proceeds to apply the canon of sympathetic rather than literalistic interpretation, and makes a good thing of it. Let me quote it: "But the third clause is especially gracious. It declares that Israel has suffered of punishment more than double enough to atone for her sins. This is not a way of regarding either sin or atonement, which, theologically speaking, is accurate. What of its relation to our Articles, that man cannot give satisfaction for his sins by the mark of his hands or the pains of his flesh? No; it would scarcely pass some of our creeds today. But all the more, that it thus bursts forth from strict terms of dealing, does it reveal the generosity of him who utters it? How full of pity God is, to take so much account of the sufferings sinners have brought upon themselves! How full of grace to reckon those sufferings 'double the sins' that had earned them! 'It is as when we have seen gracious men make us a full gift, and in their courtesy insist that we have worked for it. It is grace marked by grace. As the height of art is to conceal art, so the height of grace is to conceal grace, which it does in this verse." Beautiful, is it not? Delitzsch also believes it means "double punishment," but with an interpretation akin to G. A. Smith's, only more wooden. He translates the clause: "Dass wir (Jerusalem) hingenommen aus der Hand Jehmes Doppeltes um all ihre Sünden." He calls attention to the fact that Gesenius, Ewald, and other old theologians have taken the perfect tense of the verb (לָקְחָה "hath received") to denote, not past time, but certainty concerning the future, as is frequent in Hebrew usage. And the "double" they take to mean grace, not punishment: "Jerusalem will surely receive double grace for all her sins." Delitzsch finds grammatical reason for rejecting this interpretation in the fact that "hath received" stands together with "is accomplished" and "is pardoned," which are manifestly real perfects of past time. Delitzsch adds: "It is not to be taken judicially. In that case God would appear as *over*just and therefore unjust." Both really evade the issue, and there is nothing in any of the authors to confound me, and they with their jarring and discordant voices gave the initial impulse to the study of the subject. Nor is it an answer to say that the lexicons do not give the meaning I impart into it. If it were in the lexicon, we should all bow down and say, "Yea, verily." It is worth remembering that the lexicons are made up from the books, and when a Hebrew lexicographer is shut up to one meaning of a word, and that precipitates a theological discord, we might pardon even a circuit rider if he asked for synonyms. Fürst in his lexicon gives for כֶּפֶל simply "double" and under this gives the reference Isa. 40. 2, and says לָקַח כִּפְלַיִם means "das Doppelte nehmen"

and goes on to explain it as "abundantly." There is no ground for translating it "abundantly." He is trying to find his way out of the difficulty we all recognize. In Zech. 9. 12, the word for "double" is not כֶּפֶל but מִשְׁנֶה The meanings he (Fürst) gives under the word are "repetition," "copy," "double," "the second." If he only gave a like assortment of meanings for כֶּפֶל, it would be a full defense for my interpretation. Now, I say that those two words in Isaiah 40. 2 and Zech. 9. 12 are Hebrew synonyms, and repeat from my original article that the lexicons permit it, or, at any rate, are not against it. The English translators use them as synonyms, and have stumbled on the truth. It then only remains to fix the meaning derivatively, sympathetically, and in harmony with the context.

It is high praise to call my exegesis "fanciful." No merely grammatico-logical mind will ever understand a prophet of Jahve. The Oriental mind was used to figures and similitudes. "Who can count the dust of Jacob?" is among its poetries, and an old song ran, "Sun, stand thou still: and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." We use the word "covenant," forgetting the water, bread, and blood trace that lies behind it, dim and fanciful, just as we say "Pittsburg" and only when reminded think of Pitt. The author of Job threw no sop to literalists by rounding out Job with "double" the number of sheep, camels, cattle, and children. The "double" in Isaiah's time had a poetic significance running back for a thousand years—probably longer. The "double" was the "copy" of an indenture, "the second" the "duplicate" of some document which, if retained, was a "receipt," "acknowledgment," and secured the "release" and "return" of something valuable and precise like an estate at the Jubilee; and its possession meant "quittance" from the poverty, trials, and alienations which had long been the portion of the man typified in Isa. 40. 2, as sorrowing and burdened Israel. Zechariah, using a synonym, says it is to be found in the "strong box," and Isaiah says: "Comfort ye, comfort ye . . . . my people, for ye born received of the Lord the 'double' ('receipt,' 'release,' 'remittance') for all your sins." Those transcendentalists who can "feel" the exegesis will understand and accept it; those who can only receive as prophecy what is before their day tramped into the molds of lexicon and grammar will continue to dissent from it. Thanks to Brother Potter. It seems to me it *would* help in Jer. 16. 18. EDWIN A. SCHELL.

La Porte, Indiana.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CHRIST'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS DISCIPLES

THERE are two passages in the gospel which are believed by many to constitute two different versions of the Sermon on the Mount. The fact of their striking similarity gives force to this view, but there is no positive proof that such was the case. The view that this sermon as recorded by Matthew was delivered to his immediate disciples and that in Luke to the general multitude will satisfy the facts and explain the difference in form. It was not uncommon for the Saviour to repeat his injunctions when the occasion called for them, with such change of statement and form as adapted his teachings to his immediate audience. We agree with Lange, who says: "In our opinion, they should be regarded as two different sermons delivered in close succession—the one on the summit of the mountain in Galilee, the other on the lower ridge of the same mountain; the one addressed only to his disciples, the other to all the people who had followed him. Still, so far as their fundamental ideas and real subject matter are concerned, the two sermons are identical, differing only in form and adaptation, that reported by Matthew being addressed to the disciples, and hence esoteric in form, while that given by Luke is exoteric, being addressed to the people. The fundamental idea of both is evidently the same—the exaltation of the humble and the humiliation of the proud." The place where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered is not absolutely certain. Mount Tabor or in its neighborhood is by many believed to have been the location. The article with the word "mountain" marks a definite elevation such as was adapted to his purpose. The immediate occasion of the discourse was the crowd which had followed him in his early Galilean journey. They had observed his miracles and followed him from place to place. This gave occasion for the instruction to his own disciples, in which the people who were near shared; and the discourse was a part of their training for their great work. That it was a continuous discourse and not a mere series of collected sayings of Christ's seems clear.

The Sermon on the Mount represents the ethics of Christianity. It is that part of Christian teaching with which the moral teachings of other religions are compared. Its superiority over them is well-nigh universally acknowledged. Some of its individual precepts are claimed as belonging to other creeds, but for completeness and fullness and compactness of teaching the Sermon on the Mount outranks them all. A few years ago the Chinese minister to this country, discoursing on the difference between the ethics of Confucius and those of Christ, is reported to have said that the ethical teachings of Christ were too exalted for man to practice, and thus were not so well adapted to humanity in its present stage as those of Confucius, which were on a lower plane and better suited to the people.

The Sermon on the Mount constitutes a point of union between denomi-

nations of Christians. It has been suggested that this sermon be recognized as a kind of creed which might constitute a basis of Christian union without any further statement of Christian formularies. This could hardly be acceptable. If this were all that Christianity taught, and if it fully represented Christianity so as to mark its distinctness from the other religions, this would be well. It is a vital part of what Christ taught, but it does not include some essential things without which Christianity could not be accepted and fully explained. So fundamental is it, however, that it must ever remain the ethical charter of the kingdom of Christ.

We propose to analyze this sermon and attempt a brief exposition of its teaching. The first verse begins thus: "And seeing the multitudes." Perhaps "When he saw the multitudes" would more accurately explain the meaning of the passage. The interest of the great crowd of people made it a suitable occasion for this remarkable discourse. "He went up into a mountain." Literally, it should be "the mountain," as the article would indicate that it was some well-known mountain with which the readers of the book were familiar. "And when he was set." The custom of the teacher of that time was to sit while his hearers stood, and he delivered his discourse consequently in a sitting posture. It is said that "his disciples came unto him." The mention of disciples would indicate that they awaited his instructions and were formally on hand to receive them, so this is a part of the training of his early followers for their great mission. "He opened his mouth." This is not pleonastic, as some would suppose, but is a phrase employed when the writer is about to set forth the importance of the communication which is to be made.

The first beatitude refers to the poor. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The word "blessed" indicates congratulation on their condition. They are to be regarded as happy. The Master congratulates those who in the view of the world should be commiserated. It is a statement that is especially strange when put in the setting of Christ's time. In placing this as the first of the beatitudes, Christ shows his interest in the poor. No wonder that the poor in every age since his day have felt that he was their friend. Hostile as the world of toilers seems to be to the church, which they often so greatly misunderstand, they instinctively recognize Christ as their friend and one who sympathizes with their condition. In the present day agitations between the masses and the classes, so called, and between the workmen and their employers, this passage seems as if written for our time. In the parallel passage in Luke it reads, "Blessed are the poor," and the word "poor" refers to physical poverty as respects worldly possessions necessary for physical comfort. There is a sense, then, in which poor people are to be congratulated. They are free from many cares and temptations which beset the rich. They are free from false ambitions. They have time for meditation and realize more the necessity for prayer. They are compelled to cultivate habits of industry, which are so valuable. Above all, they are led to call upon God, who will deliver them out of their distresses, and give them grace and strength to bear their burdens. And yet physical poverty is something against which our nature revolts, and most people will recognize the ideal condition for man in the saying of the

wise man: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Matthew, however, explains the passage in Luke. He says: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." This does not apply to those poor in worldly goods alone. It refers to those who are poor in respect to the spirit. They are above all they may possess, "conscious of their spiritual need." They have low views of their intellectual as well as their spiritual attainments. They are not self-sufficient, arrogant, or boastful. They do not court adulation. In this they imitate the Master, who shrank from public recognition, except when his mission called for it. On the occasion of his greatest miracles he would charge his disciples to tell no man. Some who are poor in earthly possessions are self-contented, proud, and are even ready to abuse those more prosperous. Not long ago a man who had been the recipient of alms for many years called on the writer, and while asking help, denounced bitterly those who were in prosperous circumstances, and on whom he had been dependent. "Poor in spirit" may apply to all who have low views of themselves and their attainments, especially of their spiritual attainments. As they advance in Christian experience they magnify more and more the riches of divine grace.

"Blessed are they that mourn." The interpretation that the Saviour in this passage is referring only to those who mourn for their sins is not broad enough. Certainly, those who mourn over their transgressions are blessed, for they have the assurance of forgiveness. In the Old Testament we have, "Blessed are they whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sins are covered," but it includes also mourning because of personal sorrow and personal suffering. There is a blessedness that comes to those who are passing through tribulation and those who have lost their dear friends or dear ones in their homes, like Mary and Martha. It is a startling statement, one which no philosopher or teacher of that time would have spoken. Happy, to be felicitated, are the mourners. There is something even in mourning which gives comfort. A person who has no deep sensitiveness to sorrow, but in philosophic stoicism can look upon the sufferings of mankind without grief is destitute of this element of blessedness. Who that has been caused to mourn has not felt a certain sense of comfort in the fact that he feels his sorrow? The consolation comes in the divine support which mourners receive and in the blessed rewards that are promised them in the life to come.

"Blessed are the meek." These are the gentle, self-depreciative, those who are not wise in their own eyes and do not magnify their own importance. The meek are those who have true views of themselves and of their relation to God. They often receive little attention from their comrades, because they are not self-assertive or arrogant. They are looked upon as weak and are not counted among the world's forces. This, however, is an error. Some of the meekest men, who do not esteem themselves highly and do not magnify their own position or attainments, are often the firmest in the hour of trial. When the boastful and self-sufficient shrink from service or from danger, the timid and gentle and the docile are ready to die for the Master. In the endurance of suffering and heroism for Christ quiet and gentle women have been the bravest of the brave.

Meekness is no proof of weakness. This meekness was not a virtue of the Jewish people, especially of the Jewish hierarchy, nor indeed of the non-Christian world. It is essentially a Christian virtue. The humblest men in the eyes of God and of all true men are superior to the arrogant and proud. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

"Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness." "Hunger and thirst" is a synonym for eager desire. They are those who seek righteousness intensely and for whom it is a constant longing. Ordinarily, hunger and thirst have to do with temporal blessings. This is a desire for the highest things. Righteousness is the great word of the Old Testament, the great quest of all the saints and sages. It is to be conformed to God's image, created after the image of God in "knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness." What an aspiration this is! How it transcends all desire for pleasure, for position, for wealth! Righteousness is a passion of the Christian. The Saviour does not explain here how righteousness is to be secured, but only states that they are happy. It seems strange that it should be said that those who earnestly desire good are happy, but the reason is clearly indicated in the passage, because they will enjoy it to the full. It is a desire which only God can satisfy. We must receive it as a gift, not as a desert. But it is also satisfying in itself. There is a blessedness in the search for the true, the beautiful and the good, all of which is embodied in righteousness. There is a blessedness in the desire for that which is noblest. It is a desire which brings its satisfaction as it goes along.

Another of the beatitudes is "Blessed are the merciful." The merciful are those who realize the existing wrongs and are ready to overlook them in the interests of righteousness. All who would have mercy should show mercy. Mercy was not a common virtue of the early ages, nor is it over common now. Mercy is enjoined in the Old Testament dispensation. God is set forth as a merciful God: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious." The early history of the world was one of constant war, and thus all nations were characterized by great cruelty. Mercy was obscured by the mercilessness of conquerors. The merciful man is one who realizes his own need of mercy. He is so conscious of his own shortcomings, and realizes how often he has needed the compassion of others, that he hesitates to deal harshly even with those who have deeply wronged him. Mercy is a mistake when it tends to condone evil or is an expression of indifference to wrongdoing. The truly merciful one, according to the Scriptures, is one who, recognizing his own sinfulness and dependence on God and his need of constant forgiveness, is anxious to show the same mercy to others. It is an absence of revenge or a desire to punish others for the sake of punishment. Whenever a merciful judge is called upon to execute law he does it with sorrow and not with joy. It is said of God that "justice and mercy are the habitation of his throne." Justice without mercy might bear the aspect of cruelty. Justice with mercy may be the highest expression of love.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

EXCAVATIONS IN PALESTINE

NEVER in the history of excavations have there been brighter prospects for archæological discoveries in the Holy Land than today. There never have been so many educated men interested in the work as at the present time. Society after society is on the alert for new finds. The Ottoman empire too is, at last, fully awake to the importance of pushing on the work as rapidly as possible, mindful of the ravages of time and the destructive hands of those ignorant peasants who see no value in the stone monuments of gray antiquity except as they can be used for building purposes. To them the ancient inscriptions are unintelligible or objects of superstitious reverence. The Sultan has been of late years lavish in granting archæologists from various countries permits for excavating the ancient ruins in his vast domain. This is not absolutely unselfish in his majesty and his ministers, for, according to the laws regulating all excavations, no object whatever can be removed from Turkish territory without special permission of the Ottoman government. After all the principal gainer is the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, which is destined in the near future to far outshine the greatest museums of Europe in wealth of treasures to be discovered from now on in Bible lands, for the latter can never again hope to have anything except duplicates dug out from the ancient ruins on Turkish soil.

Jerusalem is fast becoming a great center of study and research along biblical lines. It has now several institutions offering special facilities to those who would study on the spot, in a scientific manner, the topography, geography, and antiquities of Palestine. There is the American school with some learned and experienced professor at its head. This attracts a number of our most promising young students of Semitics. Many of these are selected on fellowships from our best universities. Then there are organized at irregular intervals under more or less competent teachers companies of those who desire to study Palestinian history, customs, antiquities, etc., at first hand. They find it not only pleasant but very profitable to spend several weeks or months in touring Palestine with special view to Bible study. The work of the French Dominican friars in Jerusalem is also well known. Owing to the distribution of their missionaries, they have unusual facilities for doing thorough work over the larger portion of the country. The Germans, always fully awake to the interest of scientific study in every department of learning, and thoroughly equipped for patient, original work, are also in the field. The German Archæological Institute at Jerusalem is also destined to play an important role in the future study of Hebrew antiquities. A German is never in haste to begin his lifework. So a goodly number of young doctors from the leading German universities, who intend to devote their life to teach-

ing, are now taking advantage of the opportunities presented to them in Jerusalem. Professor Dalman, of the University of Leipzig, has charge of the institute. He is assisted by Dr. Kressmann, of Kiel. These two men are well fitted for their positions. They will, of course, deliver lectures and direct the studies of their pupils in Jerusalem; but more than that, they will devote a large portion of their time to actual field work, this year, especially, in and around ancient Jericho, where Professor Sellin, of Vienna, a recognized authority, well known to our readers for his successful work at Taanach, will, for the next two years, direct extensive excavations.

It is stated on no less authority than the Quarterly Statement (July, 1907) that Dr. Reisner, who has done such excellent work in Egypt, will soon commence excavations on a large scale at Sebastiyeh, the supposed site of the magnificent old capital of Samaria. As this work is to be done for an American society, there can be no doubt that there will be, during the entire process of excavating, ample means at his command, so as not to handicap the complete execution of his plans. Here we might also state that several of our papers announce that Dr. Reisner has been appointed archæologist in charge of the excavations of the Egyptian government in Nubia. A colossal work is to be undertaken on either side of the Nile from Kalabsche to Derr, a distance of about one hundred miles. This work is imperative owing to the fact that the Assuan dam is to be raised more than twenty-five feet higher. Whether the work in Egypt and Samaria may be carried on simultaneously or whether there is a mistake about the appointment to one or the other place will come to light later.

The Palestine Exploration Fund is to be congratulated, first, because a new firman for another two years' digging at Gezer has been graciously granted it, and, secondly, because that veteran excavator, Mr. Macalister, is to continue in charge of the work. These additional two years, it is hoped, will afford ample time to the Fund to complete in good shape the excavations at Gezer. We have already described at length the former work of Mr. Macalister at Gezer, so it will be unnecessary to enter into details at this time. Gezer, being on or close to the highway of travel along the Mediterranean coast from Babylon to Egypt, was in the very nature of things from time immemorial an important place. It is, moreover, one of the oldest undisputed sites in Palestine. Its identity is certain. We find it first mentioned on the hieroglyphic list in the temple of Karnak, as one of the places taken by Thothmes III on his Mesopotamian campaign, about 1600 B. C. The Tel-el-Amarna tablets, as well as several passages in the historical books of the Old Testament, refer to Gezer as an important city. It is not clear that either Joshua or any of his immediate successors succeeded in capturing or subduing this place. In Solomon's time it formed a part of the Egyptian empire. We read in 1 Kings 9. 16, that Pharaoh gave Gezer as a dowry to his daughter on her marriage to Solomon, who rebuilt it. It played an important role in the Maccabæan wars. A fortunate discovery of some bilingual rock inscriptions by Clermont-Ganneau has established the identity of Gezer beyond

question. From what has been said, it appears that it would be difficult to select any site for excavating which promises more than Gezer. The excavations of the past few years at this place have taken us back to prehistoric times, ages before, not only the Israelitic occupation, but earlier Semitic ones, of which there is reason for believing there were no less than four in succession, to the time when Gezer was inhabited by the troglodytes, or cave-dwellers. The objects found in the lower strata, as well as the many caves, prove the existence of such people at Gezer. At a higher level were found abundant proofs of another people enjoying a somewhat higher civilization. They had their "high places," altars, and other sacrificial accompaniments. There is abundant evidence that they offered human sacrifices, especially children, to some cruel deity.

One of the most interesting discoveries of Mr. Macalister, and which was made known only last June at the annual meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund, is that which he calls the "Philistine graves." There are, however, as yet not sufficient data to show conclusively that those buried in these tombs were Philistines. All that is positively known is that they were not Semites. Indeed, these tombs differ in several ways from those of the Semitic people. They were built of masonry and not dug or cut out of the solid rock; the bodies were laid out at full length, and not doubled up or contracted; the head was always laid to the east. Though these graves contained less pottery, they were, nevertheless, more artistic and showing a high degree of culture. More than two dozen different objects were found in some of the tombs examined. The sameness of articles in the several tombs shows, too, that there was a well-established custom of grave furnishing or ornamentation. Of the articles found the following deserve mention: a lentoid jar of reddish clay about 14 inches in height; a silver ladle 8¼ inches long, whose shaft, or handle, terminated in a ring on which were wrought the heads of two lions; a bronze plate slightly curved 2½ inches in length; a hemispherical silver bowl 4⅜ inches in diameter, elegantly decorated with a rosette and lotus leaves in low relief; a bronze mirror 6⅞ inches long; two gold bracelets, 2 inches in external diameter, consisting of a hollow tube of gold having a delicate spiral twist running along its whole length; a silver signet-ring; a collection of beads in various shapes and materials—some of these still have the silver wire on which they were suspended. The art displayed on these beads "is strangely reminiscent of that of some savage South Sea island tribe." Then there are three scarabs; one of these has an undecipherable inscription, that is, the meaning has not yet been made out. The most artistic of all the objects deposited is a cylindrical bar of polished jasper 1 7/16 inches in length; "upon it are three gold belts, with a little loop of gold above each, and below these smaller loops, from which depend discs of gold." There were other articles of minor importance. The graves examined were furnished, all of them, in nearly the same way, showing that the wealthier classes followed a well-established plan even in the burial of their dead. The next two years will undoubtedly, as other tombs will be subjected to examination, afford more light, so that the question of race may be definitely settled. A people

as far advanced in the arts as those buried in these tombs, had, no doubt, their system of writing. It is therefore not too much to hope that some explanatory tablets or stele may be brought to light. If these graves are those of Philistines, a real contribution to archæology and ancient history has been made, for our data regarding the origin and civilization of this people who caused so much trouble to ancient Israel are very meager.

We shall call attention to one more discovery by Mr. Macalister at Gezer. In his excavations he came across what he supposed to be the ruins of a Philistine temple of peculiar construction. Here and there in the debris were a number of what he terms pediments, or column-bases, which are described as follows: "They are roughly flattened on the upper surface, but are not prepared by chiseling for worked pillars of stone. Moreover, anything resembling stone pillars or pillar drums is of the rarest possible occurrence. It is, in fact, certain that these bases were meant for the support, not of stone pillars, but of vertical posts of wood, like the cedar pillars of Solomon's house (1 Kings 7. 2), and were intended to prevent their comparatively narrow ends from sinking into the ground under the pressure of whatever weight they had to bear." Mr. Macalister infers from these column-bases that the temple of Dagon at Gaza was constructed on this plan, and that it was in such an edifice Samson ended his life and caused such a havoc among the lords of the Philistines and those assembled to witness the exhibition of the giant's wonderful strength. "If," says Mr. Macalister, "we picture the Gezer temple, and like it the temple of Dagon at Gaza, as having a portico supported by four wooden pillars (the expression, 'two middle pillars' in Judges 16. 29, probably indicates that there were not less than four pillars in the Dagon temple, as in that of Gezer), we can get rid at once of the monstrous conception of Samson snapping two great stone pillars to which artists have accustomed us. Nor is there anything in the Bible to warrant such a conception. On the contrary, the whole description of Samson's feat points to the action that would be necessary in pushing or pulling a wooden post, so that its foot would slide over the edge of a stone at the base." We reproduce the foregoing in Mr. Macalister's own words, so that the reader may draw whatever conclusion he desires as to the validity of the inference.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Erich Wasmann. The conflict over the theory of evolution does not abate its energy; although one hears less about it than formerly. Gradually, but surely, it is coming to be seen that in many ways the theory can be understood so as to include the Christian conception of the relation of God to the world. Not so easy is it to formulate a doctrine of evolution that will harmonize with ecclesiastical dogmas. If one insists that the references of the Bible to scientific questions are infallibly correct, and then that a given interpretation of those passages is also infallible, the task becomes almost hopeless, especially if the task is to include the reconciliation of dogma with the doctrine of evolution as held by most scientific men of today. It is at this point that Wasmann has failed. In his work on *Die moderne Biologie und die Entwickelungstheorie* (Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution), Herder, Freiburg i. B., he undertakes to set forth a theory of evolution which shall at once satisfy the demands of science and of Roman Catholic dogma. Wasmann believes in evolution, which, he says, is supported by many facts. But he does not think the facts warrant the doctrine that all organisms developed from a single cell. Rather, does he think, did the existing plants and animals descend from a number, as yet undetermined, of original forms, all of which were and are independent of each other. Each of these independent forms constituted a natural species. Whence, now, came these original forms? How did organic forms originate? That they are not eternal is evident from the doctrine that the universe was once a glowing mass. The four biological axioms, that all life is from life, every cell from a cell, every nucleus from a nucleus, and every chromosome from a chromosome, show that organic matter could not be derived from inorganic matter. Since every effect must have a sufficient cause, there remains no other answer than that the original forms are the product of the activity of a personal Creator. In a way this was not an act of creation, but only the production of organic out of inorganic matter. The only real creation was the creation of matter out of nothing at the beginning of the cosmological process. Thenceforth all that was necessary was a special intervention on the part of God to bring forth whatever forms pleased him. These original forms seem to have been endowed by the Creator with the potentiality of the development through which they passed to bring us to the forms of the present day. Nevertheless, one creative act took place subsequent to the creation of matter. It was the creation of the human soul. Not even God could bring forth a human soul from matter. Hence it must have been created. Animals do, indeed, possess souls; but it is sensuous and incapable of developing into a human soul. It is possible for zoölogy to regard the human body as the highest repre-

sentative of the mammalia; but it cannot possibly regard the whole man as the product of development. But an examination of the data shows that absolutely nothing can be shown that can prove the descent of man from lower animals. But in any case, the soul of man being a special creation, man as a whole is not the product of development. Wasmann reminds one, in this respect, of Wallace, who taught that the doctrine of evolution failed when it came to man. There are two ways of looking at Wasmann's views. Considered as an attempt to show that evolution and Roman Catholic doctrine are compatible it is a failure. As a system of science attempting to correct that held by the majority it may be a success. Only those who are qualified by scientific training and knowledge can judge. It is a comfort to the Christian who is not bound by dogma to know that there is nothing in the alleged process of evolution, as described by most scientists, to make the Christian faith less precious. Man is man, however he came to be, and God cannot be eliminated from the world.

Julius Kaftan. He is no stranger to the readers of the REVIEW. Of the Ritschlian school, he has the reputation of being nearly orthodox. And that he does not train with the extreme radical theologians is plain from the fact that he has but recently attacked two of the newest school of radicals, Bousset and Wrede. This he did in a little book entitled *Jesus und Paulus. Eine freundschaftliche Streitschrift gegen die Religionsgeschichtlichen Volksbücher von D. Bousset und D. Wrede* (Jesus and Paul. A Friendly Polemic Against the Popular Religio-Historical Books of Dr. Bousset and Dr. Wrede). In order that Kaftan may be properly understood it should be premised that Bousset's book was on Jesus and Wrede's on Paul. These books are far from satisfactory, but it is surprising to find how ill qualified for the task of refuting them Kaftan is. The reason of this is not that Kaftan lacks the requisite ability, but because his own standpoint is itself unsatisfactory. Kaftan discovers Bousset's principal defect in the fact that he looks upon the work of Christ as prophetic chiefly, and only at the last adds the thought of the Messiahship, which he maintains was a great burden to Jesus. In this Kaftan is both in error and correct. Kaftan overlooks that Bousset placed the Messianic aspect of the work of Jesus last in order to go from the certain to the uncertain, that the former might shed its light upon the latter. But his criticism of Bousset is correct in that Bousset wrongly underestimates the significance of the Messianic self-consciousness of Jesus, and his attitude toward that consciousness. This was not at all a burden, but a joy, and this notwithstanding the fact that he wished to keep his Messiahship a secret from the public. But it is when Kaftan comes to the criticism of Wrede's Paul that his failure becomes most conspicuous. According to him Wrede's chief defect is in the fact that he regards Paul's doctrine of redemption as an objective fact connected with the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, which doctrine is then to be accepted by faith. Kaftan, on the contrary, holds that with Paul

redemption is a subjective experience, a reality which Paul and other Christians live, and not a doctrine of an objective event. He accuses Wrede of being controlled by the intellectual prejudice of orthodoxy on the one side and of the Tübingen school on the other, according to which a conceptually construed doctrine of Christ, his appearance in the world, his death and resurrection, forms the presupposition and the substance of Christ's teaching; whereas in truth this is not at all the thought of the apostle. It seems quite clear that Kaftan is in error in his conception of Paul's doctrine of redemption. Judging by his letters his idea was that Christ crucified, and Christ risen, was the ground of our hope. Through this fact in the life of Christ we have release from the power of sin, death and hell. We are redeemed by the blood of Christ. Faith is nothing else than the appropriation of this fact, not by the intelligence alone, but by the whole moral self. But the fact of redemption in Christ is an objective fact producing, when properly appropriated, all good effects of the personal Christian life. In attempting to minimize the objective value of the death of Christ Kaftan has almost run into the extreme of holding a doctrine of redemption which is independent of the death of Christ. True, we are the subjects of redemption, and we are redeemed only when certain spiritual conditions are present within us which Kaftan has identified with redemption; but according to Paul there were certain outward as well as inward facts connected with the redemption of the human race.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Das Alte Testament in der Mischna (The Old Testament in the Mischna). By Georg Aicher. Herder, Freiburg i. B., 1906. In the introductory portion of this book Aicher treats of the estimate of the Holy Scriptures in the Mischna, giving much valuable material concerning the express mention of biblical books in the Mischna, concerning the manner in which large portions of the Bible are mentioned, concerning the formulas with which individual passages are applied, and over the "uncleanness of the hands." According to Aicher the expression "The Scripture," as used in the Mischna, is equivalent to the entire Old Testament. This opinion is doubted, however, by many other scholars. Aicher also conveys the idea that in the Mischna no distinction is made, as to value, between the individual books of the Old Testament. All are regarded as equally holy and absolutely authoritative. Nevertheless, this does not deny the fact that the Thora was valued more highly than other portions of the Scripture. One of the most valuable portions of the book is that in which Aicher reproduces in German all the passages of the Mischna quoted from the Old Testament, and with the passages the proposition which is supposed to be supported by them, or the conclusion to be drawn from them. Two other sections are also very valuable. They are entitled "The Application of Scripture in the Mischna" and "The Scripture Interpretation of the Mischna." Of course these two cannot be thought of in absolute

separation; but in this book the former is meant to include all those cases in which the sacred text is used to support a previously existing idea; the latter to include the real interpretation itself and the conclusions to be drawn from the passages as interpreted. Another very interesting portion of the book is that in which the author gives us the rabbinical rules of interpretation as used by several of the greatest rabbis—the seven rules of Hillel, the thirteen of Ismael, and the thirty-two of Elieser, the son of Rabbi Jose ha-Gelili. Of less interest to the general reader, but of great importance to one who will determine the development of Hebrew doctrine, is that portion of the book in which he treats of the Midrasch, or the Scripture interpretation, and its relation to the Halacha, or the formulated ideas of the Scripture. Aicher thinks the doctrines were first formulated and then the interpretation was made to support the doctrine. The form of the Mischna lends itself to this view, for the doctrines there supported are supported by texts that have no real bearing on the propositions under consideration. Nevertheless, it is evident that the doctrines must have been first derived from Scripture; so that the interpretation of Scripture must have been prior to the systematic formulation of the doctrines derived from Scripture. But this does not mean that the interpretation was sound, or that the words of Scripture were allowed to speak for themselves. Even to this day interpreters carry with them to the Scriptures ideas which they themselves think they find in Scripture. The whole book, which, by the way, is written by a Roman Catholic, is well adapted to show anyone interested what the rabbinical interpretation was like, and how like the rabbinical was the interpretation of the writers of the New Testament. Yet it is a fact that the interpretations of the apostles were far saner than those of the rabbins; while it is also a fact that Jesus himself seems never to have employed Scripture in the fanciful way of the rabbins. In fact, he often contradicted the current interpretation. His use of Scripture was always in the interest of a higher morality and a purer religion than that current in his day.

Des heiligen Irenaus Schrift zum Erweise der apostoleschen Verkundigung *εἰς ἐπίδειξιν τον ἀποστολικοῦ κηρύγματος* in armenischer Version entdeckt (The Work of Saint Irenæus in Proof of the Apostolic Doctrine, discovered in Armenian). Edited by Karapet Ter-Mekerttachian, Archimandrite of Etschmiadsin, who discovered the work, and Erwand Ter-Minassiantz, who have given us the work in Armenian and also a translation into the German. Published by the J. C. Heinrichssche Buchhandlung, Leipzig, 1907. This work has been known to scholars hitherto only by a reference to it in Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History (V, 26). The work was dedicated to one Marcian. The manuscript was copied by order of Archbishop John, brother of King Hetum of Cilicia, somewhere between 1270 and 1289 A. D. Karapet, the discoverer, thinks the Armenian translation was made somewhere from the middle of the seventh to the beginning of the eighth century, whether directly from the Greek or through the medium of the Syrian is not determined. The evidence that

it is a genuine work of Irenæus is tolerably strong. In the first place, it is unlikely that the work thus translated into Armenian under the name of Irenæus is any other than the work by him referred to by Eusebius. Besides, the manuscript contains also Books IV and V of Irenæus's work Against Heresies, to which work direct reference is made in chapter 99 of the Epideixis. Furthermore, the entire content of the work is such as to prove its origin with Irenæus. One could find in every chapter parallels from the work Against Heresies. The Epideixis begins with the statement of the doctrines of Father, Son, and Spirit, as received in baptism. This is followed by a survey of the Old Testament plan of salvation down to and including the teachings of the prophets; and this by a characterization of the redemption through the incarnation of the Son of God, and the demonstration of the fulfillment of prophecy in Christ. These ideas are those which are so prominent in the work Against Heresies. It is a well-determined system of doctrine. Much of what he says concerning the Old Testament is drawn directly from Judaism, which shows that in those earliest days the influence of Judaism was powerful, as it has been ever since, in Christian thought. As in Against Heresies, so in the Epideixis, Irenæus appeals to the "Elders, the followers of the Apostles." According to Irenæus the apostles taught their successors that Christ, who was the Spirit of God, became a man capable of suffering. In him the Spirit of God the Father was mixed with the creature of God. He speaks also of a work of the Spirit in the prophets and saints of the Old Testament, which Spirit was distinct from the Son. One familiar with the theology of that early day will see here the traces of the well-known failure to distinguish clearly the persons of the Son and the Spirit. By this union of man and God and by the obedience of the Incarnate One God designs to give immortality to those who by their disobedience are subject to death. For this reason our Lord took upon him a body like that of Adam, that he might enter into the conflict for the father and through Adam triumph over him who smote us through Adam. The perfection of Adam must take place in Christ in order that mortality might be swallowed up by immortality. Justification is by faith, not by the obedience to the law. The Christian must not return to the law of Moses but live in accord with the new Word, in faith and love. It is plain that as Irenæus was setting forth a doctrine handed down to him we get very close to the apostolic age in this formulation of the faith, and it is the orthodox, not the Unitarian faith, that Irenæus taught. In this Irenæus was in harmony with almost all the theologians of his time.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Carl Mirbt on German Methodism. In reviewing a recent work on Methodism in Germany Professor Mirbt speaks of Methodism in terms of highest respect, if not of praise. He says it is no longer a question as to the large significance of Methodism for the religious life of Germany. Of all the sects Methodism has become the most influential in the Father-

land, approaching the state church in this regard. He recognizes that this result is largely due to the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church in America stands behind the movement in Germany. Of this church he speaks in high terms, showing that it is a church not given to the praise of dogma but rather of life, and that it is a church which allows all proper freedom of opinion and teaching. Evidently German scholars are changing their attitude toward us.

Bavarian Provisions for Ministerial Registration. An examination is made by the proper authorities every five years into the personal and ministerial character of all the clergy, and a record is kept of the results of the investigation. Included in this is a report on the mental and physical qualities, spiritual dispositions and tendencies, peculiarities that help or hinder, education, zeal in study, literary labor, ability in preaching, purity of doctrine, voice, manner, and effectiveness, ability as catechists, diligence, wisdom, and skill as pastors, activity in school affairs, punctuality and care in all the duties of the ministerial office, attendance upon civil duties, and family relationships. This is a pretty severe test, and the report upon any one cannot be changed during the five years, except by a disciplinary trial.

More Trouble in Bremen. The readers of the Review have been kept informed of the progress of affairs in Bremen since Pastor Kalthoff broke so violently with the evangelical faith. As previously noted, some of the pastors became members of the Monist League, or Haeckel congregation. Some of the orthodox pastors appealed to the senate to correct this evil. As a result the offending pastors withdrew from the league. They claimed that they did this in the interest of peace, and also because within the league itself there were some who affirmed the incongruity of membership in the league with the Christian pastorate, however vaguely and uncertainly Christian the pastor might be. They claimed, however, that they had not changed their views. Truly they must have strange consciences.

Roman Concessions to Slavs. In Bohemia and Moravia there are three dioceses in which the vernacular is used in the liturgy. An attempt is now being made to secure a similar concession for all the dioceses and for all parishes among the Slavs. Indeed, this movement is not confined to Bohemia and Moravia, but has extended to Hungary, where the mass is celebrated in two hundred and seventy churches in the Hungarian language. Pius X is opposed to any further concessions, on the ground that every national liturgy is in danger of leading to a national church. The Pope has a difficult task to hold his flock together.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

In the London Quarterly for October is an interesting though not satisfying article by R. Wilkins Rees on "Ruskin as a Prose Writer." In literature there are few more splendid themes. The article on John Ruskin published in our Review by Professor C. T. Winchester a few years ago was a model and masterly treatment of the theme. Some have falsely said that Ruskin was partly indebted to Emerson for his style. Ruskin himself said: "I never cared much for Emerson; he is little more to me than a clever gossip, and his egoism reiterates itself to the point of provocation." One thing certain is that Ruskin's prose is saturated with biblical influence, and his wonderful style is mainly formed on our accepted English translation. He catches its prophetic note, the rise and fall of its solemn cadences; and he has sentences, not a few, of superb grace and majesty which depend for their form and force mainly on a masterly use of biblical phrases and measures. Ruskin is in prose the chief inheritor of the glories of our English Bible. Ruskin's painstaking industry in writing, like Carlyle's, was very great. The literary travail endured by Carlyle filled Ruskin with "total amazement and boundless puzzlement"; but he himself tells us that often in his Modern Painters a sentence was written over four or five times and tried and tested in every word for an hour or perhaps for a forenoon, before he thought it fit for the printer. Flaubert achieved his elaborate and finished French by years of careful toil and self-training. He would struggle for weeks to find the right epithet, the satisfying phrase, and in his patient and laborious search he would exclaim: "What Buffon said is a big blasphemy; genius is not long-contained patience." In addition to his many volumes, Ruskin wrote an astonishing number of letters; and even of them he could say to James Smetham: "I never wrote a private letter to any human being which I would be ashamed to let a bill-sticker chalk up six feet high on Hyde Park wall, and stand myself in Piccadilly and say to the passers-by, 'I did it.' " After all, his message rather than the manner of it was the thing of supreme importance to him: when a Yorkshire workingman told Ruskin he had been delighted with his books the response he got was: "I don't care whether you enjoyed them: did they do you any good?" Yet his noble style goes far to make his works immortal. His fascinating power as a teacher was largely due to the marvelous charm of his word-artistry, and his moral earnestness was made effectual by his supreme literary gifts. Truth is, with him, an indispensable element of beauty—truth in accuracy of thought, truth in accuracy of expression. "Whether he sets before the eye a significant example of architecture lit by the Italian sun, or the unsuspected beauties of a bit of moss in an English hedgerow, the picture is perfect, and there is nothing more or better to be said, for Ruskin has found the final and most fitting word. His minuteness and delicacy of observation are unmatched. His skies,

and winds, and seas, his mountains, and waterfalls, and fields, his trees and rocks, his birds and flowers, are described with unerring accuracy of sound and shape and color and season, and with a clear-sightedness, subtle knowledge, and heartfelt love never surpassed, if ever rivaled, even by Tennyson. Walter Pater said that prose is "a colored thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid with Milton or Taylor." Ruskin's prose, says Mr. Rees, seems all this and something more. He commands the whole instrument and touches it with the freedom and power of a master. There is no monotony of cadence. With unfailing rhythm he assigns to every syllable its true musical value, and his words throb and glow and sparkle and sing. In all his magnificent declamations there is the perfect rhythmical rise and fall of noble and stately sentences. Frederic Harrison once said that to argue with Ruskin about language was to contend with the master of forty legions. Among representative passages of Ruskin's prose are his wonderful word-picture of a night on the Rigi, his descriptions of the Falls of Schaffhausen and the Roman Campagna; the great passage on war written at the time of the Crimean war; the account of the Old Tower of Calais Church, and that of the peasant of the Valais—all of which, together with the unequaled passage on Swiss scenery, are in Modern Painters. Also the passage in Ariadne Florentina on the Cumæan Sibyl of Botticelli, and the description in Præterita of the Rhone at Geneva. Ruskin has the eye of a landscape painter and the voice of a lyric poet. His great passages "live on the ear," as Faber said of the English Bible, "like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego." Greatest of all his merits and services is that he used all his glorious gifts to dignify and impress moral and religious truth, to fill men with reverence and love for high and holy things; he was a purifier of the thoughts and an uplifter of the souls of men: one of the mightiest influences for worthy living that ever moved mankind. The wonders and grandeurs of the world filled him with awe. He said: "When I reach the Alps I always pray." Mr. Rees closes his article with these words quoted from the end of one of Ruskin's lectures: "See that when Death draws near to you, you may look to it, at least, for sweetness of Rest; and that you recognize the Lord of Death and of Life coming to you as a Shepherd gathering you into his fold for the night."

In the same Review is an article on "The Romanticists Around Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Rossetti is called the strongest personality and the greatest man of the pre-Raphaelite group; but full justice is done to Holman Hunt, who is still tireless at the age of eighty. His great passion, like Ruskin's, is also for Truth, accuracy of representation. For this no labor is too hard. Night after night he has spent out in the chill night air patiently striving to copy exactly the pale gray tones of moonlight diffused across the starry sky or lying on the wet leaves of dewy trees and shrubs and flowers. And he has risked malaria and many other ills and perils of death in a lonely land and a desolate spot, just in order to

paint perfectly the pathos of a dying goat. Vertunni, the most perfect painter of the Pontine Marshes, pays for each visit he makes to those swamps with six weeks of marsh fever. Now, they show such devotion and seek such hardships to obtain an earthly prize. Shall not we be equally heroic and devoted to obtain a heavenly prize? A minister of Jesus Christ ought not to be beaten in ardor and labor, in determination and sacrifice, and in enduring hardness, by mere artists. Of the famous group of pre-Raphaelites the article says that Rossetti taught that imagination is a reality; Holman Hunt, that life is earnest and that Christ was human; Burne-Jones, that there is a great and beautiful "Beyond"; and Madox Brown, that there is a love nobler than passion. As for Millais, it is said that we learn more of warning from his life than we are taught of great lessons by his works. "For Millais, like a swift arrow catching a cross wind, fell short."

From an article in the same Review on "The Mutual Spiritual Enrichment of East and West," we extract the following: "There is truth in the ethnic systems—truth immature, veiled, stifled, needing disclosure, disentanglement, completion, so as to be given perfect opportunity and operation in Christ, the great Fulfiller who centers

In himself complete what truth
Is elsewhere scattered, partial and afar.

The Christian thinkers of the future will give themselves to the work of relating these partial and scattered truths to Jesus Christ, that his glory may the more brightly shine forth. There is a fine suggestion in the words of Dr. Fairbairn in the preface of a book that owes much to his visit to India: 'The time is coming, and we shall hope the man is coming with it, which shall give us a new Analogy, speaking a more generous and hopeful language, breathing a nobler spirit, aspiring to a larger day than Butler's. It will seek to discover in man's religion the story of his quest after God, but no less of God's quest after him; and it will listen in all of them for the voice of the Eternal, who has written his law upon the heart in characters that can never be eradicated. And it will argue that a system whose crown and center is the Divine Man is one which does justice to everything positive in humanity by penetrating it everywhere with Deity. The incarnation is the very truth which turns nature and man, history and religion, into the luminous dwelling place of God.' We need not jealously fear that Christ will receive wrong in any such Analogy; rather is he wronged and robbed of his glory when he is shut out of the world's spiritual history and left unrelated to its peoples and its truth. His work as *Christus Consummator* is a unique glory, for the difference he makes by his consummations is so great that it is really a difference of everything. . . . It is clear that to some Eastern minds Christ need not be presented as a stranger, as an alien, but as the Universal Man and Saviour, for whom their hearts have yearned though they knew it not: the Master who is and has all that makes for divine acceptance and for holy character. We do well to believe that there is an original, spiritual, organic relationship between our Lord and mankind; that he

exercises an effective mediation for many who have not heard of him; and that every working and manifestation of righteousness and every gracious and abiding element of character everywhere belong to 'the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.' The following is a remarkable extract from a book of Chinese philosophy: '*There is a man in whom both sexes and all other men exist, in whom is, as it were, the body spiritual of humanity . . . . a man hidden, invisible, heavenly, perfect, so pure from all defect inherent to all material form—in short, the Holy One.*' The only one who answers to that description, the Ideal, the Universal Man, is Christ, and the oft-quoted words of Bishop Gore, in his Bampton Lecture, are strangely akin to the utterances of the Chinese sage: 'Only all together, all ages, all races, both sexes, can we grow up into one body "into the perfect man"; only a really Catholic society can be "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." Thus, we doubt not, that when the day comes which shall see the existence of really national churches in India, China and Japan (the races), will each in turn receive their fresh consecration in Christ, and bring out new and unsuspected aspects of the Christian life; finding fresh resources in him in whom is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all and in all.' Much that has been greatly admired and cherished by both East and West will be 'cast as rubbish to the void' when the eternal temple is set up. The merely accidental and local will disappear—temporary scaffolding and structure and ornament; but some essential and indestructible truths from the non-Christian systems—planed, polished, and made worthy through use and discipline of centuries or of millenniums—will be found built by Christian hands, even by the hands of those descended from pariah peoples as well as from the lordly Brahman, into that temple of truth of which Jesus Christ himself is the corner stone; the approaches, porches, towers, and courts, and even the lesser shrines and parts to the farthest verge, being in him fitly framed and compacted, each several building and the whole building being through him and for him, that he may be all in all."

A book notice in the London Quarterly points out that what is called the New Theology is little if anything more than "natural religion—a faith without a Bible, without a Saviour, without miracles, without grace, but recognizing to the full the claims of conscience and the universal immanence of God in creation.

In a notice of E. L. Godkin's Life and Letters are some reminiscences of that Englishman's early days in America about 1856. Of a political sermon he heard Henry Ward Beecher preach he says: "I have seldom heard anything more powerful than his reply to the complaints of those who found fault with his meddling with the affairs of this world in his sermons." At one place that Mr. Godkin visited in the Southwest when America was new to him, a Methodist Conference was in session. He says the whole town was stirred in a fever of excitement. In a letter to a friend he paid this tribute to the itinerant ministers: "You can form little idea in the Old World of the important place which these gentlemen occupy

in these Western wilds. Through thousands of square miles they are the only known and familiar representatives of the church, are the only men who can call people's attention away for even one hour from politics, cotton, and niggers. The work of civilization on the southwestern frontier is said to be carried on in quite as great a degree by the saddlebags as by the ax. . . . . Without the Methodist preachers, there is no question, a large part of the Southwest would lapse into heathenism."

In the Methodist Quarterly of Nashville, the editor, Dr. Alexander, printed in October a symposium on Books, which he calls a man's "intellectual and spiritual creators and companions." Each contributor to the first section of the council tries to tell what six books have had the greatest influence on his life. Not many habitual readers of books can do that with positiveness; but a man may guess at it. In the second section the responses name some books which preachers should own and study. Twenty-one prominent men contribute to the symposium. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a book more praised than read in these days, appears oftener in the lists than any other book, being named by five men. Each of the following is named by three: William Arthur's The Tongue of Fire, Victor Hugo's Les Miserables, Dr. James Orr's The Problem of the Old Testament, Fairbairn's Philosophy of the Christian Religion, William James's Varieties of Religious Experience. Of course Wesley's Life, Letters, and Sermons are prominently mentioned. Of the books not so well agreed upon in these lists we would choose to name Dean Stanley's History of the Jewish Church, Mulford's The Nation, Carlyle's The French Revolution, Thackeray's Henry Esmond, the Poems of Browning and of Tennyson, Motley's The Rise of the Dutch Republic, Clarke's Outline of Christian Doctrine, Strong's Great Poets and Their Theology, Fremantle's The World As the Subject of Redemption, Gardner's The Bible as English Literature, and Bushnell's Works. One valuable book not named in these lists is Carnegie Simpson's The Fact of Christ. Dr. Alexander's October number is vigorous and weighty with meaning and merit. Eleven contributed articles offer a rich bill of fare. The editor writes on The Broader View of the Work of Missions, and flogs R. J. Campbell's New Theology through twenty-one editorial pages.

The two things in the Atlantic Monthly for October nearest and most significant to our realm are R. W. Gilder's verses on "Souls," which pours its great argument down one page; and Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall's paper on "The Ideal Minister," in which a rarely fine personality unconsciously communicates some of the secret of its own magnetic winsomeness, its own high and beautiful power. He names, as characteristics of the ideal minister for today, simplicity, unselfishness, humanness, hopefulness, and reverence. Under "Simplicity" he says: "The mark of the cleric, the pride of institutionalism, shall not be on him. He shall not seem to men to be clothed in a vesture of traditional claims, but quite to have forgotten himself in the joy and sorrow of his work. Those are charming words that

Sir William Gairdner wrote about his old friend and colleague, Principal Caird: 'No man ever crossed my path in life who impressed me more as a character of great simplicity and, I would almost say, homeliness; absolutely without affectation or parade, and, if not unconscious of his great gifts—which of course he could not possibly be—yet in all ordinary human intercourse behaving as if he were unconscious of them—a common man among common men. . . . In everything that he did and said you came to feel that if anyone else could have done it nearly as well, he would at once have gladly stood aside and yielded position as to an equal or superior. . . . It was, indeed, this entire absence of self-seeking—and by this I mean not only unselfishness in the ordinary sense of the word, but also great inborn modesty and unobtrusiveness in all things for which men strive and assert themselves—that gave to his oratorical efforts their greatest charm to those who knew the man. He was conscious, as it appeared, only of the high matters with which he dealt, not of the person who was the instrument of dealing with them. In a very real sense of the words you would have said that, as a preacher, his life was hid with Christ in God.'" Under "Unselfishness" he says: "Unselfishness is, in him, not the name of the thing, but the thing itself. Obviously, his joy is in the spending of himself for others. Whereupon, when he speaks to men they listen; when he summons them they follow; for they know his voice, not the voice of his lips alone, but the voice of his life. Henri Frédéric Amiel put it well: 'The kingdom of God belongs not to the most enlightened but to the best, and the best man is the most unselfish man. Humble, constant, voluntary self-sacrifice—this is what constitutes the true dignity of man.'" Under "Humanness" he says: "One may call the accent of personality the most subtle essence of a man's life. It is not so much what one says as the tone and disposition of the heart that speaks beneath the word and invests the being. The accent of personality in the ideal minister is humanness—oneness with his brother men. He is not the defender of a system, nor the apologist of a school, nor the incumbent of an office, nor the propounder of a theory. He is near to human life; nobly magnanimous; understanding the ways of men and the forces that make them what they are. He has respect for humanity, esteeming it the offspring of God. After the manner of One of whom it was said, 'He knew what was in man,' the ideal minister seems to have tasted every chalice of joy or sorrow, to have felt the faintness of the weak, the courage of the strong, the strain of the tempted, the contrition of the sinful. Men seem to find through him the clue to their own lives. They say one to another, 'Come, see a man that told me all that ever I did.' He knows the ways of children, and puts into words incommunicable thoughts throbbing within their souls. This humanness comes not forth from him with the cold precision of a theorist, but through the warm channels of intuitional experience. He has lived a thousand lives in one, assimilating through love the experiences of others so that they have become his own." Under "Hopefulness" he says: "The hopefulness of the ideal minister is born in part of appreciation of the nobler qualities of the soul (not less noble if dwarfed and thwarted by long disadvantage), and, in part, of critical discernment of truth's perpetual need of restatement

in terms of contemporary experience. Upton, in his Hibbert Lectures, says: 'Herein we see the immense value of the critical understanding, which is always at war with superstitious survivals, and, by its fresher and clearer insight into the facts of nature and mind, is always dissolving old and outworn forms of doctrinal conception and enabling the vital essence of religion to embody itself in higher and more adequate forms of expression.' This conviction of the critical understanding, that truth is forever reincarnating itself in forms more perfectly expressing the purpose and meaning of the Spirit of God, supplies to the ideal minister the ground of his invincible hopefulness. His is a love that will not let men go. If they resist the truth, he does not condemn them nor cast them off. He examines his own heart with the question: 'How can I so lift the truth above their misconceptions of it that they shall see it as it is, and know their inheritance as children of the living God?' " Under "Reverence," and referring to the lack of reverence in the world today, he says: "The new age has come and seated itself with nonchalance, if not with levity, in the seats of dissent. The loss to reverence has been enormous. The worst part of the loss is that it falls most heavily on those unconscious of it. The majority of our youth know not how much nearer God seemed to the fathers than to their children, how much more august and compelling seemed the services of religion and the voice of the ministry, how urgent the needs and satisfactions of the spiritual life, how open the avenues of eternity. There has been a great change. The leveling influence of democracy has done its part, diminishing traditional veneration for the clerically ordained. The hum of institutional activity has dispelled the ancient stillness of the sanctuary. The brisk utilitarianism of social science has introduced changes in church architecture and sacramental customs that break absolutely with the historic order. An astonishing flood of original methods has poured through the nonsacerdotal churches, producing a homely informality in religious affairs for which there is no precedent in history. It is a dangerous time, for the reverence of the people is in peril. The key to the situation is in the future, not in the past. We cannot go back and rehabilitate the tottering fabric of priesthood. 'We cannot buy with gold the old associations.' We can go forward toward the type of the ideal minister. For, to his simplicity, his unselfishness, his humanness, his hopefulness, he adds reverence, which gives to all these other qualities divine significance and power. The reverence of the ideal minister is involuntary consciousness of the Unseen and the Eternal. As the touch of genius lifts the master above the mere musician, so this sense of the Unseen lifts the ideal minister above the mere preacher of sermons. It is the investiture of a priesthood verified not by tradition but by experience. It is immediacy of access to the eternal fountains of salvation. He lives among men as one of them, simple, unselfish, human, hopeful; yet they know that he walks with God." Dr. Hall closes by saying that "the supreme ambition of the ideal minister is to be a true prophet of the Eternal Love, a faithful dispenser of the Eternal Truth, a redeeming brother, a child of light, a steward of the kingdom of God."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

God's Message to the Human Soul. By JOHN WATSON, D.D. (Ian Maclaren). 12mo, pp. 272. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Six chapters on the Bible, the Cole Lectures of Vanderbilt University for 1907. The pathetic thing about them is that their author died without delivering them. April 28 was the date fixed for beginning their delivery at Nashville; but on April 22 Dr. Watson was taken ill at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and on May 6 he died, aged fifty-seven. The manuscripts were in finished form, ready for delivery and for the printer. Vanderbilt University never saw its chosen lecturer, but his lectures are now published as Ian Maclaren's last message to the world, his maturest thoughts concerning the Bible as God's message to the human soul. Of all the men from Europe who have visited America in recent years none has been so popular as Dr. John Watson. He is best known by his stories, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, A Doctor of the Old School, and Auld Lang Syne, which are unsurpassed in pathos and beauty; but he was also a great preacher and lecturer, and his contributions to religious literature are of a high order. In these lectures he shows that modern Bible study has thrown new light and placed new emphasis on the Holy Scriptures as God's message to the human soul. Dr. Tillett, in his Introduction, says: "Theologians of all evangelical types of faith and of all schools of thought can well afford to allow each other large liberty of opinion in the many minor points of biblical interpretation if they will all only endeavor so to interpret and teach and preach the Bible as to give it the greatest possible power in leading men to give up sin, to be pure in mind and holy in heart, and to find an altruistic service and sacrifice for others the true ideal of the Christian life. If the minister in his study so interprets the Holy Scriptures, then those Scriptures will always be, as expounded by him, a living message of God to the souls of men." The titles of these lectures on the Bible are, "The Construction of the Book," "The Standpoint of the Book," "The Humanity of the Book," "The Authority of the Book," "The Style of the Book," and "The Use of the Book." Writing of authority the author says: "The preacher with the Bible in his hands must be positive He is a prophet with a message to the world from God. He is a witness to the supremacy of the soul, the reality of the unseen, the glory of the religious life—affirming with unfaltering voice those things which all men wish to believe and which they hold dimly in their minds. For the preacher of the gospel the first qualification is not that he be learned or eloquent, but that he believe mightily. However it may be with other men's faith, he must believe with the marrow of his bones. If this be impossible to him, then let him become anything he pleases, but not a preacher; and if doubts settle upon him, let him face and master them in secret, and stand before his fellow-men with unclouded

face. From the preacher the world expects faith, and the dynamic force of one man believing with all his mind and heart is incalculable; it is a reservoir of life in the midst of a bloodless and worn-out society. . . . The preacher should be careful to be positive about the right things, the central facts, and to distinguish between them and the theories of Christianity. The great realities of our religion are the fact of Revelation—that God has spoken to us in the gospel; the Deity of Christ—that he is the Son of the Father in a sense which can be asserted of no other man; Redemption—that Christ by his sacrifice delivers the soul from the power of sin; the Holy Spirit—that God ministers grace to the soul by his indwelling presence; the life to come—that there will be a future existence with moral distinctions. Around these facts gather various theories, for example, as to the method of inspiration, or as to the principle of atonement. The facts are religion, the theories are theology; and while the facts should be declared with positiveness the theories should be offered with due diffidence." Dr. Watson warns against making religion too subjective and building faith rather upon the moods of the individual than upon the Word of God. He speaks of good people who pull up the roots of their faith to see if it is growing, forgetting that their salvation does not depend on their changing feelings but on the unchanging love of God. Ebenezer Erskine, the eminent Scotch minister, was visited in his last illness by a relative who began to comfort him thus: "I hope you get now and then a blink to bear up your spirit under your affliction." With much good sense and courage, Erskine replied: "I know more of words than of blinks. Though he slay me yet will I trust in him. His covenant is my charter, and if it had not been for his blessed word of promise, my hope and strength had perished." And Dr. Chalmers once exhorted a sick person who was looking too much within himself and too little toward Christ: "I beseech you do not cast your anchor within the hold of the ship." Also Dr. Lovick Pierce, near the end of his life said: "I am resting not so much on assurance as on insurance"—not on his own feelings but on the pledge of God's word and the guarantee of God's character. Dr. Watson notes that sometimes a minister is haunted with the idea that his preaching material is exhausted. He tells how Professor A. B. Bruce says he came to write his best book, The Training of the Twelve. "During an autumnal holiday I was in such a distempered condition of body that thought and feeling seemed dead, and I dreaded returning to pastoral duty, being sensible of mental vacuity. At length my perplexities shaped themselves into a prayer that I might be led into fresh pastures, as the old ones were all nibbled bare. Shortly after my thoughts reverted to the lesson given to the catechumen's class (Notes of Sermons on Christ's Intercourse with the Twelve Disciples) and I resolved at once to make these the subject of a course of lectures." Green pastures he found this subject to be for himself; and a rich feeding ground his lectures have been for ministers since. The Bible is inexhaustible; the more a man preaches, the more he finds to preach. Dr. Watson quotes the words of Ruskin: "The preacher has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them all of

their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked and yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself has stretched forth her hand and no man regarded: thirty minutes to raise the dead in!" And then Dr. Watson says: "Surely it were a pity to take up the thirty minutes with a discussion of mere literary information—the documents which go to form the Pentateuch or the question of the two Isaiahs—or any other minor question. The minister who will stop to peddle questions of authorship or date or of Higher Criticism in the course of his gospel expositions is a pedant and ought to be behind a lecture desk and not in the Christian pulpit. The preacher's supreme business is to persuade men to be reconciled to God; for that he is to set himself with all his power, knowledge, passion, pity, and love. His work is to lay hold of his fellow-men in their exile and to induce them to return to their Father, and once he has persuaded them to set their faces homeward, never to let them go till they have arrived. The dark disaster of human life is the quarrel of the human soul with God. We are not at home with him, and we are therefore ill at ease. We have an evil conscience, we are discontented with circumstances, we carry a rebellious will, and within us is an aching heart. God invites men to make their peace with him, and it is the high privilege of God's ambassador to declare that on God's side peace is made and welcome is waiting. Christ by his perfect obedience in life and death, by his sacrifice on Calvary and his resurrection from the dead, by his ascension into heaven and his eternal intercession, has made an open way from the farthest country of sin and shame whither the most foolish soul has wandered, back to the heart and home of God. The preacher's business is to fetch the wanderers home."

Shoes and Rations for a Long March. **By H. Clay Trumbull. Crown 8vo, pp. 353. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50.**

Fourteen sermons made by an army chaplain who aimed at nothing but to get the truth home and persuade men to decision and action. Part of them built themselves up during four years of fighting. There are a "Shoe Sermon," and a "Thirst Sermon," and a "Seed Sermon"; one on the "Gain of Godliness," and one on "Temptation," and one on "Trust and Worry." Dr. Trumbull preached them many times during the war and after it, and in very different places, some in colleges and some in Union camps and Confederate prisons. Naturally, sermons so made have some practical illustration. Here is one incident. "A young soldier came to my tent one day during the Civil War with a heavy heart. 'Chaplain,' he said, 'I'm discouraged with myself. It doesn't seem to be any use trying to be good. This morning I got up before sunrise and went outside the camp into the woods to pray. I asked God to help me do right today. I had a good time in prayer. I came back into camp feeling pretty strong for the day. But someone got me mad before breakfast, and soon I was cursing and swearing as if I'd never prayed at all. It doesn't seem as if

praying helped me a bit.' That young soldier was simply finding out that a momentary spiritual uplift does not raise one above the necessity of watching against temptation. Just when we feel strong and safe is the time when we need to be on our guard. Quaint John Newton said: 'It is the man who is bringing his dividend from the bank door who has most reason to fear the pilferer's hand.' " Here is another incident: "It was at the midweek prayer meeting of a church in a New England town. It was an ordinary meeting, and there were ordinary prayers and ordinary talks being made. Suddenly a man rose up in the back part of the room who had just slipped in from the street and taken his seat there. In a voice quivering with emotion, and tense with agony of spirit, he spoke out: 'My friends, you all know me. I am a moral wreck. A few minutes ago I was out in the darkness, proposing to put an end to this wretched life of mine. But I saw the light in here, and I said to myself, "Cannot the Saviour to whom those people in there are praying, save even me?" So I came in. And now I want you to pray for me. I am a lost sinner. Can you help me to the Saviour?' The speaker was a man who had stood high in his profession, and in the respect of the community, but who had gone down step by step through drink until he was an object of general pity. His unexpected entrance and his sudden agonized entreaty, 'I'm a lost sinner. Can you help me to the Saviour?' moved every heart in that meeting. You may be sure there were no longer any ordinary prayers or ordinary talks in that room that evening. One after another the Christians present prayed for and with that suffering, struggling soul as if they were pouring out their very hearts in importunate pleadings; and afterward, when their prayers seemed to have been answered, they gathered around the poor, broken man and cheered him with words of sympathy and encouragement. His cry of distress, his appeal for help had transformed that prayer meeting, broken up its quiet formality, and loosed the flood tide of feeling. He did the church as much good as the church did him. But there was no more real need to pray after he came in than there was when he was out on the street with the ungodly and the impenitent. The Christians inside had simply lacked the religious imagination to picture to themselves in a realizing way the poor sinning souls outside going the way to misery and death. But they are always there; the stream of sin and suffering is always flowing close against the church doors." Dr. Trumbull spoke often to students and young people. He quoted to them Josh Billings's ironical suggestion: "Boys, if you want a sure crop and a big yield, sow wild oats." He quoted H. W. Beecher: "If a man has nothing to do but turn a grindstone, he had better be educated; if he has nothing to do but to stick pins on a paper, he had better be educated; if he has to sweep the streets, he had better be educated. It makes no difference what you do, you will do it better if you are educated." He quoted President Thomas Hill, of Harvard: "The best preparation for special pursuits is a general education. Horace Mann ascertained that the wages earned by piece work in a cloth mill were in proportion to the time previously spent by the operator in studying arithmetic and geography and grammar." Training in general makes a trained man for everything.

Knowledge is power. Still more surely, character is power. Edmund Burke said: "I never knew a man who was bad fit for *service,* that was good. The man seems paralytic on that side; his muscles there have lost their tone and power; they cannot move. In short, the accomplishment of anything good is a physical impossibility for such a man." James Parton said: "Even a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures lowers the tone and impairs both the delicacy and the efficiency of the brain for life." A well-known English writer, William Guest, says truly: "Of two poets, otherwise equal, the Christian is the greater; of two statesmen, the Christian attains the more permanent fame; of two artists equally gifted, the Christian takes the higher place; of two merchants equally practical and far-seeing, the Christian reaches the surest success." President Theodore Woolsey, of Yale, said to his students: "It is a most important truth that none, however highly endowed by nature, and however honorable in his aims, can be a true gentleman in the highest sense of the term, without that spirit of piety and that sense of obligation toward God, by which more than by all things else, men are assisted in the discharge of their duties to one another." English history holds no manlier model than Sir Philip Sidney, the ornament and boast of Elizabeth's splendid court, and his shining preëminence was due to his character even more than to his genius. As soldier, statesman and poet he had some superiors; but in moral dignity and in singular beauty of his Christian life he had no equal. "The difference between boys," said Arnold of Rugby, "consists not so much in talent as in will and energy." Hard work is the secret of all success. Sir Isaac Newton said: "If I have rendered any service to mankind, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought." Charles Dickens said: "My own imagination and powers of invention would never have served me as they have but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily toiling, and drudging attention." Beethoven said: "The barriers have not been erected which can say to aspiring talents and determined industry, 'Thus far and no farther.'" When Dr. Trumbull was a prisoner of war in South Carolina, a Confederate officer expressed to him the inflexible purpose to fight forever against the effort to compel them to come back into the Union. When the war was over and the South had been brought once more under the stars and stripes, Dr. Trumbull chanced to meet the Southern soldier again. They greeted each other pleasantly and the ex-Confederate said: "I little thought when I was speaking to you that the war would end as it did. But we were ready for the end long before it came. It was your General Grant who wore us out. We could not stand his eternal pound, pound, pounding. He kept at it with no let-up. If we whipped him one day, he was at it again just the same the next morning. Our victories didn't seem to help us any. Grant kept on fighting every day, and we couldn't stand it; so we longed for the end to come, knowing what it must be, and knowing Grant would never stop." It is just that "pound, pound, pounding," forever keeping at it, that wins all sorts of victories. Dr. Trumbull quotes from an address delivered in England by James Russell Lowell, American Ambassador to the court of Saint James: "When the microscopic search

of skepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet where a decent man can live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is reverenced, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard: when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical literate to move thither, and there ventilate their views." Also the words of William Penn, addressed to his own loved city in 1684, are quoted: "And thou, Philadelphia, virgin settlement of this province, what love, what travail, what care, what service there has been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord and thy people be saved by his power." Dr. Trumbull did not agree with the preacher who said: "I would as soon take an emetic as preach an old sermon."

Missionary Addresses. By CHARLES HENRY FOWLER, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 8vo, pp. 329. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham; New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

IN an account of the second Ecumenical Methodist Conference which was held in Washington, D. C., in October, 1891, is this report: "Two only of the great utterances of that memorable Conference can be mentioned here. The first was the opening sermon of the Rev. William Arthur, read by his friend, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D. The second, in which the flood-tide was reached, was the oration of Bishop Fowler on the present status of Methodism in the Western section. The scene at the close of this sublime address was beyond all description. The whole audience sprang to their feet, and shouted and cheered and laughed and wept together. Then the tumult died away; but a second time it rose, cheer on cheer, till it seemed like the shouting of a great army at the moment of victory. Then a second time there was silence. But a third time the applause broke forth, as if the vast assembly could not contain itself under the surging tides of emotion aroused by the mighty thoughts and the matchless sentences of Methodism's great orator, always hitherto unequaled save by one (Simpson, who was then above)." The master of that vast surging assembly, and of numberless other assemblies which his mighty eloquence has swept as a storm sweeps the ocean, is the author of the eight addresses in the volume before us. His mind and his voice are not unknown anywhere in Methodism. It would seem that whoever would take these addresses in their chronological order must begin with the last and read through toward the first; for the book closes with the first missionary address Charles H. Fowler ever delivered, an address given in March, 1863, in his first charge, Jefferson Street Church, Chicago; while the address which opens the volume is his last great masterpiece on missions, delivered forty years later before the Missionary Convention in Philadelphia, October,

1903. Its subject is "Missions and World Movements," and it was prepared and uttered just before the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war. In it are the following sentences: "I had rather see America make common cause with Japan than see Japan wiped off the map and China absorbed by Russia. *Russia must not have China.* If the unexpected and apparently impossible should happen, and Japan should whip Russia and thus control China, then we would have to face the same Pacific problem in another form, namely, Japan and China instead of Russia and China. When this proximate strife is over, whichever way it goes, I fear most the combination of all Asia against the English-speaking race, Saxon and Slav fighting for the commerce of the Pacific and for the balance of power on the whole earth." If we were called upon to point out the passage which is the sublimest as well as the most intensely urgent in all the book, we would name the call to prayer which fills the last twelve pages of the address on "Missions and World Movements." There is power enough and unique individuality enough in quality of thought and style of expression to make these addresses live and last in the libraries of Methodism for the inspiration of future generations and as specimens of an eloquence as virile, stalwart and mighty as Methodism has ever known. We are strongly tempted to quote at length, but instead will send our readers to the book itself.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

In a Nook with a Book. By FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. 16mo, pp. 222. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

A pleasant book for book-lovers, written by a lover of books, and fitted to foster in others the love of books. Books and a Boy, the first of these charming talks, shows us the author, a minister's lad, among his father's books. "A little patch of my father's study was allotted to me for my own. My desk, my chair, and a small shelf or two were mine on a kind of good-behavior lease, with an understanding that on the entrance of a visitor I must leave the room without being told. I often had the study to myself, especially in the evenings when my father was engaged, but I liked best the times when he was at his desk and I at mine. Not a word would be spoken for hours. Nothing was heard but the scratching of our pens or the turning of the leaves of my lexicon. Then we would stop for a while, and talk till it was time to quit. Those were golden days. . . . In spite of slender means and a large family and frequent movings my father had over a thousand books which were packed every three years by my mother's careful hands. Most of them were not for us children. They were books on Divinity, and they seemed to me like angels in armor guarding the mysteries of religion, philosophers in stately robes, divines in wigs and bands and ruffles. There was Caryl on Job, and Manton on the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, and Baxter and Howe and Barrow and Tillotson, and many another, Churchman and Puritan, Arminian and Calvinist. The proudest treasure among them was Poole's Synopsis Criticorum, in five mighty volumes of over a thousand pages. They had be-

longed to my Methodist-preacher grandfather, James Macdonald, and, with a few other books, were all that he had to leave to his son. There is a family tradition that when, at the cost of five pounds, saved from his scanty income a shilling at a time, he became the happy possessor of this bulky work, he walked in triumph beside the wheelbarrow that brought the treasure to his little home." The boy remembers that these and other big books were very good material for building fortresses and playhouses, and the like, when the children had the study to themselves. When Bishop Goodsell was nine years old he had a happy hour alone in his father's study. Having been presented with a box of paints it was necessary to use them. So finding in the Methodist Quarterly Review a picture of Phineas Rice, he applied his artistic genius to the pleasing task of transforming the amiable preacher of the gospel of peace into a fierce-looking man of war by giving him a military moustache and goatee and decorating his shoulders with showy epaulettes. The unexpected entrance of his father suddenly ended the young artist's happy hour in a manner too painful to relate. This was the bishop's earliest contribution to the Methodist Review. Since then he has made many, but none quite so picturesque and original as his first. Writing of Ben Jonson's Bible, Dr. Macdonald says: "The mention of Ben Jonson's Bible, playwright and actor though he was, is not to me a strange or incongruous thing. More men read the Bible than we of the churches are aware of; and I have reason to think this is especially the case among poets, artists, literary people and sundry others not conspicuous for their churchmanship. Types of doctrine, and forms of membership well adjusted to average character do not always appeal to men who are of exceptional make, whose peculiarity and peril is that they cannot walk in beaten tracks or in drilled companionship, but must for better or for worse find paths for themselves, and work out their problems in their own fashion. They are not usually found in the front ranks either of church or state. By temperament they shrink from assertion or contradiction on subjects that seem to them mysterious, many-sided, and imperfectly apprehended. Their thoughts and feelings on religion are difficult to understand or classify. But many such men are drawn to the Bible beyond what might be supposed. In it highest truth is associated with supreme literary form, and the poet's sense of beauty and mystery and unearthly vision finds itself appealed to. If so devout a soul as Milton's kept away from congregations and pulpits to have the Bible read to him in his own house, it is not hard to believe that Ben Jonson, belonging to an excommunicated profession, found in his Bible what he could not find or did not care to seek from pulpits controlled by an imperious queen, or in congregations disturbed by religious dissension. It was during Jonson's lifetime that the English Bible came to its own." Dr. Macdonald then quotes from J. R. Green, the historian: "From the middle of the reign of Elizabeth England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book that was familiar to every Englishman; it was read in churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, falling on ears which custom had not deadened, kindled a startling enthusiasm. As a mere literary monument, the English version

of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it from its first appearance the standard of our language." He also quotes from Hazlitt, who was assuredly no churchman, what he says of the influence of the English Bible on the England of that period: "The translation of the Bible threw open the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been therein locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest of the people. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave *mind* to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment; it created endless diversity and collision of opinion. In it people found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth and the utmost intrepidity in maintaining it. . . . We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect; no levity, no feebleness, no indifference. But there is in the period a gravity approaching to piety, a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervor and enthusiasm in their mode of handling almost every subject." Dr. MacDonald notes that it is to a dramatist, Thomas Dekker, that we owe the lines,

> The best of men
> That e'er wore flesh about Him was a sufferer;
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

In the talk on "A Young Parson and His Reading" our author tells of the books he read in the first years of his ministerial life: "When I remember that I had then everything to learn of the practical duties of the ministry; that I had to preach four or five times a week, and to *make all my sermons;* that I went in and out freely among my people as their pastor and friend, I think the amount of reading I accomplished was creditable. I continued my classical studies, though somewhat irregularly. But on English literature I browsed freely. This has been my chief recreation in a busy life, or, rather, my constant study, the main instrument of my mental cultivation, bringing me into sympathetic touch with almost every human interest, and leading me by a thousand different paths to religion and the master themes of revelation. The study of human character, rightly pursued, is an aid to the search after Him in whose image and likeness man is made. Things divine are not infinitely separated from things human. The life of man as revealed in literature furnishes more hints and glimpses of God, his nature, and his will than are to be found in the study of the earth beneath or the heavens above. Literature should not displace theology in a minister's training, but it should have a large place, for part of God's message to us is delivered by poets, historians, essayists, and novelists." Baxter's quaint and touching account of the rise and progress of religion in his soul is quoted. Beginning with his boyhood's transgressions, he says: "I was much addicted to the excessive gluttonous eating of apples and pears. To this end and to concur with naughty boys that gloried in evil, I often went into other men's orchards and stole their fruit. I was extremely

bewitched with a love of fables and old tales, which completed my affectations and wasted my time. . . . A poor day laborer had an old torn book which he lent to my father; it was called Bunny's Resolution. In the reading of this book, when I was about fifteen years old, it pleased God to awaken my soul and to show me the folly of sinning, the misery of the wicked, the inexpressible weight of things eternal, and the necessity of deciding on a holy life. And for many days I went with a throbbing and guilty conscience, and saw that I had greater matters to mind and greater work to do in the world than I had before dreamed of. And about that time God sent a poor peddler to the door with good books to sell, and my father bought of him Dr. Sibbes's Bruised Reed, which opened to me the love of God and gave me a livelier apprehension of the mystery of redemption and how much I was beholden to Jesus Christ. . . . And thus without any means but books, was God pleased to decide me for himself." Nearing the other end of life, the wise and devout Baxter wrote of the changes in his way of looking at things: "In my youth my mind ran to controversies, to metaphysical and scholastic writings, leaving the plain fundamentals out. But now it is the fundamental doctrines of the catechism that I highliest value and find most useful to myself and others. These give me the most acceptable and abundant matter for meditation; they are to me my daily bread and drink; and I value them more than all the school niceties which once so much pleased me." This saintly minister of Kidderminster also wrote: "I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections, and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors of religion do imagine." Our book-loving author gives us this pretty interior view of his simple quarters in his earliest pastorate over forty years ago: "How vividly does it come back to me—my little study-sitting-dining room—with book shelves on both sides of the fireplace; my bachelor tea table; the evening meal prolonged not by abundance or elaborateness but by the book which was its invariable accompaniment; and then the tea tray pushed aside and my chair wheeled round to the open fire; and the long, quiet evening with my books. My life was a busy one, full of duties both practical and pressing; but my books gave me glorious excursions and the best of company, and lifted me to those larger regions of delight whence all realms are visible, and where all human life moves in ceaselessly varied presentment." The title of this pleasant little volume is taken from the words of Thomas á Kempis: "In all things have I sought rest, but nowhere have I found it save *in a nook with a book*."

A Guide to Preachers. By ALFRED E. GARVIE, M.A., D.D. Pp. viii, 352. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, $1.50, net.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, inasmuch as, like F. B. Meyer's small volume, *Hints for Lay Preachers*, its aim is to help lay preachers, though the author has a hope that it may be of some use to

ministers who have not enjoyed the advantages of a college training, or who have not been able to keep up their studies since leaving college. But the writer's main object in preparing and sending forth the work was to advance in some measure a movement in which he feels much interest and sympathy—the increased use of lay agency in the preaching of the gospel. It is an excellent book for Methodist local preachers, though for the convenience of those in America the lists of books recommended might better have been books published in this country, as those named are with perhaps three exceptions all British. Still, many of the others have been reprinted in America, or can easily be obtained here. If one would qualify himself to preach acceptably and effectively, here is a book which in a very practical way covers the whole subject, traverses the entire range of homiletical, doctrinal, biblical and rhetorical conditions of preaching and reasoning suitable to the needs of the modern world. The author takes a text—what homiletical writer does not? Nearly all the treatises in the realm of homiletics are based on what some other writer has said. The text of this book is from an article by Dr. Denney, of Glasgow, in the *London Quarterly Review* on the education of the ministry, to the effect that the necessary preparation for the sacred vocation is threefold: the preacher must so know his Bible as to find the gospel in it; be so familiar with the thought of his age as to adapt his preaching to its needs and questions; be so thoroughly trained as regards both his literary style and his mode of delivery as to commend his message by its manner as well as its matter. Commenting upon this, Dr. Garvie says that "although the lay preacher cannot be expected to discipline and develop his powers in the same measure as he who is set apart from all other interests and pursuits for the ministry of the Word as his lifelong vocation, yet these three requirements with the necessary limitations and modifications may be accepted as defining the ideal which he, too, should set himself as far as he can to realize. The deeper interest in, and wider diffusion of, modern biblical scholarship, make it imperative that, when the lay preacher delivers the gospel, he should not awaken distrust in the minds of informed and intelligent hearers by treating the Bible by antiquated methods of study, but, without entering on disputable questions, should be able to show in his preaching that he is not ignorant of, because indifferent to, the fresh light that is falling on the sacred page. The discussion of such problems as the personality of God, the liberty of man, the immortality of the soul, in cheap, popular literature, makes it imperative that even the lay preacher should know what many of those he is addressing are thinking on these great subjects, that he should be qualified to speak a word in season in relief of doubt, or for the removal of difficulty." The editor thinks "that a great deal of good could be done by intelligent Christian men, who could freely take part in discussion on these themes, and could commend the Christian solution of these problems as the most intelligible and credible. The men whom this modern unbelief touches most closely are usually least within the reach of the influence of the Christian ministry, and their Christian fellow-workers and companions could, if qualified, do them a great service by removing their misconceptions regarding Chris-

tian truth, as the success of this anti-Christian propaganda depends largely on an appeal to ignorance and prejudice. Among many men, of the working classes especially, the social problem is the greatest intellectual interest, and it would be well for lay prechers to be able to exhibit and emphasize the social aspects of the Christian gospel; and that task demands knowledge and insight. Education is now more general, literature of many kinds has a wide circulation, and the pulpit or the platform must not be allowed to fall behind, but must be kept in advance of the popular intelligence and culture. The illiterate preacher, with bad grammar, pronunciation, and gesture, has done a great deal of good service in the past, but now he is likely to be offensive to many hearers, and, accordingly, the lay preacher, no less than the minister, must not be indifferent to the arts of expression." This volume is an attempt—and a very commendable one, too—to offer help in the study of each of these subjects. In dealing with the gospel in the Bible the author seeks first to show by what method the Bible is to be studied, and the first section is, therefore, entitled, "How to Study the Bible," and next in what way the gospel therein discovered is to be stated, and we have for the second section "How to State the Gospel." The scope of the first section may be seen from the headings of the several chapters: "Wrong Methods of Study," "Differences of Rendering," "Variety of Readings," "Scope of the Context," "The Connections of the Context," "The Literary Character of a Writing," "The Personal Characteristics of the Writer," "The Historical Circumstances," "The History of Revelation." The second section is less technical and didactic, treating as the author does of "The Penalty of Sin," "The Nature of Salvation," "The Love of the Father," "The Grace of Christ," "The Fellowship of the Spirit," "Repentance and Conversion," "Faith, Hope, Love," "The Need of the Gospel and Evangelical Preaching," which the author holds to be the presentation of a Saviour to the sinful, a limitation which is no degradation, but an exaltation of the lay preacher's work, for the regular ministry cannot desire any nobler function. Jesus came to call sinners; he preached the gospel to the poor. To be evangelical, however, it is not necessary to be traditional in thought and conventional in method. Lay preaching to be effective must be informed and intelligent. The culture of the poor must not be despised, and it must not be supposed that a theology which is too much behind the age in the church is good enough for the evangelistic service. Among the working classes there are not a few who read, and the lay preachers should not make the most ignorant and least intelligent the standard, but the best-informed and most keen-witted. But beyond all else evangelical preaching must be experimental. There is, as there always has been, a power in preaching which can be given only by personal experience. The truth a man has lived grips him as the truth he has only believed on the testimony of others cannot. Something beyond experimental preaching, however, is demanded. The world today insists that the gospel shall bring forth fruit, and that demand does not contradict, but is in accord with the essential purpose of the Gospel. Its aim is to make men great in the widest sense of that term. This consideration must ever be present to us in preaching the gospel. Some preachers appeal to

nonmoral motives, as fear of hell or hope of heaven; they present the sacrifice of Christ in a nonmoral character, as a mere device of divine law to transfer the penalty of sinful man to the sinless Son of God; they commend the salvation of man with a nonmoral value as escape from misery and assurance of happiness; and, consequently, belief in such a gospel has nonmoral effects. This is to caricature the gospel, and so to make it of none effect. We must always remember that in the cross of Christ the world's worst moral problem has found God's best moral solution; and thus our preaching must be not only *evangelical* and *experimental,* but *ethical* also. There is a third section on "How to Preach," and it is rich in suggestion to all preachers. Here are a few of the wise sayings: "The power of preaching depends on passion, the intensity of the emotion which the truth itself inspires in the preacher. There must not only be light, but heat also." "Preaching is a deed, and not a word only." "The end of preaching is that men may believe the truth, and that they may do the duty, which is presented in the Christian gospel." "A small stock of words is a distinct disadvantage to any preacher. Before he is done his language shows signs of wear and tear." "The personality of the preacher will inevitably affect his choice of a text." "There should be no need of hunting about for a text, or for waiting for a sudden impulse, or inspiration, as some preachers quite mistakenly call it." "Illustrations and quotations alike should be simple. The scientific or artistic illustration that requires an introductory disquisition on science or art is quite out of place in the sermon." "Although it is not generally the fashion now to have distinct divisions, and to indicate them explicitly, it seems to me an interest is added to a sermon if such help is given to the memory." "The preacher will not altogether fail to interest who conveys sympathy." "Quotations and illustrations have their place and their use in preaching, but what I am convinced is more important is that the preacher should not conceive his message as doctrine, but perceive it as experience." "The minister who teaches Sunday after Sunday may sometimes need to take up topics that are not altogether congenial to him, and in the treatment of which he himself does not, as it were, catch fire. But the lay preacher can surely choose only such subjects as move him deeply. Intense emotion, not forced, and, therefore, unreal, but spontaneous and sincere, seems to me a condition of effective preaching, which is too often ignored." "The best way to get a good style is to read carefully as much as possible of the best literature." "When the speaker begins to shout he not only hurts his own throat, but he gets on the nerves of many of his hearers." The fourth and last section very naturally deals with the problem of "How to Meet the Age," attempting to answer such vital questions as "Is God Personal?" "Is Christ Perfect?" "Is Christ Divine?" "Is Man Immortal?" "Did Christ Rise from the Dead?" "Has Christianity Guidance for Modern Society?" "Is the Christian Ideal Practical?" The author's method of handling these important questions is fresh and vigorous and helpful. Take, for instance, this last question. He says that it is charged that the Christian ideal is not realizable in, although it may be intended for, the present; in a word, that it is not *practical.* Two considerations, he

says, may be advanced in answer to this challenge. "Firstly, Tolstoi and such as he must not be accepted as the authoritative exponents of what the Christian ideal is. The distinction which Luther made between the redemptive and creative realm of God must not be overlooked. The Sermon on the Mount is the inner law of the new life of the Christian. It cannot be at once translated into the social order. Just as the law was tútor to Christ, so many institutions of human society have a preparatory and disciplinary function, and cannot be violently removed, even although they fall far short of the Christian ideal; but they must be gradually transformed by the Christian spirit working outward from the renewed man. The method of the kingdom of God is evolutionary, not revolutionary. 2. Secondly, however, how far any change in outward institutions in accordance with the inward spirit of Christianity is practicable is not to be determined by the timid and self-regarding Christian, but by the courageous and self-sacrificing. Genius is often much more practical than common sense. The seer often knows much better what is possible in the church and in society generally than the man of business. There are possibilities of heroism and self-renunciation in the human soul that a calculating prudence knows nothing of, and that only a bold faith can evoke. Whether the Christian ideal is practical is not to be determined by the man who can apply only the standards of the market and the street, but by the man who on the mount with God has learned to see in his fellow-men possibilities of devotion and fidelity to holy causes which are hidden from selfish and worldly eyes. Again and again in the world's history has this trust in man's best been fully vindicated. 3. This question was differently answered at the Reformation in Lutheranism and Calvinism, and the historical issue is still full of significance for us. Luther maintained that the will of God must be done in the earthly calling, in the family and state, as well as in the church. These institutions were not the result of the gospel as is the church, but belonged to God's creative dominion. As of divine origin they are not to be despised, but reverenced; their claims and duties are to be recognized. But the Sermon on the Mount is not a law to be directly applied to them; it is the law of the inner life of the Christian, and only gradually through its fulfillment of God's will in his earthly calling are these to be subjected to the influence of the gospel. So far did Luther's recognition of the authority of the state go that he acquiesced in the principle, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*—'Whose region his religion.' He admitted the right of the prince to determine whether his realm should remain Catholic or become Protestant. Calvin, on the other hand, conceived that the Scriptures afforded a law for the whole life of men in society, that even the state must be regulated by that law, and for this end he subordinated the civil magistrate to the doctor of theology, the interpreter of the divine will as given in the Scriptures. The Anabaptists, with less wisdom and discretion, carried out the same principle in their abortive attempt to establish at once the reign of the saints on the earth. Lutheranism tends to conservatism, Calvinism to radicalism; the former recognizes the *status quo* as having a Divine right to be, the latter recognizes that the divine will has yet to be

done on earth as in heaven. We must combine some of the caution of Lutheranism with as much of the courage of Calvinism as we can in the endeavor to make the Christian idea practical. 4. Whether the Christian ideal can prove itself capable of giving social, present, practical guidance to modern society depends not on its inherent nature only, but also on the personal character of those who represent it to this generation. The ideal is revealed as it is realized; and it is revealed and realized only in personal development. Good men alone can make a good society; Christian men make a Christian society. But these men must be Christian not in name only, but in reality; the full response of human faith must be made to the full communication of divine grace if the Christian ideal is to be fully revealed and realized in their personal development, and through them in social progress. The gospel which offers the grace of God and calls forth this faith in man must be preached intelligently, passionately, persuasively, effectively. In giving ourselves to, and fitting ourselves for, preaching the gospel we are engaging in a work of supreme moment for the coming of the kingdom of God on earth." For charm of direct, personal address, for sane and skillful treatment of many matters pertaining to the study of the Scriptures, and the effective preaching of the Word, and for scholarly comprehensiveness, this book is to be commended, and preachers, both lay and ministerial, will find it of real value.

The Flower of Old Japan. By ALFRED NOYES. 12mo, pp. 175. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25, net.

Not so significant as the volume by this author noticed by us last March, this book has yet a delicate quality of its own. It must be judged in the light of its purpose. Nothing in the book is more interesting than the author's preface to this edition, which says: "The first poem must not be taken to have any real relation to Japan. It belongs to the kind of dreamland which an imaginative child might construct out of the oddities of a willow-pattern plate, and it differs chiefly from Wonderland of the Lewis Carrol type in a certain seriousness behind its fantasy. Yet this poem has been praised by some as a vivid picture of Japan, and I have not only had to correspond with Tokyo on the subject, but was also invited, on the strength of it, to meetings of the Japan Society in London! . . . It is perhaps because these poems are almost light enough for a nonsense-book that I feel there is something in them more elemental, more essential, more worthy of serious consideration than the most ponderous philosophical poem I could write. They are based on the fundamental and very simple mystery of the universe—that anything, even a grain of sand, should exist at all. If we could understand that, we might understand everything. Set clear of all irrelevancies, that is the simple problem that has been puzzling all the ages; and it is well sometimes to forget our accumulated 'knowledge' and return to the one primal wonder with childish naïveté. It is well to face that inconceivable miracle, that fundamental impossibility which happens to have been possible, that contradiction in terms, that elemental paradox, for which we have at best only a Cruciform Symbol, with its arms pointing in opposite directions and postulating,

at once, an infinite God. In these two poems the discovery by the children that the self-limitation of their little wishes was necessary not only to their own happiness but to the harmony of the whole world; the development of the same idea in the passages leading us to the song, '*What does it take to make a rose?*'—where a *divine* act of loving self-limitation, an eternal self-sacrifice, an everlasting passion of the Godhead, such as was shadowed forth on Calvary, is found to be at the heart of the Universe, and to be the highest aspect of the Paradox aforesaid, the living secret and price of our very existence: these things are only one twisted strand of 'the shot silk of poetry' out of which the two poems are woven. It is no new wisdom to regard these things through the eyes of little children; and I know these two poems contain as deep and true things as I have power to express. They are not to be taken merely as fairy tales, but as an attempt to follow the careless and happy feet of childhood back into the kingdom of those dreams which are the sole reality worth living and dying for; those beautiful dreams for which mankind have endured so many triumphant martyrdoms that even amid the rush and roar of modern materialism they cannot be quite forgotten." A very poetic preface to a very poetic book, a book of the Kingdom of Dreams where children are at home. In *Appleton's* for September Anna M. Sholl represents a vagrant who was asked at heaven's gate what claim he had to entrance there, as replying, "I robbed no child of his fairy tale, no dreamer of his dream." Two poems compose the volume before us. The first is "The Flower of Old Japan," and the second, "The Forest of Wild Thyme." The first is dedicated to Carol, and the second to Helen, Rosie and Beatrix. The characters in the first are Ourselves, The Tall Thin Man, The Dwarf behind the Twisted Pear-tree, Creeping Sin, The Mad Moonshee, and The Nameless One, besides pirates, mandarins, bonzes, priests, jugglers, and merchants. The spirit of the book speaks in this verse:

> O, grown-ups cannot understand
> And grown-ups never will,
> How short is the way to fairyland
> Across the purple hill;
> They smile: their smile is very bland,
> Their eyes are wise and chill;
> And yet—at just a child's command—
> The world's an Eden still.

Tennyson's wish that he could understand the little flower, root and all, is echoed by Alfred Noyes, who says that, in a sense, the flower has roots in the depths of the sky and that in its smallest bud lies furled the secret and meaning of all the world. Nothing in his book is finer than the song, "*What does it take to make a rose?*" A little child asks: "What is there hid in the heart of a rose, Mother-mine?" The mother replies: "Ah, who knows, who knows? The Man that died on a lonely hill may tell you, perhaps, but none other will, Little Child." The child asks again: "What does it tako to make a rose, Mother-mine?" And the mother answers: "The God that died to make it knows, it takes the world's eternal wars; it takes the moon and all the stars; it takes the might of heaven and hell,

and the everlasting Love as well, Little Child." One verse from another song is this:

A child was born in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem;
  The wise men came to welcome him; a star stood o'er the gable;
And there they saw the King of kings, no longer thronged with angel wings,
  But croodling like a little babe, and cradled in a stable.

The two poems in this volume are as mystical as Kipling's "They," and as full of little children. James Oppenheim says that "each new poet brings us a new, fresh, never-before-heard music." That is true of Alfred Noyes, whose poetry is reported to have a sale sufficient to provide a comfortable living. A recent inquiry among publishers in England and America elicited the information that there is an increasing demand for poetry in general. The taste for poetry is not dying out, nor is the age destitute of true poets whose music refines the heart and augments the gladness of the world. Worthy of England's Victorian age at its highest is Richard Watson Gilder's poem, "Souls," in the October *Atlantic Monthly.*

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

Papers of A Pariah. By Robert Hugh Benson, author of the Religion of A Plain Man. 12mo, pp. 211. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Three famous brothers live in London, all engaged in literary pursuits, A. C. Benson, E. F. Benson, and the author of this book, who, though a Catholic priest, has given much time to writing and plans to give much more, for which purpose he will next year leave the Rectory at Cambridge and retire to the country with the sanction of his archbishop. The rest of his life will probably be devoted to writing books, most likely historical novels. The book before us is a peculiar document, in effect an autobiographical record of the journey of an Oxford graduate from a negligent agnostic habit of mind, during three years' illness with consumption, to a sincere reliance on the great realities of the Christian faith; so that Father Benson, who was at once his friend and his spiritual adviser to the end, writes: "I have never assisted at the passing of a soul with greater contentment. His faith was calm and sound, his penitence deep. He appeared to me an excellent example of what grace can effect on a perfectly simple soul which responds to it; which is transformed without being transfigured; which passes from the natural to the supernatural without destroying the ladder of its ascent; which is deliberate without being sluggish, ardent without fanaticism." A somewhat curious remark it seems when Father Benson says: "He received the last sacraments on the day of his death, and died *at the prosaic hour of three o'clock in the afternoon.*" The man was brought up in the Church of England, became an actor, lost his wife a year after marriage, lived a lonely and uncomforted sort of life, and came to think of himself as a sort of pariah, outside of all religious circles. Simplicity and sincerity seem to characterize the self-revelations, the expressions of thought and feeling in these Papers of A Pariah. Endowed with a sensitive, æsthetic nature, the suggestive signifi-

cance of stately ritual and reverent religious forms moves him deeply and calls forth a devout response from his soul. In the first paper, writing of "Death," he says men generally contemplate it with terror, with hope, and with penitence: with terror because of its darkness, grimness, and unavoidableness. Yet it is necessary to look it straight in the face and adjust our minds to it. The Gospel of Cheerfulness preached so gaily and courageously by Louis Stevenson, and welcomed so thankfully by his readers, is a poor thing if it does not take death into account. Men also, when they look at death, instinctively cast a glance of hope beyond it to something that intimates itself from the other side of death. The terrors of death do not quench the spark of this hope. An agnostic may proclaim at his club that he for one regards himself as a candle that will presently be blown out; but when he is quite alone, and has thrown the butt of his cigar into the fire, and the last doors have banged, and he gets up and whistles himself into his bedroom—well, he would hardly be whistling so cheerily if there were not somewhere inside of him a dim, latent hope of some better fate for himself than he stated to his cronies at the club. Men could not go on living bravely if they had absolutely no hope in their hearts. Another emotion men naturally feel in contemplating life's end is penitence—not pusillanimous whimpering but a regret over some things in an irrevocable past. Even if a man repudiates the theological idea of sin, he cannot help knowing that there have been words and actions and desires in his record which he would fain blot out. And the approach of death is pretty sure to intensify such regrets. Also he is likely to have an overshadowing sense of One against whom he has sinned, and who has the right and the power to call him to account. Men usually gifted with self-esteem do not need to be told that they are alive, nor that they are fine, capable, and successful persons; but they do need to be impressively reminded that they are going to die some day, and that, in spite of their conscious respectability and excellence, there are at least a few things in the record of their lives which they would do well to be sorry for. One of these papers is on "The Dullness of Irreligious People," with the author's "second cousin, George," as an example, of whom, after receiving a visit from him, he writes: "I have seldom been so much bored; and yet he is an intelligent man, converses agreeably and listens well. Now that he is gone, I find myself considering the mystery of his abysmal dreariness. I believe it arises from his lack of the religious sense. It is not that I have tried to talk religion with him; I myself seldom care to converse about God; I am not complaining of any irresponsiveness to anything I have said. My distress about him is caused, rather, by my contemplation of that arid waste he calls his mind. Now, his mind is full of facts, well selected and arranged; he has a fine taste in architecture; the land where he dwells is a fairly pleasant and kindly place: but the trouble with it is it is not a Land of Promise. There is no prospect, nothing whatever beyond. It is like such a landscape as you might see in a commercial traveler's dream of paradise. The place he lives in is well laid out, has paved streets and respectable-looking houses; but it has no harbor, opening toward the ports of all the world, no great ships standing out to

sea for brave voyages of rich and splendid commerce; rather, prosaic barges loaded with the necessities of life towed along an inland canal by mules. In his town there are no temples. George would not know a temple if he saw it; he would think it to be a Corn Exchange. This much I know: if to live means to be like my second cousin, it is far better to die than to live. Reverting now to the dullness of irreligious people, of whom George is an example, it is a fact beyond question; they yawn in one another's company, and I am perfectly prepared to declare that their philosophy is too dull to be true. When I tell George there are more and nobler things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his low philosophy, he dully doubts. When I say that the fact that we can and do conceive of a divine Saviour indicates that there must be one greater than our dreams; that our vision of the streets of the heavenly city paved with gold makes it probable they are paved with something better; in other words, 'Eye hath not seen,' and the rest of the quotation: my second cousin calls this rank idealism expressed in frothing rhetoric. But such faith and such visions have done more to make the world what it is of good and noble than all your steamships and Stock and Produce Exchanges, and Societies for the Propagation of Sound Thinking could have ever done. Religion is entitled to due credit for the world's measure of welfare and peace and beauty. She has a right to be listened to, with the respect due to high character and truthfulness, when she stands with confident eyes and glowing cheeks and cries to mankind: 'See what I have done for you! Have I not crossed seas, rescued captives, climbed high hills, haled you to paradise, shaken you over the red mouth of hell in salutary warning, called you hither and thither, and shown you things to come? Have I not saved you from crime when passion and even reason urged you on, lighted the lamps when sense had put them out, strengthened weak knees, and made the lame to leap, opened blind eyes and deaf ears, painted the dull world with glory? And if these proofs seem to you too unsubstantial to justify me in your eyes, have I not labored in quarries and translated and exalted them into arch and pinnacle and fretted spire? Have I not walled off houses of peace and refuge when men were at war? Have I not tuned your instruments of music and built mighty organs, and sung through human throats, and set dead words alight, and lifted you as on wings in spite of the weight of sensuality and death and hell and earthly burdens? Have I not walked with you and guided you as children, held your hands in dangerous paths, comforted you with better gifts than health or wealth, and whispered dear sacred secrets to men when they lay dying? Then can you not treat me with decent respect, even though you cannot explain my origin or understand the mystery of my power? Is it not enough for you that my friends are Beauty and Love, Art and Chivalry and Enlightenment and Philanthropy, who are all such friends with me that we live or die together?—for if you slay me, you will find them dead, too, at my side.' These dull irreligionists ought to know that without religion and the company it brings with it, the only part of even their life that is worth living would become as colorless as dead ashes. Remove Religion from the world, and in due time the race of men would appear as a set of pigs groveling in the

mire, ignorant of what lies at the other side of the nearest tree, doing nothing higher than eating, drinking, breathing, and begetting children, for whom, since they are in their own likeness, they could have little affection and no hope of any good. What, then, is to be said for people like my second cousin? Nothing. On the contrary, there is a great deal to be said against them. They are barbaric instead of cultivated, stupid instead of clever, and retrograde instead of progressive. What advantages they have over their savage ancestors they derive from breathing an atmosphere created for them by nobler men. They have received from aspiring and godly generations treasures of wisdom and knowledge on which they subsist and which they are squandering heedlessly. My cousin and I are moderately intelligible to one another only because he has pilfered the use and meaning of a vocabulary created by the religion toward which he is contemptuously indifferent. He owes his decent manners, refined speech, and mental training to long centuries of discipline under the stimulus, tutelage and direction of religion. He avails himself complacently of the innumerable advantages which the Christian faith, and aspiring struggle, and victorious endeavor of his ancestors and contemporaries have provided, and still maintain even for the benefit of thankless, unappreciative and unperceiving dullards of the world of sense and matter like my cousin George." This man, who had counted himself a heretic, an outcast, a pariah, because of a mind in suspense about many things, is disgusted by the dull aridness of the irreligious heart and life. And this undecided and befogged man frequented churches, let the great hymns of the ages roll over him, listened to prayers and praises and the reading of God's wondrous Word, till the influence of the elements of religion permeated and saturated him, and, without defining a creed for himself as he had thought he must, he surrendered to the emotions of religion as a child surrenders his eyes to tears which come flooding up from unknown inner depths. How a man's ability to believe is affected oftentimes by his feelings and general condition, the author illustrates in one of his confidential statements of his experience. "Dear me! How plain and easy it is to me now! I seem to myself to have come up out of a small stuffy room on to the bracing house top. There I was last week, down in the depths, poking about among fossils and moth's wings and dust and confusion: my intuitions were as rusty tools; my emotions had ebbed; and, worst of all, I was regarding myself with complacency. No wonder that Christianity seemed to me in that condition quite impossible. I was bothered by the Higher Criticism and the scientific discoveries of somebody whose name I now forget. And now I have come up, and God's sky is over me, and the breeze is in my face. It is not that my intellect has ceased to work; on the contrary it is working better than ever. I see all that I saw last week; I remember everything except the name of the scientific professor; I am this moment capable of delivering a short disquisition on the authorship of Isaiah; but, thank God, my other faculties are awake as well; I am *all* awake; my whole being, including my best nature, seems alive now; and I could as soon doubt my own existence as to doubt the great realities of Religion and Christianity." At another time,

the man who writes thus frankly has been in a sick room where a man who had suffered pain for ten years was nearing the closing agonies. Looking upon the white face of the sufferer, helpless in the hurts and humiliations of fierce disease, horror takes possession of him, and with his sensibilities in distress and his intellect baffled by the presence of such suffering in God's world, bitterness and skeptical irony fill his mind. It seemed incredible that a "Lord of Love" was transcendent above the sky and immanent in this lower air and life—a "Lord of Love" who was Almighty, too, and could easily have arranged the human lot in some different way. It seemed like brutal carelessness. And what was that "Lord of Love" doing, while this ghastly scene was going on? Was He aware what was happening? He gave no sign, and the horror went on, ruthless and inevitable. The man's heart cried out, "Agony is the truth of life; peace is but an occasional incident in it." Just then he heard a footstep on the stairs and in came a minister. The messenger of Religion knelt by the bed, took the sick man's hand, told him that Jesus Christ died on the cross for his sake; that God does not ask us to do anything we cannot do; that He knows all our weakness and sinfulness; and that all He asks of us is contrition, confession, and trust in Him. We must say in our hearts, "My God, I am sorry for my sins because I love Thee with my whole heart." And then the minister prayed with the sick man and gave him the sacrament. Now the man who had been so rebellious and bitter sitting amid the scenes of that sick room, does not know just how the change was wrought in his feelings, but when the sacred acts of prayer and worship which the minister conducted were over, death no longer seemed to him a sickening horror; it had turned into a warm, soothing presence; it was awful still, but with the awfulness of a holy mystery; and the room no longer seemed like a slaughter house or torture chamber. It was as if, after a couple of harsh notes had been struck on some instrument, notes of rough irreconcilable contrast, another had been added that resulted in a sweet solemn chord. There was no longer that shocking inconsistency between the mellow sunny day outside and the mortal suffering inside. It was no longer true that a Lord of Love held Himself apart in some happy Heaven and amused Himself by tossing heart-breaking problems down into a cruel world full of victims. Heaven and Earth were one now; and He was seen holding them both in the great hollow of His arms against His heart in a span so vast that human eyes could not follow it, but in an embrace so warm that the man watching in the sick room was no longer chilled. The man repeats: "It is not possible for me to tell how this change came about in me nor how real it was to me. I can only say again, it was like a chord of music struck without a stroke, sounding without vibration, welling out in the stillness, like an orchestra of strings and mellow horns held long to one great harmony that reconciled good and evil, pain and joy, life and death, God and nature." And all this change of feeling was brought about by the entrance of Religion on the grim, sinister, distressing scene; by words of faith and trust sounding softly on the still air of the sick man's room; and by the low-spoken consolations of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

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ITHURIEL'S SPEAR

By W. H. FITCHETT, B. A., LL. D.

A book that presents in stirring fiction the great truths of Evangelical Christianity and shows the shallowness of agnosticism and free thought when tested in the crucible of human experience. :: :: ::

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